The BATTLE

CLEVELAND MOFFETT

WHAT SOME OF THE CRITICS SAID ABOUT THE PLAY

A play that will stimulate thought upon a subject of vital importance to the nation.—WILLIAM WINTER in *New York Tribune.*

The play holds the audience in a firm grip of interest from beginning to end.—*The Globe.*

Interesting play, well acted and well worth seeing.—*The New York Times.*

A play with insides, real humor, and much sincere feeling. It agitates one's gray matter.—*The Sun.*

The play is a strong, coherent story of human impulses and abounds in clever lines.—*The Journal of Commerce.*

Having ideas in it, the piece is welcome; moreover, it provides excellent entertainment, vital and significant drama.—*The Evening Post.*

"The Battle" fights its way to popular success. We have to thank Mr. Moffett for giving us what we want.—ASHTON STEVENS.

It is a good play BECAUSE IT MAKES PEOPLE THINK, even though they may think in a primitive and somewhat childish way. It is one of a number of plays putting on the stage the actual questions of to-day, and making vivid and clear pictures that are hazy in the average mind. . . . It is an interesting, startling, highly dramatic performance.—Editorial in *New York Evening Journal.*

These are real men and real women; the emotions are real emotions, human, understandable; the theories advanced have truth in them and conviction. . . . It is a play that we believe will succeed, and succeed largely because its appeal is to the best in its audience, not to the worst.—*The Washington Herald.*

MARGARET.

Frontispiece.

THE BATTLE

BY

CLEVELAND MOFFETT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
SCENES IN THE PLAY

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THE BATTLE.

TO

JAMES GORDON BENNETT

TO WHOSE KINDNESS AND ENCOURAGEMENT
I OWE MY START IN LITERARY WORK
THIS BOOK IS
GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED

New York, April 10, 1909.

2228986

A WORD OF EXPLANATION

My play, "The Battle," was produced December 21, 1908, at the Savoy Theater, New York City, and not only met with success but stirred up violent controversy. It was vigorously attacked by socialists, who charged me with unfairness toward their cause and misrepresentation of their ideas. They held meetings and denounced me; they filled newspaper columns with angry protests. One of their leaders, a God-fearing lady and a friend of mine, spoke of me in the public press as a black beetle in the path of progress. This showed that some one had been hurt!

On December 29th I made the following statement in the New York *Tribune*: "If the creed of socialism is not set forth in 'The Battle' as clearly or vigorously as the creed of capital, it is because I have never been able to understand what the real creed of socialism is among the various and conflicting varieties; also because I have never had much respect for a dream of universal happiness that involves wholesale confiscation of the property of others."

I still hold that view.

The play continued to be widely discussed before numerous clubs and societies, and, by a singular chain of circumstances, the name of the richest man in America was amusingly connected with "The Battle,"

it being said that he had financed this play, which, of course, was utterly untrue.

Various publishers now urged me to make a novelization of "The Battle," and I finally did so, blending as effectively as I could new text based on the dialogue of the play with about half the old text of my original novel, "A King in Rags." In this difficult work of adaptation and reconstruction I received the assistance of a skillful writer, whose services I hereby acknowledge.

As to my real convictions touching poverty and wealth, I may add that I certainly believe in a fairer division of the products of toil. All who know and care are agreed that at present this division is not fair. There is too much for the few, too little for the many. This is common sense, not socialism.

I believe that exceptional men who do exceptional things are entitled to exceptional rewards, but *there should be a limit to these rewards.* It is inconceivable that any man can earn or deserve a thousand million dollars! Or a hundred million dollars! Or fifty million dollars! And it is intolerable injustice that such enormous sums should be inherited by persons who have done *nothing* exceptional, but have merely benefited by an accident of birth. I believe in an inheritance tax so rigorously graduated that on a rich man's death the State would take *all* that he leaves above, say, ten or twenty millions.

It is certain that our captains of industry are oppressive, often dishonest in their dealings, but so is the small business man in *his* dealings, so is the average American citizen. The standards of our indus-

trial leaders are the standards of the American people —not excepting socialists. *And the only way to stop dishonesty in high places is to establish honesty in low places.*

One of the best things that could happen in this country, one of the most compelling influences toward a fairer division of the products of toil, would be the sight of a multimillionaire malefactor behind iron bars. Or, if such an example may not be hoped for, if laws are made only to be evaded by rich scoundrels, then let us build them *statues of dishonor* in our public places; in which case some of our proudest and richest families would read, on tablets of stone or bronze, strange tributes to their founders, like the following:

GOD GAVE THIS MAN
RARE AND PRECIOUS TALENTS
AND OPPORTUNITIES
WHICH HE USED
TO PLUNDER AND OPPRESS
HIS FELLOW-MEN.

Some such deliberate expression of public contempt, together with the jailing of a Haggleton or two, and the inheritance tax above suggested, might do *something* to restrain privileged greed and to put our national wealth where it rightfully belongs, which, with all deference to my confident but disunited socialist friends, is more than their pretty dreams are ever likely to accomplish.

C. M.

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Poverty is an ugly beast, a Frankenstein monster, created by the greedy and luxurious rich for their own undoing. Poverty begets seven lesser beasts, Ignorance, Disease, Drunkenness, Hunger, Nakedness, Vice, and Crime; which seven war ceaselessly upon society until they destroy it. So it has been through civilizations that have passed away, rotted by this blight; so it *must* be until the parent beast, Poverty, is itself destroyed.—*Phillip's Idea.*

Poverty is the lot of the weak and the unworthy, the survival of the unfittest.—*Haggleton's Idea.*

Poverty would disappear if there were a fair division of the products of toil.—*Gentle's Idea.*

THE BATTLE

CHAPTER I

DAWN IN HAGGLETON'S TENEMENTS

THE night workers had long since begun their weary tramp home through the crowded tenement district of which Market Street is the congested center, the most densely populated thoroughfare of New York. The streets were still empty in comparison with what they would be a few hours later, but quiet? Never.

At no hour of the day or night is that quarter of the city without its noises. They succeed each other in a regular, daily repeated order. One can tell by them each hour of the twenty-four.

Yellowish gas jets flared dimly behind the dust-obscured windows of the small grocery stores, open for the early purchases of a hand-to-mouth existence. The rattling milk wagons had come and stopped and gone two hours earlier; already the little mothers of the district were about, little servants as well, drudges without pay, yet most of them preserving, by a saving grace, in an existence that is so near a curse, the resiliency of childhood.

Their hour of noise would come later; a few, brief minutes of chattering and skipping on the way to

school, and again at the end of the session, when they returned to new tasks. Meanwhile, they were purchasing the scanty breakfast, pushing boldly in among their unkempt, unwashed elders, giving their orders confidently and passing over the pennies clutched tightly in their little fists, or bravely battling for credit.

A slight snow had fallen over night. It was still white on stoops and cellar doors, but ground already to a brownish-gray powder on sidewalks and in the street. It would hardly outlive the morning.

Market Street looked picturesque, however, for the moment, its window sills outlined in white, upon which shone the dim glow of gas and lamps behind drawn shades. Towering tenements alternated with three-story buildings, relics of earlier prosperous days long forgotten—not even a tradition, indeed, to their present inhabitants.

It was still the hour consecrated to the noise of the alarm clocks. Every tenement in all that street resounded with their rattle—the call to the daily struggle for bread. Within twenty minutes, generally, the door behind which the clock had sounded its metallic warning would open, and a muffled figure would emerge, dinner pail in hand, to clump down the stairs to an accompaniment of many sounds and many odors —the crying of children, the scolding of women, the rattle of cups and pans, the aroma of coffee, the acrid smell of frying bacon, the sweet scent of doctored, cheap tobacco. And always coughs, the coughs of children, the coughs of grown people, for Market Street is famous as one side of the " Lung Block," discussed at tuberculosis congresses the world over.

"Fresh air costs nothing," they say. Ah, but it costs the heat that it drives out! The coal that cooks the evening meal is bought by the pail, at a profit to the dealer of over one hundred per cent. Cold oxygen, therefore, is expensive in winter for the poor, for it doubles the price of warmth.

An alarm clock rattled in a back room in one of the towering tenements, built of brick, without ornamentation, and made hideous by row upon row of narrow windows.

In one corner of the room stood an iron stove, rusty, its silly, useless ornaments coated with a mixture of grease and ashes. Beside the stove was a sink, with a bar of coarse yellow soap on a broken saucer, two towels hanging beside it to prove that this was the washroom as well as the kitchen section of the "apartment."

The alarm clock stopped ringing. A young woman seated at a table in the other corner of the room had not looked up, nor stopped for a moment in her occupation of gilding plaster figures with a brush which she dipped from time to time in a pan. A lamp, shaded so as to throw all its light directly upon her work, stood beside her.

A man's sleepy, quarrelsome voice came from the shadows at the side of the room.

"What time is it, Jenny?"

"After seven. You'd better get up."

"The raffle clock says seven—the installment clock stopped when you stopped payin', Moran."

It was a man's voice that volunteered this information, a younger and fresher voice than that of the first speaker.

A child whimpered. Another coughed.

"Shut up!" said the first voice gruffly.

The girl addressed as Jenny rose and took the shade off the lamp, thus lighting up the entire room.

She was strikingly handsome, in a buxom, sensuous way, but the droop of resignation of her mouth struggled with the line of revolt that met it from the delicate nostrils downward. Her eyes shone dark under the arched eyebrows. In them there was unrest, and knowledge of good and evil, a vague wonder, and a look of hunger of mind and heart.

The girl went over to the stove, raked out the ashes listlessly, and set over the fire a coffeepot that had been kept warm ever since she had begun her work, at five o'clock, the hour of the noise of rattling milk cans.

The brighter light which now filled the room revealed two iron bedsteads, in one of them a man and two children, and in the other the younger man who had made the facetious remark about the installment clock, which had stopped going when Moran had stopped paying. Both beds were tousled and untidy.

The floor was mostly bare, of worn, uneven, unmatched boards. A ragged rug of unexpectedly good quality, its colors coated with dirt, suggested that it, at least, had seen better days. So did a carved mahogany hatstand.

On a roughly painted mantelpiece stood, side by side, the alarm clock, the "installment clock," and an elaborate French marble clock, also out of order. It gave the third note of vanished well-being.

Moran sat up in bed. Jenny returned to her work, sitting down with her back toward the beds.

"Can't sleep with that kid coughing and kicking," grumbled Moran, tossing aside the grimy bed coverings.

He drew on his shoes, hitched up the trousers in which he had slept, crossed over to the sink and washed his face and hands. Then he turned to a bare table, sat down, and said:

"Good morning, Jenny."

"Morning, pop."

"Do I get any breakfast?"

"Nothing but bread and coffee," Jenny replied indifferently, as she worked with feverish haste at her task of gilding the plaster statuettes.

"Bread and coffee!" Moran snarled. "That's a fine meal to keep a man going twelve hours a day in a damp, dirty bake cellar."

He got up, poured himself a cup of coffee, cut off a hunk of bread and began to eat, grumbling to himself the while, his vague, watery eyes wandering along the wall, staring unseeingly at the cheap color prints of the rulers of Europe that formed its incongruous ornament.

A large picture of a young man in diving costume, a veritable Hercules, his heavy helmet resting on his arm, occupied a place of honor all by itself on the wall near the door of the closet that served as Jenny's bedroom.

Moran had a weak, discouraged face, with incongruously scowling eyes. If he had ever had a Christian name, it had long been forgotten. He was "pop" to his only remaining child, Jenny; "Moran" to everybody else in the bakery where he worked, in

the corner saloon, and at the meetings of the timid, half-hearted revolutionaries which he visited from time to time.

The younger man had propped himself up in bed, lighted a candle, and was now reading a paper. He was Joe Caffrey, the widower of Jenny's elder sister who had died three weeks before. Now, like the two children, he was a "boarder" of Jenny's.

A typical child of the New York slums, Joe had a fund of humor, which found endless food in his disgruntled father-in-law. He hated work, and managed, somehow or other, to live without it for long stretches at a time. Jenny had once been a reliable source of funds for him—good for an occasional "fiver"—but all that was over now. In his heart Joe considered her a fool. Why should she struggle with poverty, when——

Joe read on, rustling the paper. Moran gulped down his bread and coffee; Jenny continued her incessant painting of the plaster casts. The two children were whispering together.

"Hello!" said Joe, looking up from his paper, "here's a description of John J. Haggleton's private yacht. He sails to-day on a cruise."

"Haggleton!" growled Moran. "That's our landlord. I'd like to have him here!"

Joe Caffrey kept on reading.

"Oh, say, listen to this!" he exclaimed: "'The walls are paneled in satinwood; under foot are velvet carpets twelve feet wide, without seam. Electric lights shine everywhere. Closets open mysteriously out of the walls. It will take no less than

five thousand dollars a month to run this ocean palace. . . .'"

Moran struck the table with his fist, and jumped up in a rage.

"Damned millionaire!" he shouted.

"Oh—well," remarked his son-in-law, stretching out his arms luxuriously and pulling the thin, patched quilt over his chest, "oh, well, I think I will take a yachtin' cruise myself. I'm gettin' awfully tired, dontcherknow."

Moran scowled. It was time for him to go to work, so he would have to vent his hatred of the rich upon the dough he kneaded. He took his hat from the tarnished chandelier, and slapped it on his head. For some reason or other he always hung his hat there, never on the rack. It was broad daylight now. Jenny extinguished the lamp, Joe blew out his candle. Through the cheap, draggly lace curtains of the windows a superb view of the East River and the Brooklyn Bridge was revealed.

As Moran opened the door, his daughter stopped him.

"I wish you'd stop at Mrs. Binney's," she said, "and ask her to come around and look at Benny's cough. He might have croup."

"Benny!" snarled Moran. "It's a rotten idea having those kids here, anyway. Why don't they stay with their father?"

"Their father," answered his daughter practically, going over to the children's bed, "their father pays us four dollars a month for their board."

Moran turned to go. But before he closed the

door behind him, he growled: "This is a hell of a home!"

The children—a girl of ten and a boy two years younger—whimpered. Benny coughed again, then wailed. His sister put her arms around him and soothed him.

"Don't cry, you star boarders," called Joe good-naturedly. "You're goin' to have presents—do you hear? Beautiful presents. Santa Claus forgot you at Christmas, but that was a mistake."

The two youngsters sat up in bed, and gazed at him with eager expectancy.

"What are you telling them that for?" asked Jenny indignantly.

"Never you mind. Come here, Emmy!"

The girl clambered out of bed, and went to him in her nightgown. Benny started to follow, but was restrained by Jenny.

"Now, listen," continued Joe. "In a minute, just as soon as I get up, that sympathetic and good-lookin' lady over there is goin' to lend me two dollars."

"Not on your life," said the sympathetic and good-looking lady, with much energy.

"Them two dollars," continued Joe, without paying the slightest attention to her, "I'm goin' to take over to Wallace's pool room and play on a sure thing —Corn Cob."

"Corn Cob," repeated Emmy uncomprehendingly.

"Yes. It's a sure pipe. Why don't you laugh? It's a cinch at fifteen to one. So I'll come back this afternoon with thirty bones."

"Gee! Thirty bones!" The child's eyes shone.

"Of which thirty bones," Joe explained distinctly, watching Jenny, "ten go to the sympathetic and good-lookin' lady, leavin' twenty for personal expenses and —and—miscellaneous charities. Ahem!"

"Fifteen to one—a sure thing," repeated Joe impressively.

"Nothin' doin'," said his sister-in-law.

"That means," resumed Joe, again pretending not to hear her, and addressing himself to Emmy, "a new doll for you, and—what do you want, Benny?"

"I want a yacht," shrilled the little fellow.

"Ha, ha! He wants a yacht like that millionaire Haggleton! All right, my son, you get a yacht."

Jenny faced him.

"Better cut out pool rooms, Joe, and look for a job."

"I might find one," he shrugged. "Emmy, hand me them cigarettes out of my vest pocket. So! Now a match. Right. There's a good girl. Now, take Benny into the other room, in Lizzie's bed."

Emmy went over to her brother, wrapped him up, took him in her arms, and obediently disappeared with him, closing the door behind them.

Joe, who, like Moran, had slept half dressed, now rose, washed himself hastily, whistling cheerily the while, and keeping his cigarette alight. Then he returned to the subject of his talk.

"You hinted at lookin' for a job, Jenny," he observed, "but that supposes a desire for work, and in me that would mean sweepin' reform. Now, reform may suit you, my dear sister-in-law, but——"

"Cut it out," said Jenny sharply. "That's enough."

She blushed painfully and her eyes filled with tears.

"No offense," soothed Joe. "Here, have a cigarette?"

"Those things? Ugh!"

"I know you prefer Turkish. Here."

He fished in his pocket, pulled out a cigarette, and threw it at her. She caught it deftly, lighted it, and inhaled the smoke with keen relish.

"If a girl *will* be an idiot," continued Joe— "It's all right to keep straight, but why go to extremes?"

He watched her closely, curiously. She had "reformed," given up finery and ease—but why? He knew the reason she gave, but he did not believe it to be the true one.

Why had she suddenly returned to poverty, squalor, and grinding toil? She was young, handsome, she loved comfort, she hated work. Comfort, ease were hers for the taking. What had happened could never be undone, anyway. Why pay the cost and then renounce?

She stood still, her well-formed hands, roughened by toil at cooking stove and washboard, folded before her. She did not look at him, she did not appear to see him. His eyes followed the direction of her glance. A gleam of intelligence came into his face.

"I know why you done it," he said, suddenly enlightened.

"What do you mean?"

"It wasn't for my poor dead Liz that you reformed, it was for *him!*"

He pointed at the picture of the diver on the wall.

"Yes, for Phil," she said.

"Yes, for Phil," he repeated.

Jenny smoked on quietly for a while. Then she said tersely:

"You're not such a fool, Joe."

"Oh, that was easy," he returned modestly. "You always have your eyes on that picture. So you're stuck on him?"

"Good and plenty."

It was a common slang phrase, but Joe felt its irrevocable intensity.

"All right," he said. "I'll stand in with you. But we'll have to sidetrack the other maiden."

Jenny hesitated a moment and then burst out:

"The high-toned girl at Mrs. Binney's boarding house?"

"Sure. The trained nurse. Miss Margaret Lawrence. She's the only peach on the tree for Phil."

Jenny clinched her hands. Her eyes narrowed and grew darker, her mouth grim.

"She'll never get him! Never!"

She spoke the words with subdued fierceness.

"All right. I'll help you. You need help, so do I— Do I get that two dollars?"

"No."

"Then I don't help."

Jenny looked at him, opened her lips, closed them again, and returned to her plaster figures, still smoking. Joe continued to watch her.

A knock at the door caused them both to look toward it.

CHAPTER II

JENNY MORAN

THE knock was repeated.

Joe looked at Jenny.

"Come in!" she said.

The door opened, admitting a handsome, stalwart young man of twenty-five or so. His face was tanned by exposure, and he carried his broad shoulders with an air of responsibility that rose to the dignity of authority in his frank, manly, somewhat stern face. It was the original of the diver's picture of the wall—Phillip Ames, a man placed above his environment by the arduous training of his work and its ample wage. In the decisiveness of his movements, the alertness of his look, the controlled readiness of all his faculties, he seemed older than his years. But his smile was engaging, almost boyish.

"Good morning," he said in a clear, pleasing voice.

Jenny had surreptitiously hidden her cigarette under the tray of images, and now came forward with a face shining with happiness.

"Good morning, Phil," she said. "I'm glad to see you."

Joe looked at his sister-in-law. The confession of her love of a moment ago was corroborated by the adoring look in her eyes.

"Your father stopped at the boarding house a moment ago," explained Phillip. "He says that Benny is sick."

"Yes, he has been coughing a good deal."

"That's too bad," returned the diver with the careless sympathy of a man in perfect health. "Mrs. Binney sent me over with this croup kettle."

He took a package from under his arm, placed it on the table with the circumspection which those who are used to lifting great weights show when they handle fragile things. He snapped the string as if it were a bit of sewing cotton, undid the brown paper, and with infinite care took out the kettle. Then he deposited it on the mantelpiece beside the three clocks.

"Thanks!" said Jenny.

Behind his turned back she motioned Joe to leave the room.

Joe made a grimace at her, lifted his eyes heavenward, puckered up his lips in imitation of a kiss, and, placing his hands over each other on his heart, gave himself a hug.

Jenny frowned and pointed to the door.

Her brother-in-law stopped his fooling, and suddenly became quite businesslike. Here was a chance for a bargain. Corn Cob at fifteen to one! He must have those two dollars.

So, just as Phillip turned, he significantly held up two fingers.

Jenny nodded eagerly.

"Shall I get that medicine you wanted?" he asked with tender solicitude.

"Yes. Here's the money."

She produced her purse, always carefully guarded, often strenuously defended, and handed over the money. It nearly left her penniless for the rest of the week, but what did she care? To be alone with Phil!

Joe hung his battered derby hat over his right eye, and gave what he thought was an imitation of a heavy swell striding up Fifth Avenue, then changed suddenly to a more realistic one of a jockey bending over his mount's neck in the home stretch. In the doorway he turned, took off his hat, bowed deferentially, and passed out.

"Funny fellow," said Phillip in an enigmatic tone.

"I wish he would go to work," answered Jenny, seating herself at the table to resume her work. She pulled the tray forward a little more, in order to hide, completely, the cigarette she had been smoking.

The young diver took a chair near her. Under his gaze she became confused, dropped her brush, and looked up, meeting his clear, deep-blue eyes timidly. She saw his fine head, his bronzed, muscular neck, exposed by the turn-down collar of his flannel shirt, his straight, broad shoulders—the physical perfection of this man who was her demigod. A wave of passionate, yet worshipful, admiration swept over her. She realized that her love for him was the deepest, most sacred feeling she had ever known.

He laughed a little, embarrassed by the intensity of her gaze.

"Will you mind if I smoke?" he asked.

"You know I don't, Phil; I love a good cigarette."

He had already placed a cigarette between his lips, and was returning the box to the pocket of his coat.

Now he produced it again, and held it out to her hesitatingly, almost unwillingly.

"You mean—you don't want one?" he said.

"No, no," she answered hastily. "I have—I have given up smoking, you know."

She looked down at the trembling hands in her lap. Her cheeks burned, tears sprang to her eyes. Everything seemed to remind her—and him—of that brief past which she so regretted, for his sake. It was always thus when they were together. A chance word, innocently spoken, always brought up what she wished that she could forget, still more that she could make him forget.

That was her punishment, she often told herself. It had given the resigned droop to her mouth. But must it last? Was there to be no forgiveness for her? Her heart rose in indignation. Then a sudden thought gave her an added stab of pain. She had lied to him, meanly, despicably. To appear worthier in his eyes, she had refused his proffered cigarette—she had told him that she had given up smoking. And under the tray before her, within reach of his hand, lay the crushed butt she had been enjoying, with all the eager relish of the confirmed cigarette fiend, at the moment of his knock.

Joe had given it to her, Joe who was always tempting her in little things; Joe who had never scrupled to accept her aid in those days she could not forget; Joe who had told her but a moment ago that she was a fool!

She looked up. Phillip was smoking with the unconcern of their class, which is not made uncomfortable

by oases of silence in the desert of millions of grains of small talk. He smoked well, with unconscious grace, slowly, appreciatively, enjoying a sensuous pleasure, not indulging an uncontrollable craving.

She fell to watching his hand as it put the little roll of paper and tobacco to his lips. It was a beautiful hand, far more shapely than she realized, muscular yet slender—the hand of a gentleman.

Phil looked at her for a little while longer in silence, then said easily:

"Well, and how are things going?"

"Rotten, thank you."

Her tone was the essence of insurgent bitterness.

The man leaned forward sympathetically, his elbows on his knees.

"Don't you feel—er—happier?" he asked softly.

Her self-control gave way. What was the use of keeping straight? What was her reward? Misery, slavery, and unrequited love! Kind always, helpful, too, he seemed to keep her at arm's distance, if, indeed, he was aware at all of what she felt for him. So she burst out:

"Happier? This is where I live, in one of John J. Haggleton's tenements! Do you see anything here to make me happier? I get up at five, I cook and scrub and wash, and paint these plaster creatures with that gilt stuff for ten hours a day! At six cents per dozen! Do you see anything in that to make me happier?"

The man, unaware that he himself was the cause of this outbreak, looked at her in helpless distress. He was dumfounded. He had fancied that this brand snatched from the burning was at least grateful for

her escape, even if not happy as yet, with that past to haunt her sleep and embitter her waking hours. And now—she seemed to regret what she had given up so readily, so easily, so gladly!

He felt staggered, frightened. Then, desirous more than ever to be of help, to make easy for her those early steps which appeared to be so unexpectedly hard and difficult, he said very gravely:

"You must be glad that you have given up the old life? You are doing right, anyhow."

She looked at him almost with scorn. A kiss, a caress, nay, a mere touch of the hand would have quieted her, would have rewarded her for these weeks of colorless existence, for the extreme bodily fatigue and the ravening heart-hunger. A single word of affection would have given her courage and strength to persevere, and here he was preaching to her, assuring her that she was "doing right!"

By a sudden revulsion of feeling Jenny became apathetic, then resentful.

"Doing right?" she echoed scornfully. "Who cares whether I do right?"

"Don't say that, Jenny. You know we all care."

"All? Who, all?" she persisted. "Does Joe Caffrey care? Nit! He'd rather have me go back to the old life, so he could work me for a ten or a twenty when he was broke! Oh, I guess yes!"

She saw him wince, and, womanlike, though every word was a stab to her, she poured out upon him the slang of the streets. She painted herself blacker than she was, assumed a callousness that had never been hers even in her most reckless days. She gave full

sway to the unreasonable, the unreasoning impulse to hurt him, to hurt herself, in revenge for the injustice of fate.

He listened in motionless silence, pale, a look of pain in his eyes. Unversed in the ways of women, he failed to understand, and when her mood had run its course, and was succeeded by another revulsion of feeling, his bewilderment only grew.

She sat quiet now but for her trembling fingers, nervously jerking and twisting at her dress, and the quivering of her lip, which she bit viciously, with her small white teeth. She stared stonily before her, but her eyes were dry. If she had only wept, his task might have been easier. His understanding of women did not go beyond tears.

"Then," he stammered at last, "then . . . it is only your promise to Liz that makes you do this?"

There was scorn in her eyes, the age-old scorn of the woman for the blundering, purblind male.

"It isn't even that," she explained patiently. "Yes, I promised Liz that I would keep straight—but Liz is dead; she'd never know what I do, or if she did know she would see that this life is too hard for me."

She looked around the miserable room, and continued:

"The only thing that keeps me from going back——"

"Don't say that."

"It's true, Phil, it's true. The only thing is . . . I don't want to make you feel bad. That's the only reason."

She fixed upon him her eloquent dark eyes, and asked softly, with infinite longing:

"It *would* make you feel bad, wouldn't it, Phil?"

"It certainly would, Jenny."

"I know," she said gratefully, "I know Liz died only three weeks ago, but it seems a year. She made us both kneel down by her bed. I had on a big hat with red feathers. You remember? Then she made me promise, and she made you promise to help me."

"I'll keep my promise. I'll help you."

Jenny continued to stare straight before her, into that near past that already seemed so far, so very far away. She continued musingly:

"I guess she thought that I might do it for you. She knew how much I have always cared for you; always, Phil, ever since we were little kids together."

She paused a moment, then added with soft regret, in which there lay a world of meaning:

"Ah, if I hadn't married George!"

"Jenny!"

"Well, it spoiled my life all right. It's true. My life! Look at it! I say I have never had a chance!"

She struck the table with her open hand, and looked straight into his eyes.

Phillip, touched, bent toward her and answered:

"You have a chance now, Jenny."

The words aroused in her a false hope. Could it be? She leaned nearer him, her face close to his.

"You used to think me pretty," she whispered. "Phil—you couldn't, you wouldn't——"

He hastily shrank back, and then instantly regretted the impulsive action. But Jenny had understood.

"What a fool I am!" she cried. "How can you care for me when you love another woman? I know! Oh, I know!"

Phillip rose to his feet.

"What do you know?" he asked sternly.

"I know that you are struck on that girl, that trained nurse at the boarding house."

"Miss Lawrence? Who has told you?"

"No one has told me. I am a woman."

She glanced at him searchingly, and read the truth in his face. Controlling the pain at her heart, hiding the desolation that had suddenly blighted her life, she asked question after question, bravely taking each blow that came with the assenting nod of the head which was his only answer.

"Have you asked her yet? Did you ask her last night? And she said 'Yes'? I want you to be happy, Phil—I congratulate you."

She, too, had risen. She was pale, but quiet. Her voice did not falter as she went unflinchingly on to the end of her ordeal.

"You won't be different with me, now that you are in love?"

"Of course not, Jenny."

"We'll be friends just the same?"

"You bet we will!"

He held out his hand, which she shook like a loyal comrade. Then she added pathetically:

"Because that's all I have in the world—your friendship, Phil."

The final, the most difficult question had been reached. She asked it without a tremor.

"And you won't tell her?"

"You mean about——"

"About my past life, yes. She is a good girl, and a good girl never forgives."

"She's a splendid, broad-minded girl," he protested; "she would——"

"Perhaps she would. But I'd be ashamed if she knew. Don't you see?"

"You're right, Jenny; I'll not tell her."

The woman rose above her environment, her antecedents, her past. With natural, unconscious dignity she bowed slightly, and said:

"Thank you, Phil."

A step was heard on the stair. It approached the door.

"Here she is," said the diver, his eyes alight with joy.

CHAPTER III

PHILLIP AND MARGARET

"COME in!" called Jenny in answer to the knock at the door, which opened to admit Margaret Lawrence, her nurse's uniform partly hidden under a dark coat.

She was not so tall as Jenny. The two women formed, indeed, a striking contrast. Margaret was dark and vigorous; exquisitely neat in her dress, she carried herself well and had the tranquil assurance of movement and speech of her profession. Jenny, her golden hair piled in a disorderly mass on top of her head, her cheap black gown unfastened at the throat, had the discouraged, indifferent ways of the woman whom poverty has already conquered.

Just then, having learned that Phillip was lost to her, dejection accentuated this indifference. She slouched forward with the laggard effort of the woman overworked and underfed, yet even so there remained visible a trace of the careless, unconscious grace that must have distinguished her in better days, that would be hers again in more favorable circumstances.

Margaret gave Phillip a dazzling smile, nodded cheerily to Jenny, and said:

"Good morning."

She immediately, however, turned to Phillip, who

took her hand, pressed it, and said, forgetful of all but his new-found happiness:

"How beautiful you look this morning!"

"You foolish boy—have you been thinking of me?"

Again she smiled. Jenny, to whom the sight of their frank delight in each other was torture, made an involuntary movement. Phillip, bending forward to kiss Margaret, shrank back, turned around and said:

"I beg your pardon—I forgot. Margaret, I want you to know my old friend, Jenny Moran—Miss Lawrence."

Jenny nodded.

"Happy to make your acquaintance," she said, but her tone was hostile.

She could not bear to see these two together, she could not bear to think of leaving them there alone. What should she do? She went slowly, uncertainly over to the hatstand, trying to make up her mind. The sound of a kiss, faint—imaginary, perhaps—drove her to a decision. She snatched her hat from its peg, pinned it on her head with trembling, fumbling fingers, slipped into her coat—cheap finery that she had brought back with her out of her past, and that looked already draggled and worn—and said, with feverish decision:

"Sorry that I can't stay, but I must be at the factory at eight."

Margaret looked at her, a little astonished at her curt tone, but she answered readily:

"I will write down the instructions for the treatment of the child."

"All right," said Jenny, almost insolently. "Good-by."

She stared for a moment into her unconscious rival's eyes, then left the room, slamming the door behind her.

"She's a little crude sometimes," explained Phillip apologetically, "but she has a good heart."

"She is very pretty. If she were properly dressed and took care of her hair——"

"She has had a very hard life. I'd be glad, dear, if you—er—if you would be a little kind to her."

"Of course I will, Phillip."

Then, with a look at the door which had been closed so noisily but a moment before, she added, half sadly, half whimsically:

"That is, if she will allow me to."

"Allow you to be kind to her? Why, Margaret, of course."

"She certainly did not make any advances. And if you could have seen the look she gave me just now as she went out!"

Margaret shook her head with a puzzled frown. Then she laughed.

"Is there anything else I can do to make you glad?" she asked coquettishly.

Their eyes met; Jenny was forgotten.

Phillip drew her, unresisting, into his arms.

"It does not seem possible," he whispered; "it is too wonderful."

"What is?"

"You—this."

He strained her to him.

"I am not wonderful, Phillip! I am just a lonely little trained nurse."

"Are you lonely now?"

"Now? No, dear. Never, never again."

She looked up into his eyes, and offered him her tenderly smiling mouth. He kissed her fondly, reverently, thankfully. Thus they stood for several moments, silent, in the exquisite joy of their young love.

The woman was the first to return to the present and the work at hand. She regretfully freed herself from his clasp, and pushed him from her with gentle resolution.

"This is most unprofessional," she said, trying to be severe. "I am here to look after a sick child."

She glanced about the room, alert and businesslike.

"Where is the patient?" she asked.

"In there. Do not go in yet, Margaret."

She temporized half unwillingly. Her eyes took in every detail of the neglected, disorderly room.

Articles were thrown at haphazard on the floor that might just as well be hanging from nails, a frying pan had the grease of yesterday's meal still sticking to it, there were coffee grounds in the sink that might stop up the drain, the floor was unswept. Margaret longed to set to work, but she remembered that she was only a visitor—in the house of Phillip's friends.

She sighed a little, but contented herself with saying:

"This is one of John J. Haggleton's tenements, isn't it?"

"Yes. He is Moran's landlord. You should hear him talk about Haggleton, the robber."

"And this is 'Lung Block'?"

"It is."

"And that little child is coughing already? No wonder. In such an atmosphere! Phillip, can you open one of the windows?"

"Yes, dear. But wait—one moment. I want to talk to you. I thought of something last night after I left you. I didn't sleep very well."

She turned to him, the direct personal interest fully awake again.

"I did not sleep very well either," she announced demurely. "Such sympathy! I was thinking seriously."

"About the future—our future? So was I."

"I wasn't so very serious—I was happy."

She seated herself in Jenny's chair by the table, Phillip taking the one he had occupied when the poor girl had made her confession to him.

"But it is serious, too," he began. "Just think—we meet in a boarding house where I belong and you do not. Naturally I fall in love with you because you are a splendid, beautiful girl—yes, you are—and all of a sudden, bang! you have promised to marry me."

She glanced at him curiously.

"Why do you say that I do not belong in a boarding house?"

"Because you are a lady. You never lived in a boarding house before, did you?"

"No."

"You were never brought up in the expectation of having to earn your own living?"

"No. My father was ruined in business, and I had

to choose between marriage and earning my own living."

"I knew it," said Phillip with quiet conviction. "That is what I was thinking about last night. And I want to tell you, darling, that you have made no mistake."

He leaned forward in his chair, his elbows on his knees, his muscular hands clasped together before him.

"You have made no mistake," he repeated. "I —I never loved a woman before, and this—your love means everything to me. I am only a workingman, but I am going to rise. It's in me. I know it, and if you will trust me——"

She touched his clasped hands, and said with tranquil faith:

"I do trust you, Phillip, dear."

"I feel that I can do anything, if I have you to work for—anything! I have had a wonderful feeling of power lately, since—I have come to love you——"

He stumbled a little in his words, self-conscious, awkward in this process of self-revelation to his first, his only love. Then suddenly, taking courage and inspiration from her face, he straightened up, threw wide his arms, and promised exultingly:

"Margaret, I will gain the big prizes for you—the money prizes of this world, if you want them."

"I do not want money, Phillip. That is why I took up nursing, because my family insisted on my marrying a stupid idler who happened to be rich."

"Listen, dear," she confessed, her face glowing with her intensity; "I love you because you are working

for something better than money—because you have high ideals, and because you give time and thought to helping the poor."

"We will help the poor in a big way, you and I, before we get through," he promised her with a radiant smile. Then, with deep feeling, he continued: "It makes me wild to think of the luxury and misery right here in New York City."

And she repeated, with the same quiet intensity:

"That's what makes me love you, dear."

They were silent for a while, lost in the vision of what they, from the vantage ground of their united lives, could do for the common good.

A whistle, sharp, short, characteristic, sounded in the street. Phillip suddenly stood alert.

"That's Gentle's signal," he announced—"you know, dear, my friend at the boarding house?"

"He has a fine face. I like him."

"He has been like a father to me. I owe everything to him. My real father——"

He broke off abruptly, his face clouding over. Then, recovering himself, as he heard his friend's step in the hall, he opened the door and ushered him in.

Gentle entered, took off his cap, and bowed to Margaret. He was a middle-aged man, stockily built, and tanned by exposure to all kinds of weather. His blue pea-jacket, dark trousers, and heavy boots suggested the seafaring man.

In reality he was a diver, like Phillip, and it was under his guidance that Phillip had learned the trade of which he was now an acknowledged master. What

Margaret had just said of Gentle was true. He had a fine, manly face, thoughtful and kindly, yet strong withal—the face of a man whom women and children would love, and men would trust.

"I am glad to find you, Phillip," he said. "Good morning, Miss Lawrence."

The girl gave him her hand and returned his salutation.

"I have just seen the captain," continued the old diver, turning again to Phillip. "He says you can have the day off."

"But the barge in the East River?" objected the young man.

"She lies in thirty feet of water. Atkinson and I can get the chains under her when the tide turns." Then he added, glancing at Margaret with an apologetic smile: "I told the captain this was a special day for you."

"Does Mr. Gentle know?" she whispered to Phillip.

"Oh, yes, I know, Miss Lawrence; Phillip has no secrets from me—and such a secret!"

He stretched out his corded, wrinkled hands to them, and exclaimed with a lonely man's fondness:

"My children! You know," he added in explanation to the girl, "he is like a son to me."

"Then I will be like a daughter," she rejoined sweetly.

"My daughter Margaret!" Gentle exclaimed. Then he added with tender reverence: "It was the name of Phillip's mother. She would be very happy at the choice her son has made."

"Gentle," Phillip broke in, "I wish you would tell

Margaret about the night when you first saw my mother."

"You think Margaret ought to know?"

"Yes, I wish her to know."

They sat down, the girl between them, her hand in her lover's.

"It was twenty-two years ago," began Gentle haltingly; "a wild night, and bitter cold. Mrs. Binney (I have boarded with her for more than twenty-five years)—Mrs. Binney and I were playing checkers in the basement sitting room, when all of a sudden we heard the bell. 'Sakes alive, who's that?' said Mrs. Binney. 'I'll go and see,' said I. And when I opened the door, there stood a woman in the storm holding a little boy by his hand, and she was white as death. 'God have mercy,' said I, 'what are you doing out in a night like this?' 'We are in great trouble,' said she. 'Come in,' said I, 'in the name of God!' and in they came, and I saw that the little boy was so cold that the tears were frozen on his face. That little boy was Phillip."

With an exclamation of pity and love Margaret looked at Phillip. She almost felt as if he must still be cold and suffering, and pressed his hand reassuringly.

"He was then barely four years old," concluded Gentle.

"And to this day I have never heard what sent my mother out into the storm," Phillip added.

"She never told you?" Margaret looked thoughtful.

"She died with her secret unspoken, unless"—

the young man turned to his friend and looked at him inquiringly—" unless, Gentle, I have sometimes thought that my mother told you her secret."

The old man hesitated. Then he admitted:

" She told me a little, Phillip."

" And you have kept it from me? "

" There were things which she did not wish you to know."

Phillip looked grave. He glanced at Gentle, then at Margaret, and asked peremptorily:

" Is this thing you are keeping back something that this girl who is going to be my wife ought to know? "

" It is not."

Phillip gave a sigh of relief. Turning to Margaret, he explained:

" It is something about my father—some trouble between him and my mother, isn't it, Gentle? "

" Don't ask me about your father, my boy! "

Before Phillip could reply, Emmy entered the room from Jenny's sleeping closet, grasped a chair and began to drag it behind her.

" You little tot! " exclaimed Margaret, " what do you want that chair for? "

" We're playin' yacht, lady."

" Oh, you are playing yacht? "

" I'm the captain. We're chasin' enemies."

" And your little brother? "

" He is John J."

" John J.? "

" Don't you know John J., lady? He's a damned millionaire."

" Why, Emmy! " exclaimed Phillip.

"That's what Moran says," maintained Emmy stoutly. Turning to Margaret, she continued:

"Don't you know John J. Haggleton? He owns everything. He is the landlord of this shack. You ought to hear Benny play John J. 'Bring up the damned Indians and cut off der heads,' he says."

"That's the Haggleton idea, all right," commented Phillip with a smile. Gentle looked at him with a curious expression.

Just then the make-believe "John J." began to cough.

"Oh, my patient, I forgot him!" exclaimed Margaret remorsefully, springing to her feet.

She grasped Emmy's dirty little hand and darted through the door.

"Going to the boats now, Gentle?" asked Phillip.

"Not yet. I am expecting some one."

The old man spoke with preoccupation, looking out of the window the while. Phillip inevitably gravitated toward the door through which Margaret had disappeared. As he closed it behind him, Gentle heard him say: "Let me help you put things to rights here."

In a few moments Gentle heard the honk-honk of an automobile horn and saw a powerful motor car turn the corner of Market Street—a rare apparition there, attracting no end of attention and far from friendly comment. The car stopped in front of the tenement. Gentle went to the door leading into the hall, opened it, and waited. There was a heavy, slow step on the stairs, a woman's shrill voice called out a direction, then Gentle said distinctly:

"This way, Mr. Haggleton."

CHAPTER IV

JOHN J. HAGGLETON—MILLIONAIRE

GENTLE looked curiously at the man who entered the room, and who first glanced sharply around it and then fixed a pair of cold, commanding, penetrating eyes upon him.

So this was Haggleton—the "John J." of daily parlance, the master of oil fields and coal fields, of iron mines and railroads and steamship lines, of banks and trust companies, the man whose power was felt in Europe and in Asia as in America—the chosen subject of the bitterest attacks of social reformers and revolutionaries, the man who could afford to fight the government of the most powerful country in the world on terms of equality.

"John J.!"

Gentle had never seen him, few ever saw him, and yet his face was more familiar to all his countrymen than that of the President himself. The newspaper cartoonists had seen to that. They had represented him as a fox, as a weasel, as a bird of prey, as a bull tossing the strongest opposition on its horns, as a robber baron, a pickpocket, a slave driver, a menacing cloud upon the face of the sun of democracy, as a minotaur devouring women and children, as a living money bag.

"John J.!"

The man who had built up a world-wide industry with nothing at the start but his brains and his health! The man who had removed from his path all obstructions, who had been loyal to his associates, ruthless to his enemies. The silent man, who never deigned to answer attacks, whose legal weapon was delay, the incarnation of plutocracy for socialism and anarchism to denounce and attack.

Gentle saw before him a burly man of sixty, gray-haired, with a bristling gray mustache waxed at the ends, a man dressed with unobtrusive taste.

But it was the face that commanded his attention. The steely eyes had held him from the first. He now noted the stern brow, with the fold between the eyebrows, the iron jaw, the lines at the corners of the grim mouth, the straight, short nose, which suggested Kitchener.

It was a face cut out of granite, which imposed implicit obedience. It suggested mastery, tranquil assurance, but it was not aggressive; this man had been accustomed too long to absolute and immediate obedience.

All the sins of modern industry and commerce were charged to him. He went on his way, ever organizing, ever enlarging his empire of power and industry, and commerce grew and flourished with them. A force for evil, they said, and yet a giver of bread, honestly earned, to tens of thousands of men.

But the old diver, accustomed to picking strong, healthy men for the dangerous work of which he had charge, saw something else, which the cartoonists failed to suggest in their drawings. He saw, as plainly

as John J.'s famous physician had seen, that the millionaire was not a well man. The pallor of his face, the color of his eyeballs, the wrinkled circles beneath them, the momentary scantness of breath, all this told its tale to Gentle. And he saw also that John J. Haggleton, with all his wealth and power, was not a happy man, not even a contented one.

Gentle noticed all this in the few seconds which Haggleton devoted to that first sharp glance around the Morans' abode. Nothing escaped the millionaire's attention. The evidence of poverty he hardly heeded; he had been prepared for that, but the discouraging disorder, the lack of system and of cleanliness, was registered on his master mind.

His eyes flashed a little as he growled:

"Of all filthy places!"

"It's one of your tenements, Mr. Haggleton," said Gentle pointedly. "I wanted you to see it."

"You did? That's not the point." Then briskly: "You said you had papers to show me."

"So I have, so I have."

Gentle pointed to the chair in which Margaret had been sitting, drew Phillip's to the other side of the table, and sat down with great composure.

"I have very little time," continued the master of millions aggressively. "My auto is waiting, and my yacht, too, with guests aboard. I told you that I sail within an hour."

"On a long cruise. I read it in the papers. That's why I wrote to you yesterday."

Haggleton's eyes were everywhere. They kept Gentle under constant surveillance, yet at the same

time watched every nook and corner of the room, the dark space beneath the beds, the door of Jenny's sleeping closet. His secretary was at the head of the stairs without, his mechanician in the hallway below. Although he had given no orders, he knew that they were there. Utterly fearless, he nevertheless did not intend to be caught in a trap. Gentle's face, however, suggested no danger of this kind.

"I sail in an hour," repeated Haggleton. "We could have settled this business at my office or at my house."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Haggleton. The place to settle this business I have with you is—here."

"I came because what you wrote me is important —if true. Where are your proofs?"

Gentle drew a bundle of papers from the inner pocket of his pea-jacket, ran over them, selected several letters and handed them to the millionaire. Then he leaned back and waited, watching him narrowly in his turn.

Haggleton took the first letter, opened it, and glanced at it. He shot a curious glance at the respectable-looking workingman seated opposite him, and opened a second one.

This he read carefully, the pallor of his face increasing as he read. But his hand did not tremble, and he showed no outward sign of perturbation. Only, after he had perused this paper, and before he went into the third, he fixed Gentle with a prolonged stare. Blackmail? Oh, well, he would see about that!

He carefully went over the remaining letters one by one, examined the handwriting, and at last exclaimed:

"MY WIFE! IT IS HER HANDWRITING!"

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"My wife! It's her handwriting! Then you knew her?"

"I knew her for years."

Haggleton bent forward, the bundle of papers crushed between his clenched hands. A rapid, nervous twitch of the left side of the face was the only outward expression of his feeling, but to those who knew him it would have signified much. Gentle sat perfectly silent, waiting for him to speak again.

"Margaret!" murmured Haggleton musingly, tenderly. "Margaret! After twenty-two years!"

He mastered himself with an effort, and sat up straight in his chair, the commander of men again. There was a battle before him, a battle over a secret, and for a secret—the solution of the mystery of his private life. It behooved him to move cautiously at first. Ultimately he would hold all the tricks, of course. He always did! This man might know a great deal; and, again, he might have merely stumbled upon the outer circle of the mystery. Moreover, there was a third life involved, far more precious to Haggleton, after all these years, than his vanished wife's.

His first question was asked quietly, almost indifferently:

"How was my wife living when you knew her?"

"In the boarding house where I was. She had a little money, but it did not last long. Then she tried to work, but—it was not easy, and—I—was earning good wages, and—I helped her."

Haggleton's mind seized upon this point, and registered it in its usual orderly manner. The attempt to

establish a pecuniary claim had come earlier in the interview than he had expected. Clumsy fellow, this Gentle! But not a muscle of his face changed, and his voice was smooth and quiet as he asked:

"You say you helped her?"

Gentle nodded, and answered in a low voice: "Yes."

"You helped her. Did she ask you for assistance?"

"No."

"Then why did you help her?"

"Because I loved her." And lower still he added: "I wanted her to marry me."

Haggleton was staggered for once.

"Good God!" he exclaimed.

"That's how she came to tell me her story," continued Gentle.

"She told you her story? What did she tell you? What did she say about me?"

The three questions succeeded each other rapidly, sharply.

"She said," returned Gentle distinctly, "that you were cruel."

"To her?"

"That in your dealings you were consumed with greed for money. That is why she left you."

"Greed for money!"

Haggleton ruminated upon this for a little while, then added mechanically:

"And that is why she left me."

He thrust the thought away from him with a slight movement of the head, scrutinized his opponent's face again, and went on to the more important question still to be solved.

"Was she—was she living alone?" he asked.

Gentle met his look squarely, and answered briefly: "No."

"She was not?"

"She had with her a child—your son."

The millionaire leaned back in his chair. This man was no impostor, he felt sure of that. His desire to know the truth, which he had sought for twenty years, and his accurate judgment of the man before him, counseled him that it was safe to proceed with less caution now. Therefore he asked point-blank:

"Why did she take my son with her? Why did she steal him and hide him from me?"

"To save him from your influence. He was her son, too. She wished him to be an honest man."

"Who says that I am not an honest man?"

"Your wife said so."

Haggleton waved this aside impatiently, as of no moment.

"I want to know about my son," he commanded imperiously. Then, his voice breaking with emotion: "Is he—is he alive?"

"Living and well!"

"My son! My son that was lost and is found again. I am to see him," he added in an eager whisper. "I am to see him now!"

He mastered this softened mood and became his usual strong self again. The moment of assertion, of command, had come. He turned his steely eyes upon Gentle, and said with hidden menace:

"Where is he? Why don't you send for him? Now, at once."

"You will see him presently."

The two looked at each other. Haggleton's first suspicion suggested itself again.

"Oh!" he said, "you want to make terms. You want money?"

"No, I don't want money."

"Come, come, I understand. That's perfectly natural. You have done me a service, a great service. You have given me my son——"

"Not yet——"

"I say you have done me a service, and it's only right that I should pay for it, and pay handsomely."

"If I wanted money, Mr. Haggleton, I should have asked for it long ago. I have known this for twelve years—I sent you word of her death——"

"Ah! It was you! You covered your tracks well. It is you who have kept my son from me for twelve years!"

"It was his mother's wish—her command!"

"Her command? Then why have you told me now? Why have you brought me here? If you don't want money, what the devil do you want?"

"Let me finish my story, and you will understand. Your wife lived among the poor. She saw want and suffering face to face, and it was her dream that some day your son should make atonement for his father's wrongdoing."

"Atonement?"

Both men had risen now, facing each other with growing excitement.

"Yes, atonement with your money and through your money, by the right use of it. Some day, when

he was strong enough, Phillip was to meet you, to know you as his father. That day has come. That's why I have sent for you."

Haggleton took a rapid turn of the room, his hands clasped nervously behind him. Returning to Gentle, he said jeeringly:

"Ah, I see. He is to show me my evil ways, and I am to be converted and fall on his neck. Rubbish! You have made a prig of him!"

"I have made a man of him—such a man as his mother wanted him to be."

The millionaire returned to his purpose.

"He doesn't live in this hole," he decided with unerring intuition.

"Of course not. He lives in a decent boarding house."

"He knows nothing about——"

"Nothing."

"What does he do? What can he earn?"

"He is a skilled workman, with the Atlantic Wrecking Company. He is a diver."

"A diver?" There was a tone of contempt in his voice.

"Yes, a master diver. He earns from eight to fifteen dollars a day, he stands six feet in his stockings, he measures forty-eight inches around the chest, and he has an arm like an iron bar."

"You don't say!" Haggleton was smiling now, his eyes shining with pride. Gentle continued:

"And he has a will of his own. And ideas!"

"Ideas? What sort of ideas?" There was a sudden suspicion in the question.

"The ideas his mother gave him—ideas of justice and kindness. She was a noble woman."

"Yes, yes," conceded Haggleton impatiently. "She was a noble woman, but she understood nothing of business. She was all wrong about business."

"She did not believe that one man should make slaves of thousands and take their earnings," answered Gentle, his voice almost stern. "Neither does Phillip."

"Phillip! She kept his name."

"She kept his Christian name with the name she assumed. She called him Phillip Ames."

"You've pumped socialism into him," fumed the millionaire—"that's the sort of thing you've taught him, eh?" He added scornfully: "I'll soon change that."

And as Gentle smiled, he broke out excitedly:

"You don't think I can?"

"What I have taught him is little," said the diver quietly, and added with confidence, "but what life and misery have taught him he can never forget. I tell you he is a man!"

"He is my son—the son of John J. Haggleton—my only son—with great things to do in this world!"

"Exactly! The destiny his mother chose for him!"

"I mean he will have great interests to protect, a great fortune to handle," protested Haggleton, adding contemptuously: "What will he care for your petty theories when he knows who he is?"

"When he knows who he is," said Gentle thoughtfully. "Then what? How often I have asked that of myself! Petty theories! He has learned the noblest

theory ever formulated, Mr. Haggleton, and he'll stick to it, I think."

"What theory is that?"

The old diver paused, and then answered with slow seriousness:

"The theory that it is the duty of the strong to *help* the weak, not to trample on them."

At this moment the door of Jenny's room opened, and Phillip entered briskly. He gave a careless glance at Haggleton, murmured, "Excuse me a moment," and began to search for something, rummaging in boxes, opening drawers, and grumbling to himself, his back to the two men.

"I wish," he said, half aloud, "that the scoundrel who owns this place had to live in it. . . . I'd like to make him sleep in that room. . . . Where the devil *is* that hammer?"

"In that pail under the sink," said Haggleton sharply.

The sudden remark had the result he desired. In astonishment Phillip turned his face full upon the newcomer, thus giving him an opportunity to take a good look at him. Gentle motioned the millionaire to be silent.

"Thanks," said Phillip, with another curious glance. Taking the hammer, he hastily disappeared into the other room.

The moment the door had closed behind him, Haggleton said excitedly:

"You need not tell me! I want no proof. I know —the eyes, the chin, especially the eyes! For twenty years I haven't slept without seeing those eyes!"

He started impetuously for the door, but Gentle intercepted him.

"Stop!" he commanded. "Not yet. If you speak to him now, you will regret it."

"What is this to you? He is my son, he is mine! I have found him! He shall sail with me on my yacht within an hour!"

"No, no!"

Gentle stood before the door with outstretched arms.

"Wait," he continued; "you don't know all yet. Here, read this."

He produced an envelope from his pocket, and handed it to Haggleton, who snatched it from him and opened it impatiently. It contained two papers. Haggleton glanced at the first one, then suddenly sat down.

"My God!" he whispered.

"Now you understand how things are between us," said Gentle.

"My wife made this document on her deathbed?"

"With a clear mind. The doctor attested it."

"It is a copy of the order I gave that night." Haggleton's tone was strangely subdued as he looked at the second paper.

"The original is in a safe place," said Gentle. "Don't offer me money for it," he added warningly; "it is not for sale."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"You would not want Phillip to read it?"

"No! A thousand times no!"

"Then I will use it to increase your patience. You must be content, Mr. Haggleton, to see your son, and be with him, *on my terms!*"

CHAPTER V

FATHER AND SON

THE two men stood facing each other—the workingman quiet, self-possessed, dignified, with not a trace of personal victory or consciousness of his advantage in his face or his manner, intent only upon carrying out the mission entrusted to him by a dying woman; the millionaire—the most powerful man on a continent—without a sense of defeat, fully confident of his ultimate triumph, but curious to know the conditions under which he would be allowed to claim his own son.

He knew that he would be obliged to keep the terms of the agreement if his son were to be kept in ignorance of that dark page in his past life, but what of that? He had the greatest task of his career before him, the task of winning his lost son. It was a new interest, far more potent than any he had known for many years, and he was anxious to begin.

"You say that I must be content to see my son and be with him only on your terms?" he asked.

"You must not make yourself known to him until the right moment comes."

"Yes," answered Gentle.

"But how can I see him, or be with him, if he doesn't know who I am?"

"That is easy enough. Show an interest in the

problems of poverty, tenement-house reform, and Phillip will spend his days and nights with you."

"No, no," protested Haggleton; "I want him to take an interest in my affairs, which will be his. He cannot begin too soon. And I am going away on my yacht. Time is pressing."

"Phillip will be here when you return from your cruise." There was a trace of irony in Gentle's reply.

"In three months? Ah, you have never had a son! And lost him! And then found him! He is going with me on that cruise."

Gentle shook his head with determination. "It cannot be," he answered; "I must put my promise to his mother before your feelings. I have loved him for years. I have trained him for a battle with you—a great battle that's coming now. And I will see that you start fair."

"Battle—what battle?"

"A battle," continued Gentle impressively, "between your money and his high purpose. You will try to tempt him—I know it. You will try to make him hard and worldly. That's why I have waited until he was a man, his character formed. Even now he's only twenty-six, and—*he is your son.*"

"Just so. He is my son."

Haggleton's voice was more than confident; it exulted.

"Yes, he is your son," Gentle went on, his indignation rising at this note of anticipated victory, "but he is also his mother's son. In a way he is my son, too. Yes, he is ready for the test. I am sure of him."

"But what do you propose? My wife's directions

—that document—put me in your power, but remember that I am a man of large affairs, and that my interests are Phillip's own. Let us reach an understanding."

"You are to be interested in the improvement of the condition of the poor. You are not to reveal your relationship to Phillip; you are to assume another name. You will——"

At this moment Phillip entered.

"I have been trying to make that room fit for the little kid to sleep in," he said. "It is a pigsty. Oh, that scoundrel Haggleton! Miss Lawrence says the children should both be sent to the hospital."

Gentle stepped forward.

"I want you to know a friend of mine, Phillip," he said, "Mr.—Mr. Jackson. Mr. Jackson is interested in tenement-house problems."

The young man held out his brawny hand to "Mr. Jackson," who shook it heartily.

"Pleased to meet you, sir. If you are looking for tenement-house problems, just look around you. You have struck the right place. This is Lung Block. The man who owns it is just starting on a cruise in his million-dollar yacht."

"You mean Mr. Haggleton?" asked that worthy.

"Yes—John J. The doctors say he needs a change." Phillip laughed somewhat bitterly. "I wonder what his tenants need?"

Haggleton looked around the room once more, taking in every evidence of neglect and dirt. Then his glance fell upon the mantelpiece, with its queer collection of timepieces.

"You wonder what John J.'s tenants need?" he said dryly. "I should say that those who live here need more soap and not so many marble clocks."

"Phillip," said Margaret, half opening the door and looking through it, "where is the croup kettle?"

He took it from its place between the "installment clock" and the alarm clock and handed it to her, closing the door.

Haggleton, who had taken quick notice of her neat appearance and cultured speech, asked with interest:

"Whom have you got in there? That lady doesn't live here?"

"No. She's a trained nurse and—she's the girl whom I am going to marry."

"Oh, indeed!" Haggleton made no further comment.

As Gentle smiled to himself, he caught a twinkle in Haggleton's eye. He suddenly began to like the man a little better. It made him appear far more human than had his emotion of a moment ago, when he had found his son, for then his tenderness had been mixed with a masterful determination to mold the boy after his own image.

Phillip, meanwhile, had been turning something over in his mind.

"Are you a friend of Mr. Haggleton, Mr. Jackson?" he asked. "Do you know him?"

"Why—er—yes."

"You know him?" repeated Phillip, half incredulous—"personally, I mean?"

Gentle interfered.

"Mr. Jackson is associated with Mr. Haggleton in

business," he explained; "he has been helping him in some schemes for tenement improvement."

"I'd like to tell Mr. Haggleton a few things about tenement improvement!" the young man burst out.

"What, for instance?" asked the pseudo Mr. Jackson.

Phillip was fire and flame at once. He mounted his hobby and was off at a gallop.

"I'd tell him," he vociferated, "that he owns blocks and blocks on the lower East Side that are in such a lovely state that he might as well be running a factory for turning out——"

Gentle made a restraining movement, checking Phillip, who ended impatiently:

"Oh, what's the use?"

"No, go on," urged Haggleton. "I am here to learn. You said 'factory for turning out'—what?"

"Thieves and drunkards and wrecks of women," thundered Phillip. He clenched his fists, shook them above his head, then growing more calm, concluded:

"My God! why cannot you rich men be decent?"

Haggleton, remembering his rôle of Mr. Jackson, remained calm. He saw a first opening in his campaign against Gentle's teachings, and took advantage of it.

"Mr. Haggleton has rooms to rent and these people want to rent them," he commented with irritating coldness. "Business is business."

"What a rotten idea!" Phillip's lips curled scornfully. "Lie, steal, plunder people, break their hearts, and if you say 'business is business,' it is all right."

"Well said, Phillip," approved Gentle, rubbing his hands.

"You have been reading the muck-rakers," sneered Haggleton.

"Why not?"

"All rich men are robbers?" queried Haggleton.

"I don't say that, Mr. Jackson."

"If I had a daughter she would be a princess?"

"Probably."

"And my son would be a fool?"

"No doubt."

"And reformers care nothing about money?" asked Haggleton sarcastically. "The editor of the socialist paper takes no interest in his salary, eh?"

"Even reformers have to live."

"Listen to me, young man." Haggleton was in grim earnest now. "Let me tell you something. There isn't a reformer in this country who wouldn't stop reforming *damned* quick if he found it was hurting his pocketbook."

Phillip flared up again.

"That's false!" he shouted. "Besides, it has nothing to do with the question. The question is where do you get your money, you rich men? Do you earn it? Do you dig it out of the ground? No. You get it by the toil of man, by the tears of women and children. You get it by grinding human beings down to starvation wages and taking the rest, millions and millions that belong to the workers, but go into your fat pockets, because you're strong enough and cruel enough to take it, and that's how you get such places as Lung Block, and such monsters as John J. Haggleton."

There was a hasty knock at the door, which was opened almost at the same moment.

Haggleton's secretary, a man of middle age, neutral mannered, but capable looking, stuck in his head.

"Pardon me," he said, and added, addressing his employer direct: "Mr. Haggleton, you've only a few minutes if you want to sail with this tide."

Then a strange thing happened. Phillip and Gentle suddenly received the impression that they were in the presence of an irresistible force, which it would be calamitous to withstand. They both felt as if some giant were straining at his chains, bent upon destruction. And yet Haggleton hardly raised his voice, his face barely changed, as he bit out the words:

"When I want you I'll send for you, Grimes."

"I—I—am sorry, sir, I—I—thought——"

"When I want you I will send for you, Grimes. That will do."

The man retired hastily. Gentle looked uneasy. He had had his first glimpse of the master will that had beaten down formidable obstacles to make of them the foundations of its fortune. But Phillip's next words recalled him to the new turn affairs had suddenly taken.

"Are you," said the young man in blank amazement, "*are you John J. Haggleton?*"

"That's my name."

"But"—he turned in bewilderment to Gentle—"did you think that his name was Jackson?"

The old diver looked at the millionaire for aid in this emergency so unexpectedly thrust upon him.

"No, Phillip. But there was a reason for introducing Mr. Haggleton in that way."

"A very simple reason," Haggleton explained smoothly. "I want to study tenement conditions without newspaper notoriety."

"Oh!"

"Now go on with what you were saying. And, mind you, continue to be frank. I am here to learn."

"I will be frank, Mr. Haggleton. My answer to you is, what's the use? You can't settle the problems of poverty while your yacht waits."

"I can give certain orders, can't I? I can authorize certain improvements. Talk quick."

But Phillip only shook his head.

"That's the way with you rich people," he commented in deep discouragement. "You think that you can settle anything and everything by signing a check. Well, Mr. Haggleton, that is your great mistake—the great mistake of all of you. You can't do it. The only real help for the poor comes through love, and you cannot pay some one to love for you. You might as well pay some one to eat for you, or breathe for you, or sleep for you."

The young man waited for a moment as if searching his mind for a closing argument. Then with a flash of inspiration he concluded:

"You've got to do your loving yourself!"

Haggleton started, looked at him intently, shifted his gaze to Gentle's face, and repeated thoughtfully, slowly:

"You've got to do your loving yourself! I never thought of that!"

A train of thought had been started in his mind which he tried to follow to its conclusion, while at the

same time he continued the discussion. He would have to do his loving himself! There lay the solution, the way to overcome the influences that had been exerted to array his son against him.

Aloud, he said:

"After all, there must be a lot of these poor people who are not worth loving. They bring their misfortunes upon themselves. I say that the average man can conquer these tenement conditions if he will work and save and be patient. I know what I'm talking about: I started in a tenement myself."

"That was years ago," objected Gentle.

"Conditions have changed since then," added Phillip.

Haggleton laughed scornfully.

"The stock argument," he commented, "I have heard it a thousand times. It isn't true. I tell you it isn't true!" His face became aggressive, his eye lighted up as he continued: "A man with the right stuff in him can win out against poverty just as well to-day as he ever could."

"A man like Moran!" Phillip's voice was incredulous.

"Who is Moran?" asked Haggleton.

"Your tenant here."

"He had a small oil business in the West," explained Gentle; "your system absorbed it."

"Now he's a baker's assistant," concluded Phillip.

Haggleton got up again and walked around the room. The thought that was working in his brain was gradually approaching its conclusion. But his eyes were busy, none the less, taking in every

evidence of disorderliness, of unnecessary dirt and neglect.

"Moran can't be much good if this is the way he keeps his place," he announced with decision.

"He's half sick." It was Phillip who was impatient now.

"So am I half sick, and more than half. I have been half sick for twenty years. Upon my word, I believe that half the work of the world is done by men who are half sick." And he added as an afterthought: "I suppose that the other half is left undone by the men who are well."

Then he came back to his two companions and asked briefly:

"How much does Moran earn?"

"Nine dollars a week."

"Do you know what I would do in Moran's place?"

"Yes," answered Phillip viciously. "In Moran's place you'd do about the same as he does."

"You think so?"

"I know it."

Haggleton made another turn of the room.

"If I only had time," he muttered to himself. And he added, lower still: "I'll have to do my loving myself."

The thought had found its conclusion in the millionaire's brain.

"Does this junk belong to Moran?" he asked briskly.

"Yes."

"Not a bad antique hatstand, that," Haggleton began his inventory, "but it's in the way. We could

get something for it from a dealer if we let him know that we knew. And we ought to get something on these marble clocks. We don't need that sewing machine—it looks as if it were never used, anyhow. H'm, I guess we could get thirty dollars on the truck in this room."

"What are you driving at?"

Phillip and Gentle looked at each other in blank amazement.

"See here," said Haggleton briskly, squaring his shoulders, tightening his jaw, and assuming a combative attitude. "See here, you two, are you willing to let me prove my contention in my own way?"

"That a man with the right stuff in him can win out against poverty just as well to-day as he ever could? Is that what you mean?" asked Phillip.

"Yes."

"I am willing," said Gentle significantly.

Haggleton saw the challenge hidden in the words and nodded emphatically.

"I don't quite understand," Phillip began cautiously.

"Get me some paper. I am going to send orders to the captain of my yacht—that he sail at once, as arranged, only I shall not be on board."

"He is to sail without you?"

"Without me, and he is to keep away from wireless-telegraph apparatuses, ports of call, yacht-club stations—he is to have no communication with anyone, if possible. If it cannot be helped, he must signal: 'Owner on board. All well.' He will hate to do that, though."

"But—" said Phillip, growing more and more bewildered.

"You understand me, Mr. Gentle?"

"I think I do, Mr. Haggleton."

The two elderly men exchanged another look of challenge and understanding.

"I impose secrecy on both of you," continued Haggleton, now blazing with energy.

"Then you are not going on the yacht?" hazarded Phillip.

"No, my young reforming friend, I am going to stay here. I am going to win a little bet I have made with your friend, Mr. Gentle. And I am going to show *you* what John J. Haggleton would do if he had to hustle in a tenement without a dollar!"

CHAPTER VI

AN IMPORTANT DECISION

JOHN J. HAGGLETON, at sixty, had promised that he would show Phillip what he would do—what he could do—if he had to hustle in a tenement without a dollar!

He had accepted Gentle's challenge! He was to uproot the old diver's teaching of social discontent and replace it with his own gospel of individualism!

And he had come to see that he must do his loving himself. The young man must not merely be convinced, he must be won!

The sooner he began the sooner it would be done. Of his ultimate success he had no doubt.

So he started at once, and Phillip and Gentle, used in their own dangerous work to quick decisions and their even more rapid execution, received their first illustration of the executive ability of a master of industry.

"I will start fair," said Haggleton briefly to Gentle. "I will keep nothing but the clothes I stand in—and two dollars. That's what I started with the first time. Moran started with more than that? Two dollars will suffice for me. My clothes I can sell and buy a suit more fitting for a penniless man looking for a job. The difference in price I will add to my capital.

You will have to explain me to Moran, and make him take me as a boarder. I am Mr. Jackson, a small business man ruined by the Trust."

Then he added to Phillip:

"Call my secretary."

The man was just outside the door and entered hastily.

"I wish to be alone with Mr. Grimes for a few moments."

Phillip and Gentle withdrew to the hall.

"Sit down, Grimes," motioned Haggleton, drawing up one of the battered chairs.

Grimes obeyed with a quick, puzzled glance at his master. Then he looked at his watch. "The yacht was to sail in twenty minutes," he remonstrated; "you will lose the tide."

Haggleton smiled grimly through half-closed eyes, as Grimes had seen him smile before some master stroke in a great business deal. "Plenty of time! The fact is, I—I'm not going on the yacht."

"Ah! Then I'm to countermand the sailing orders?"

Haggleton shook his head. "I said I am not going, but—the orders stand."

"You mean that——"

"I mean that the yacht goes, but I stay here—here in this tenement—I'm going to live here."

In the twenty years that he had served this extraordinary man, Grimes had received various shocks and faced many strange situations, but nothing in all his experience had equaled this; indeed, for the rest of his life it remained a source of pride to him

that his face betrayed no emotion at this staggering announcement. "I see," he said quietly; but what he thought he really saw was evidence that this wonderful mind was breaking down.

This apprehension, however, was immediately relieved when the millionaire, in a few sentences, explained the situation and made it clear that he had chosen the only possible course in the circumstances. As to the evidence that Gentle held against him, he did not speak in detail, but he let Grimes understand that he would suffer grave injury if it were made public. Worst of all, if he broke with Gentle now, he would almost certainly lose his son; whereas, by following this way of daily intimacy with him, he hoped to gain such supremacy over the boy in a few weeks that nothing which might afterwards be brought against him would effect a rupture. Haggleton said all this in cold, precise words, but Grimes knew that at last something had come near to stirring the heart of this hard and lonely man; he had found his son, and now, at any risk or cost, he proposed to keep him.

So, without sign of surprise or opposition, this most discerning of secretaries fell in with his master's wish; indeed, he seemed to find it quite natural that a man whose riches and power were beyond calculation should be adopting the humble existence of a tenement dweller.

"Will you communicate with me?" he asked.

"No."

"Am I to sail on the yacht?"

"Of course. You will take my orders and see

that they are executed. I shall write a note for the captain, telling him to carry out exactly the instructions already agreed upon."

"For a three months' cruise?"

"Yes. See to it that the news does not get out that I am not on board. Down here there's not one chance in a thousand that I will be discovered, and—Grimes, I have another reason for wanting everyone to think me aboard that yacht."

Grimes looked at Haggleton searchingly. "Another reason besides—besides your son?"

"Yes. You know how Bates went off yesterday. He hates me, hates me, and—he'll pay up somehow, but he'll never stop fighting. Grimes," he lowered his voice, "as soon as those fellows know I'm away on a three months' cruise they'll start some new deviltry against me, and"—he leaned forward with a cunning smile—"it might be amusing and profitable to be right here in Manhattan watching them."

Grimes nodded admiringly.

"Run up to the house now and see Wilson before you sail—you won't lose more than an hour. Tell him to keep an eye on Bates and his crowd and to send confidential reports every week to Phillip Ames, care of the Atlantic Wrecking Company. Let him put a little circle on the envelopes and—I want these reports written as if they were for me."

"Is Wilson to know that you are here?"

"He's to know nothing and think nothing and say nothing."

Grimes bowed in understanding. "Anything else?" Haggleton hesitated, and glanced toward the door.

"I—I'd like to have you see my boy again. Remember him, and—if anything should happen to me, why—remember him, Grimes, he's my son. That man Gentle has the evidence."

"Yes, sir."

Haggleton leaned closer still and, with more emotion than Grimes had ever known him to show, said almost in a whisper: "While I live, you'll never breathe this. I'm trusting you, Grimes, as I never trusted a human being."

"I thank you, sir, for your—your confidence," and he clasped the hand that his master extended.

Haggleton opened the door.

"Come in, please," he called.

Gentle and Phillip entered. Grimes observed the young man closely. Yes, there was no room for doubt—this was Haggleton's son—the child of the painting in his study.

"Is everything arranged?" asked Phillip.

"Everything except the note to the captain," replied Haggleton. "I'll need pen and paper."

"In that drawer," Phillip pointed.

The millionaire sat at the bare wooden table and rapidly wrote his instructions. Then he sealed them and addressed the envelope. "There, I think that's all," he concluded, giving it to Grimes.

The four men stood facing each other. There was a moment of tense silence.

"Well," remarked the secretary thoughtfully, "we're off on a strange cruise."

"Does Mr. Grimes sail on the yacht?" inquired Phillip.

"Of course," answered Haggleton. "He will see that my orders are obeyed."

Grimes moved toward the door, but suddenly turned. "Oh," he said, "what shall we do about the chauffeur? He may talk."

"Take him with you," decided Haggleton.

"And the automobile?"

"Take that, too."

A smile broke the tensity of Grimes's look and, with a final good-by, he went out and closed the door.

"Sit down a minute now, you two," said Haggleton; "I have one or two things to ask you."

A remarkable change had come over him; his eyes were alert, his face firm but good-natured; he seemed pleased with himself and with things in general. Phillip observed this with surprise.

"So you want me to taste of poverty?" said Haggleton—"to put myself into Moran's place?"

"That's it," said Phillip.

"You want me to see what life would be if I had to face these tenement conditions to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

"If I were a poor man here I'd be free to fight the battle of poverty as I pleased, wouldn't I?"

"I suppose so."

"You are willing to let me work this out in my own way, of course?"

"Why—er—I—I suppose so, but what is your plan?"

Haggleton looked Phillip straight in the eyes, and then said with compelling emphasis:

"I have told you that I am going to show you what

John J. Haggleton would do if he had to hustle in a tenement."

He now turned to Gentle and began to fire rapid questions at him. Moran? A morose man, who ascribed his failure to the iniquity of a trust. Quite so. After his first failure he had simply stopped struggling? Just so. He was a baker's assistant? Could he get "Mr. Jackson" a place in the bakery? Mr. Jackson thought that he would like to have a try at the bakery business. Jenny? Hard-working, well-meaning, but overwhelmed by her dispiriting environment and the privations of poverty. Inclined to let things run themselves? Know nothing of economical housekeeping? Of order? Too discouraged to keep things clean? Just as he thought.

Haggleton looked around the room again. His questions were in reality but affirmations of the conclusions he had already drawn from the evidence his quick eyes had gathered.

Joe Caffrey? Light-hearted and shiftless? Character entirely unformed? Unmoral? Well, well, Joe must become their charge.

In ten minutes John J. knew all he cared to know. As in the organization of his gigantic undertaking, so now here, in this hovel, he had begun by estimating the possibilities of those with whom he would have to deal. During the conversation he had watched his son out of the corner of his eye, and seen the look of interest, growing into admiration, upon his face. Ah, yes, he had made a good beginning.

Haggleton rose and took a final turn of the room.

"When I came to this city nearly forty years ago,"

he announced, " this was a clean district. Now it is a dirty one. American cleanliness has been submerged by foreign shiftlessness. Within a week I will have this home of native Americans as neat as a New England farmhouse."

Where was he to sleep? Joe Caffrey would be Phillip's guest for a day or two? All right. That nurse had said that the children ought to be in a hospital? All right. Gentle would see to it that they went that very day and get their father's consent? All right.

Gentle went on his mission, Haggleton accompanying him to sell his clothes and buy cheaper ones. Phillip stayed behind to wait for Jenny, to ask her to accept this new boarder and make arrangements for his first night there.

The young man sat down and lighted a cigarette. He had time now to review the hurried happenings of the preceding two hours.

What a hustler that man Haggleton was! What decision, what determination! Wouldn't he make a bully master diver? Up to the most dangerous job, full of resources, ready for any emergency! How he'd like to be with him down in fifty feet of water, working together on a bad wreck on a stormy day! Wouldn't they establish some records together? Why, they would have a wrecking company of their own within a year!

The spirit of John J. Haggleton, the master of men, the master of his destiny, had begun to stir faintly, dimly, in the breast of his son. Like had called to like for the very first time after twenty years of an

opposing influence, and recognition was already dawning. Yes, Phillip was his father's son!

. . . . .

Jenny returned home with her basket of images to be gilded, and welcomed an addition to their resources in the form of a boarder who would be far less trouble than the two children, and more profitable. Mr. Jackson, Phillip informed her, had seen better days—in fact, until quite recently he had lived in easy circumstances. She eagerly accepted his offer to borrow some clean bed linen and a few towels from his landlady, and with the acceptance of the offer there awoke in her a womanly instinct, long dormant—the instinct to have her realm, the home over which she presided, look well in the eyes of a stranger. Mr. Jackson had been used, no doubt, to order and cleanliness.

Tired as she was, depressed by the knowledge that she had lost Phillip, she began to set the room to rights. It amounted to no more as yet than the covering up of dirt, not its removal, but it was at least a beginning. John J.'s spirit, working at second hand through Phillip, strengthened a hundredfold by her love for the young man, began to exert its influence here, too. She became interested.

Margaret Lawrence, entering from the inner room, found her energetically at work, arranging her few cooking utensils on the stove, cleaning the sink, making a distinction between the box that contained the coal and the basket that held the potatoes. Phillip was driving in nails and bringing some order into the box that served as a tool chest. He was willing,

but inexperienced; poor Jenny had no idea of organization, but they did their best. Margaret did not consider it proper to make suggestions outside the sick room.

The young lovers refrained from all manifestation of their affection, Jenny's secret dread. Moreover, the nurse soon returned to her charges, to prepare them for their visit to the hospital, entertaining them with glowing pictures of the beautiful white beds, the large, quiet rooms, the kind ladies who would come to visit them, and the heavenly sweetness of the nurses —" just like herself, and much nicer," she assured Benny, who was most particular and persistent on that point.

Gentle returned, accompanied by the ambulance. He was a man of standing and much respected in that part of the city. The children were bundled off, with much excitement on their part and many farewells, Margaret—final treat exacted from her—riding with them!

Jenny retired to her room, and soon returned, her hair neatly done, neatly dressed, a look of interest on her face. Phillip, seeing her, approved, and smiled kindly. That smile sufficed to make her happy for the rest of the day.

CHAPTER VII

MR. JACKSON STARTS LIFE ANEW

HAGGLETON—now "Mr. Jackson"—returned soon after, having sold his expensive clothes and bought with the proceeds a simple suit, better adapted to the rôle he was to play.

Jenny shook hands with Mr. Jackson, whom Gentle introduced, and bade him make himself at home. Gentle went away.

The new boarder took off his coat and offered to help. Without waiting for an acceptance of the offer, he began. He was deferential—he had "beautiful manners," Jenny concluded—asking permission even while he set to work. In this way he brought some order into the chaos of the young woman's domestic economy. It was a mere scraping of the surface, but —when it had been accomplished Jenny was firmly convinced that it was she who had made the suggestions, Mr. Jackson who had merely carried them out.

The beds were now on one side of the room, the table stood on the other side, near enough to the stove to suggest a dining room, yet far enough away to serve as the social center of a parlor. Two chairs stood invitingly beside it. The loose handle of her own sleeping closet—he called it her "private room" —had been secured with a small screw extracted from the mass of nails in the tool box, the rug had been

turned with amazing effect, and the shoe brush provided with a piece of string by which to hang it on one of the lower hooks of the hatstand. Mr. Jackson also had driven several nails in the wall behind the bed—the "wardrobe," he explained in jest—and wound up, with the aid of a fork, the spring of one of the roller shades, which had been out of order for weeks.

This was all, he decided, that he could safely venture to do just then.

"My, but you're handy," said Jenny, glancing around contentedly at the new arrangement of the room, and the various small improvements.

"Well, you see, Miss Jenny—may I call you that? they all do—I am an old bachelor, and used to doing things for myself. You don't mind?"

"Certainly not. Glad of it, and thank you. I have so much to do I never seem to get a chance to do any one thing thoroughly."

"Then you will let me help you from time to time?"

"You won't have time after you get a job. You will be just as tired then as I."

"Well, let me try."

Jenny looked at the alarm clock.

"Father will be home soon for dinner now," she announced, "and Joe. You know Joe?"

"Mr. Gentle has told me about him."

"He is my brother-in-law. He means well, and I am very fond of him, but—oh, well!"

She sighed and laughed, then set about the preparations for dinner.

Haggleton's heart sank a little as he watched her. He thought of the dyspepsia that had been his burden for nearly twenty years, of the precarious state of his health, which had forced him to consent to his physician's prescription—that yachting trip—then set his teeth. It was for his son! Moreover, he had lived for so long on nothing but dry toast, and that he certainly could have. Wholesome bread was certainly to be had down in this part of the city—the proverbial staff of life of the poor. And—why, yes—he was going to be a baker, just like Moran!

Moran arrived, worn out, in a vile humor. Jenny introduced the new boarder to him.

The baker's assistant looked Mr. Jackson over with listless curiosity, which changed to ill-concealed hostility when he saw the neatness of the newcomer's clothes and his well-kept hands. He himself had been like that once! Moreover, the man had an insufferable air of distinction. Who and what was he to look like that? Nothing but a failure, endeavoring to find a new foothold in life.

Moran resolved to establish the proper relations at once.

"I am Moran," he said, "and you are Jackson. 'Mr.' doesn't go down here."

"All right, Moran. Jackson it is."

There fell a silence. Jenny kept busy with her cooking. Moran continued to scowl. Jackson looked at the three clocks.

Joe arrived, having lost Jenny's two dollars, but cheerful as ever. He had been at a fire, seen an arrest, and had been almost successful in promoting a

street fight. He had had a very enjoyable day, on the whole, and he was hungry.

The new boarder interested him, and he began to make his acquaintance, his method being the not unusual one of asking innocently impertinent questions. He, however, had no objection to saying "Mr." Jackson, and was smoothly called "Mr." Caffrey in return.

Haggleton saw another opportunity, and, as usual, he took it. He talked to Joe, but at Moran.

Yes, he was looking for a job. No, he had not saved a penny out of his failure.

"Huh," commented Joe, "when I fail it will be the other fellow who will do the worrying. You bet he wouldn't get every cent away from me."

Yes, Mr. Jackson had plans. He was going to win back what he had lost. Haggleton enjoyed the double meaning of this speech, but Moran snorted.

"Once you are down and out, you stay down and out," he snarled.

"Well, I will try, anyhow."

"You won't get the opportunity," persisted Moran.

"I shan't wait for it. I will create it."

"Stuff! Once you are down and out, you might as well quit. The capitalists have framed it all up."

"I thought you'd smoke up, Moran," interjected his irreverent son-in-law: "I knew you wouldn't let your pipe go out."

And he added, turning to Haggleton:

"Now listen to him, Mr. Jackson—the trusts, the wrongs of labor, the tyranny of the rich. Oh, say, I've heard enough to set up as a socialist speaker

myself. And all that chin music don't do any good, either."

But Moran was launched. He snarled and cursed, denounced and accused—all the long litany of his losses, his failure, his poverty.

Haggleton listened attentively, analyzing the man's arguments as they flowed from his now fluent lips. It was the first time that he had heard the voice of social discontent direct. Heretofore he had given it merely a hasty moment of attention as it expressed itself in press reports or magazine articles.

What impressed him most strongly about Moran's tirade was that the man placed upon the shoulders of the rich, not only the responsibility for all the wrongs of society, but also the entire duty of righting them. They were to be made to disgorge their ill-gotten gains, they were to be forced to hand over the greater part of the earnings of their labor and ability to the workers, who, in their turn, it appeared, would do no more than now, rather less.

They must assume the heavy task of social reorganization, abdicate willingly the advantages they had won, while "the people" stood by, a club in their hands, and saw to it that they did it. Shorter hours of labor, better pay, free opportunity, better education, lower rents, better living quarters. . . .

Joe became impatient.

"Stop gassin', Moran," he said tersely. "I always tell him that he's smokin' the wrong dope, Mr. Jackson. Phillip Ames and Mr. Gentle, now, they talk sense, at any rate. Say, Moran, you wouldn't hang on to your money if you were rich, eh?"

"What would you do if you were rich, Mr. Caffrey?" asked Haggleton.

"Oh, say, you just watch me. I'd be at the track every day at 2.45, in the grand stand. Wouldn't I wear the sporty clothes! I'd put a thousand on every race, one, two, three, and a thousand straight on every hundred to one shot. You wouldn't catch me goin' off on any three months' trip on a yacht with the ponies runnin' at New Orleans."

"You would soon be rid of your money, Mr. Caffrey."

"Not me. Say, do you think that the millionaires haven't got the races fixed, like everything else? They know the owners and the trainers and the jockeys and the starters—oh, say, it is a pipe."

Haggleton was genuinely astonished. So, if he should happen to bet in a horse race, it would be assumed that here, too, he was crooked?

But Joe was continuing his picture of riches beyond the dreams of avarice:

"Not but that I wouldn't be willin' to own a million-dollar yacht like John J.," he continued.

Moran sprang up.

"The thief!" he shouted; "the robber, the blood-sucker, the murderer! He has made me what I am. He has killed my daughter's husband, he—he——"

The man choked.

"His daughter's husband, my brother-in-law," explained Joe very calmly, "was killed at a grade crossing by a train on a road in which John J. has a lot of stock."

But Moran ranted on.

"He takes our money," he cried, "and then he gets us down here into his filthy tenements, to give us consumption. You are in John J. Haggleton's Lung Block, Jackson! The bakery I work in is in one of his houses! You ought to see it. What does the Board of Health do about it? Nothing!"

"Perhaps Haggleton knows nothing about it himself," objected the millionaire.

"Then it is his business to find out! Say," continued Moran, suddenly calming down, "you want a job? Well, you try to get one in our bakery. Bread, eh? After you have worked there a week you will have to choke it down!"

"Dinner," said Jenny tersely. She had not paid the slightest attention to her father's rantings, she had become so used to them.

The three men rose, drew up their chairs to the table, and sat down. Haggleton made a pretense of eating, but barely touched anything. He still devoted himself to Moran. That chance reference to work in the bakery must not be allowed to pass. At last he won from him the admission that a helper in the bakery was sick and that a substitute was needed. A promise to recommend him for the temporary employment was less easily extracted. Moran was one of those rare exceptions among the poor, a man who will not help his neighbors.

And so Haggleton had won his first step. He was to be a baker like Moran!

The conversation still went on, mostly between Joe and his father-in-law, Haggleton listening again intently. Yes, he had been right in his judgment. In

Moran's case it had not been a question of the conditions that confronted the man, but of the man who confronted the conditions. And it would always be thus.

The millionaire now turned to Jenny.

"That's fine coffee," he said.

The girl flushed with pleasure. This coffee had been her treat in honor of the coming of the new boarder. She had begun to fear that it would be taken without any notice in the heat of the discussion, beyond Joe's humorous assumption of a finicky attitude when he had taken up his cup between thumb and forefinger, the two middle fingers gracefully curled, the little finger elegantly stuck out. Now she was rewarded.

"I love good coffee," she answered.

"I used to keep house for myself, after a fashion," continued the millionaire, "and, do you know, I am just like a woman—I take an interest in prices. Now may I ask what you pay for this coffee?"

"Eighteen cents," she said.

"Not for a pound?"

"No, for half a pound."

"Already ground, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"H'm! A pound of good coffee in the bean costs only twenty-eight cents. Ah, yes, we poor people waste a lot of money."

Moran stared at him.

"Waste money?"

"Yes, sir. I believe there's more extravagance down here than in Fifth Avenue. Now, Miss Jenny,

may I ask you another question? What do you pay for coal?"

"Fifteen cents a bucketful," said Jenny.

"How much in a bucketful?"

"You can search me."

"About twenty-five pounds," volunteered Joe.

"Twenty-five pounds," calculated Haggleton. "That's eighty bucketfuls to a ton. Eighty times fifteen is twelve dollars. You pay twice as much for coal as Haggleton does."

"He buys it by the ton," growled Moran. "Where would we put a ton of coal?"

"And where would we get six dollars all at once to pay for it?" asked Joe.

"If Miss Jenny will allow me," replied Haggleton, "I'll find a place for the coal one of these days, and we may think up some scheme of buying it by the ton."

"Now, this is between Miss Jenny and me," he continued hastily, afraid of having perhaps gone too far. "You see, I used to buy in large quantities, and know a thing or two about it."

Jenny smiled upon him. He was a stranger, he had been well to do but yesterday, his ways were probably not theirs. She took no offense at his remarks. She merely thought that he meant well, and let it go at that. Then, she considered, coffee—the luxury of the poor—at twenty-eight cents! That would not be so bad. She would listen carefully to this old bachelor, perhaps she could pick up some hints.

After dinner Joe lighted his eternal cigarette, Moran his pipe. Haggleton did not smoke. Jenny washed

her dishes with more care than she had bestowed upon the task in many a day and arranged them in a more orderly manner than was her wont.

Haggleton suppressed his indignation at Joe, who had done nothing that day, and yet allowed the girl to return to her task of gilding the little statuettes without offering to assist her. An extra brush and his help would mean a double output, he reflected. But he considered that he had done enough for one day and that it would be unwise to attempt to do more.

Jenny's brain was busily at work as she turned one statuette after the other, her brush rapidly passing over their surface. She was planning a thorough house-cleaning, and then, when the boarder began to pay, several small purchases. Yes, she liked the man. He took things for granted, they would get along with him.

But soon her mind returned to its eternal preoccupation—Phillip. Would he come that night? No, of course not! He was over there, at the boarding house, with the woman he loved. Her heart contracted with pain. Oh, if only she had not—! Perhaps, if that episode in her life had never been, he might—! She sighed with resignation, bent her head low as the tears blurred her vision, and went on with her work. Yet hope would not be denied. It entered her breast again and began to weave another of its inexhaustible dreams.

Phillip did not come. Joe, rising after he had finished his third cigarette, announced that the young diver, whose guest he was to be that night, expected him by ten, and took his leave for his usual evening

stroll in the Bowery. Moran grunted, Mr. Jackson rose and shook hands.

Gentle arrived at nine to see how the newcomer was getting along. The two had a long talk on social conditions, temperate, sensible. The diver had thought much on the subject, and to some purpose. He was pleased to learn the standpoint of the enemy. Moran listened moodily, and as he listened there was born in him an enmity toward this Jackson, who stoutly maintained that the first duty of the poor, as of everybody, was to help themselves.

Jenny rose at a quarter to ten, worn out. She wound up the alarm clock, lighted a small lamp, said good night and disappeared. Gentle went soon afterwards.

Left alone, Moran and Haggleton did not find a word to say to each other. The millionaire's suggestion of an open window for the sake of fresh air was curtly vetoed.

"We are glad it's warm here. You will need coal by the ton, Jackson, if you want to go in for that fresh-air business. They are all preaching it at us in the papers. Let them tell us how to pay for it."

This was his last utterance. He got up and began to undress. His preparations for the night consisted of the removal of his coat, waistcoat, shirt and shoes. Then he slipped into bed, keeping his trousers on.

Haggleton watched him calmly, suppressing the thought that came to him that this man in those clothes baked bread for others to eat. Then he, too, retired.

He stretched himself luxuriously between the clean, fresh sheets upon the hard mattress. It had been a

busy day for him, and he felt tired, but he could not sleep. Too much had happened!

He had found his son!

He had started life anew!

He had accepted the challenge to the greatest battle of his career!

And he must learn to do his loving himself!

Haggleton lay quite still, staring up at the darkness above him. After his habit, he allowed the thoughts and impressions of the day to race through his brain without attempt to control them. It was thus that he had worked out all the problems of his life. He gave them free rein to gallop through his mind, to mix and mingle until, having found lodgment there, they were ready for orderly, systematic treatment.

And as in his former ventures, so here, they gradually began to converge around a central point. Hitherto it had always been himself as identified with his interests; this time it was himself united with his son.

He had made a good beginning, he knew. Gentle held all the cards, and yet he had already succeeded in maneuvering himself into the position of greatest advantage. He was nearer his boy than was his adopted father, because he had succeeded in arousing his interest. Phillip would be thinking of him and his venture, watching its development, learning new things, hitherto undreamed of—from him.

Margaret Lawrence? She was as yet the unknown factor in the battle. She was evidently a woman of culture, far superior socially to this environment. Well, if she was to be his daughter-in-law, so much the better! Of course, the girl was a social worker

of some kind, a reformer? No doubt that had been the attraction between her and Phillip from the first.

Jenny, Haggleton concluded, he liked. She might be useful. So might Joe, who amused him. He would take that young man in hand, by the way; it might strengthen Phillip's interest.

As for Moran, his theory, evidently, was that it is the duty of the rich to look after the poor, without effort on their own part. He was an enemy, there could be no doubt of that, but—Haggleton made a contemptuous movement of dismissal.

He must teach Phillip to love him and—he must learn to do his loving himself.

Haggleton slowly dropped off to sleep.

CHAPTER VIII

TOILERS AND WRECKS

ON being awakened by the alarm clock the next morning, Haggleton found, to his surprise, that he had slept quite well. The close air of the room had given him a headache, but he shook this off by going down into the street and taking a brisk walk around Lung Block. He had hardly known that it formed part of his enormous real-estate holdings.

On his return he found Jenny ready with the breakfast, and Joe and Moran already devouring theirs. It was bread and coffee, nothing more. The millionaire asked permission to toast his share of the meal, which Jenny readily granted, getting up to assist him in a task that proved unexpectedly complicated in the absence of a toaster. The young woman was again carefully dressed. Joe had already observed the fact, and had accused her of having designs upon the new boarder's heart and hand.

After breakfast Moran hurried away to his day of toil in the cellar bake shop. Joe, after various adroit but vain attempts to borrow a dollar from Jenny or the new boarder, drifted out, and Haggleton, after repeated offers of service to Jenny, resolved that the best thing he could do would be to take a look around and familiarize himself with the

condition his property was in. Phillip, who was "off" that morning, came in, driven by curiosity, and offered to pilot "Mr. Jackson" through that unfamiliar part of town. The offer was accepted with alacrity.

It was now a quarter to eight, and as they joined the throng of hurrying toilers Phillip's attitude was that of a man facing a strange and great responsibility, an inconceivable opportunity that he must make the most of; but Haggleton was simply serene and good natured. Only one thing in the picture seemed strange to him—that he was walking here with his son. His son! That was the single fact of importance in all this curious business. This was *his son*, this strong, serious-faced young fellow beside him, with his fine head, and his stride of self-reliance. Haggleton studied Phillip carefully, and noted with approval the square jaw and the keen, discerning eyes. He was nobody's fool, anyway, this boy.

They paused at the Bowery and Canal Street, and watched the crush of men and women fighting their way up the elevated stairs, and packing themselves into the cars. Then they turned east, and walked against the surging river of humanity.

"You call these the poorest people in New York?" asked Haggleton.

"I suppose so."

"Then New York makes a pretty good showing. Do you see any rags or misery? Look at these men. They all wear leather shoes, don't they? In Europe the poorest people wear wooden shoes. That's something, isn't it? And they all wear derby hats, and

starched shirts, and neckties, and watch chains, and overcoats with velvet collars."

"You can't judge by appearances," objected Phillip.

"Yes, you can, too. Look at these women. Would anybody pick them out as very poor? Not a bit of it! They're just about like the women you see anywhere. They've got feathers in their hats, and gloves, and bracelets, and leather bags. What do you expect? They're not cold or hungry, are they? No, sir. They're busy and contented, men and women both. Why shouldn't they be? They have work, and fair wages, and——"

"Oh, no! unfair wages."

"Well, they're earning a living, and they have the same chances to save and advance that anyone has, the same chances that—that I had."

Phillip shook his head. "You only see these who have work and are able to work; you don't see those who are left at home. You don't see the sick, and the old, and the young. You don't see the wrecks."

"No, but I see what makes the wrecks, or some of them," answered Haggleton. "It's extravagance. Most of these men smoke, that's bad; and a lot of them go into saloons, that's worse. And look at the cheap jewelry on the women. Why! they all wear imitation pearls! And see the girls in these drug stores wasting money on chewing gum and soda water! Look at the banners across the streets with 'balls' and 'concerts at twenty-five cents' in big letters! And theater signs in all the windows! I tell you, they waste their money."

Phillip thought uneasily of a promise he had made

to Jenny a few days before, to accompany her to one of these "balls."

"These people must have some pleasure," he said.

"Not at first. They must cut out pleasures at first. I did. If they want to escape from these tenements *they've got to save.*"

Phillip's face darkened, and he looked at Haggleton sharply without speaking. They had turned to the left at Allen Street under the thundering bridge of the elevated, and turned again at Hester Street, and were now retracing their steps toward the Bowery, passing many mean streets and endless rows of tenements.

"So you think they can escape by saving?" he said quietly. "Do you know that New York has miles and miles of streets like these with a million human beings herded in foul, dark rooms? Can they all escape by saving?"

Haggleton started to reply, but Phillip went on quickly, his voice rising with intenser feeling.

"I'll tell you how one man escaped by saving"; he pointed down Orchard Street; "he lived in that second house; he was a poor cap maker, and he shot himself because he was out of work, and couldn't bear to see his wife and little children suffer. He knew they would get the insurance money, anyway. That's how *he* saved. And two years ago, over there on Eldridge Street," he pointed again, "I found a family of poor Jews living in a dark corner of the hallway, under the stairs. There was no window, no door, it wasn't a room at all; only a narrow, slanting space roughly boarded off, and the landlord made them pay eight dollars a month for it. There the mother had

a baby. That's how *they* saved. And back in Allen Street you can find whole families to-day living in a single room, dark and damp, and swarming with vermin, and sleeping five or six in a bed. That's how *they* save."

"I suppose so," said Haggleton coolly. "If people are once caught in the mire there's no telling how deep they'll sink. But you mustn't forget that things are improving. These tenements are nothing like as bad as they were forty years ago."

"Oh, I don't know!"

"But I know. What do you think they did with the garbage forty years ago? Threw it into the streets for the pigs to eat. Yes, sir. Pigs were the public scavengers; they used to run all around here, and this whole region was so filthy that—well, it was cleaned out by cholera and yellow fever more than once—you knew that, didn't you? And smallpox was the regular thing. Why, the health wardens used to stand on the sidewalk and shout to people upstairs who had it to put camphor in their clothes and burn some in the stove. That's how they fought disease!"

"Who told you that?" questioned Phillip.

"Nobody told me. I saw it. I lived here," answered Haggleton. "And there were slaughter-houses everywhere; and fat-boilers; and such vile tenements that—they're all gone now, 'Bone Alley,' and 'Kerosene Row,' and the 'Big Flat,' in Mott Street, and 'Bandits' Roost,' but I tell you it was worth a man's life to go past them at night. Now you can go anywhere."

Phillip smiled.

"I'll show you a few places where you won't enjoy yourself at night. Still, I admit, we've improved in some things, but we've gone back in others; there may not be as many pigs and murderers about, but there's a lot more consumption and overcrowding. Do you see that little block just ahead? It's only seventy-five feet by two hundred. How many people do you suppose live in it? Guess."

"Seventy-five feet by two hundred," reflected Haggleton, studying the front of the block with its swarms of children. "Let's see—a thousand?"

"Two thousand nine hundred and sixty-nine by actual count, and that was five years ago—the population of a good-sized town in the space of one of your stables!"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Haggleton. "How many would that give to a house?"

"From a hundred to a hundred and fifty. We're passing through the most densely populated region in the world and—you own about half of it."

"Not *that* block?"

"No, but you own enough others. I'll show you some presently."

They walked on in silence, Haggleton observing Phillip with an interest that was not altogether free from uneasiness. Yes, this boy had a will of his own, and strong convictions that might prove troublesome.

"See here," he asked good naturedly, "what's your idea about these tenements?"

"They're a disgrace to the city," answered Phillip promptly, "and a danger to the city."

"A danger?"

"Certainly. Isn't disease a danger? Aren't they full of disease? Why, they kill thousands of children every year, children that would live if conditions were better. Isn't that a disgrace?"

"It's for the parents to protect their children."

"How? The parents are poor and helpless. Can they bring sunshine into rooms that open on black air shafts? Can they make playgrounds out of filthy alleys?"

"They can leave these tenements, they can get out of New York."

"Yes, by saving. You said that before; but it's nonsense. An exceptional man might do it with exceptional luck, but we're talking about the average poor man with the average poor family, and there's no chance at all for them. They never can save enough; their wages don't permit it, and, if they do put a little aside, it's wiped out by the first sickness."

"They mustn't get sick."

Phillip stared.

"Mustn't get sick? How can they help it with sickness all around them?"

"When I lived here *I* never got sick," insisted Haggleton. "*You* don't get sick. These tenement conditions may be bad, but I say any man worth shucks can stand 'em; yes, and win out!"

"But the weak?"

Haggleton stopped and laid a kindly hand on Phillip's shoulder.

"My boy, you think too much about the weak. Think about the strong. Don't you see that this tenement

struggle makes men stronger? You know it does. Would *you* be the man you are if you'd been coddled in luxury, with everything made easy? I tell you half the big fellows in this country owe their success to being born poor. So don't be too hard on poverty. Don't be too sure it's a danger to the city. It may be a blessing. Look at our best citizens, and see where they come from. I tell you, young man, poverty's about the finest school we've got." He paused, and then added impressively: "I'm one of the graduates."

"I know," said Phillip, "but there are other graduates, and—speaking of wrecks—" He stopped and looked at his watch. "That reminds me, I must telephone." He turned into a drug store and called up the Atlantic Wrecking Company. "Too bad!" he exclaimed after a brief communication; "there's a grain boat sunk in the East River off Grand Street; I've got to see about it."

Haggleton was greatly interested in this, and anxious to go along. They could continue their tenement tour in the afternoon. Phillip shook his head. It was an easy enough job; only a bit of patching; but the tide was strong, and there was barely half an hour at slack water when a man could go down. He might not be through before dark. Never mind; Haggleton would wait; he was glad of a chance to see the wreckers at their work.

Phillip laughed.

"All right. This afternoon I'll show you how we go after wrecks in the river. And to-night we'll tackle some of the wrecks on land."

As a matter of fact it was after seven that evening

before Phillip had the grain boat securely patched and the chain under her ready for lifting. He had to go down twice; for the first time, just as everything was ready, a foolish tugboat bumped into them and fouled the chain, leaving the work to be done over again; which meant five hours waiting for the tide.

So Haggleton got a glimpse of life on the big pontoons, and several thrills of pleasure as he noted Phillip's quick resourcefulness; and a pang of apprehension as he watched him swing off the ladder in his ugly suit and disappear beneath the bubbling river.

As there was a cold rain falling, they spent the waiting hours in the cozy cabin of the *Dunderberg*, and the crew told stories about perils of the deep. Flagg related an experience with a conger eel. Henderson told of a dock-department diver who was blown to death under forty feet of water, when twenty-eight pounds of dynamite he was putting in for blasting went off too soon. Williams recalled how he fainted away once, a hundred and five feet down, and how another time he let the water into his suit by pulling out a helmet lug on a silly wager. Which reminded Phillip of the time his gasket was cut through by the slam of an iron ladder, and the air went out "hooo," and it was only quick work with the life line that saved him. Haggleton listened and marveled. So this was his son, this master diver!

They had supper with the crew, and then started back for New York, taking the ferry to Twenty-third Street, where there was something Phillip wanted to show Haggleton.

"We'll look in here first," he said, and stopped be-

fore a large building on First Avenue. "This is the Municipal Lodging House. They take in two or three hundred homeless men every night."

"How many homeless men are there in New York?"

"Twenty thousand or so."

"Twenty thousand homeless men!" repeated Haggleton. "And what do the others do, those who can't stay here?"

"About three thousand walk the streets," replied Phillip.

"Not on cold nights like this!"

"On cold nights and on hot nights. They huddle in dark corners and alleyways out of the wind. They crouch over gratings above engine rooms and get the warm air. They stand in the midnight bread lines and then go back to their holes. You'll see them shuffling along through the snow with their feet tied up in rags."

"There are three thousand like that in New York?"

"Yes."

"And the rest?"

"The rest pay ten or fifteen cents in cheap lodging houses. You'll see."

"What do they pay here?"

"Nothing; but the same man may not come more than three times in a month. If he does, he goes to the stone pile. So they're careful. Come in."

The office attendants nodded pleasantly to Phillip and were evidently glad to have him show his friend about. And, first, they watched the line of stolid, unkempt men as they gave the facts about themselves and their destitution. Not one had so much as a half

dollar in the world, nor any work, nor very much hope, apparently. Most of them were in the prime of life, many of them young men.

"They seem sober," whispered Haggleton.

"They don't come here when they're drunk," replied Phillip. "They know they'll get sent up if they do."

Downstairs they saw these men stripped of their clothes (some of them peeled off two or three sets of garments—their whole wardrobe) and then thoroughly scrubbed under a hot shower bath. One man's legs were blotched with sores and bruises—from low vitality, the doctor said—and one had a deeply ulcerated heel; he had literally been walking on his uppers.

Overhead they saw the dormitories, long rooms ranged with iron cots, double deckers, a man above and a man below, and watched the now cleansed vagabonds, their hunger stayed with bread and coffee, tumble into these and drop off to slumber, sleeping between clean sheets and in clean nightgowns for the first time in many days.

"Well," said Haggleton, when they had finished their inspection, "that's all right far as it goes, but—these men are getting something for nothing—and how much good does it do?"

"It's clean, anyway," answered Phillip. "Now come in here." He led the way into another lodging house in the opposite block. "This place accommodates about four hundred, and the men pay from fifteen to twenty-five cents a night. There's no compulsory bath, and as for cleanliness—look!"

They had reached one of the dormitories, and Phillip pointed out that each cot had a small locker

for the men's clothes, which in the other place were fumigated, but here were simply hung in these rickety closets, where abundant cracks encouraged the free circulation of vermin.

"They get no nightgowns," continued Phillip, "and the sheets are changed only once or twice a week. Many of the men have loathsome diseases; many have consumption; and there's no doubt consumption and other diseases can be transmitted from man to man by the contamination of sheets."

"I suppose so," said Haggleton. "How many of these lodging houses are there?"

"About a hundred and forty, and you've seen the best. The others are so filthy that—well, I asked an attendant once how often they washed the towels, and he said with a grin: 'Wash 'em? We never wash 'em; we use 'em until they break.'"

They took the elevated down to Grand Street and spent an hour visiting more of these sinister asylums on the Bowery where bunks are offered to human wrecks at twenty or fifteen or ten cents a night or less, vile places, all of them, reeking with foulness and disease; centers of contamination for young men, hotbeds of vice and crime. In one hideous resort on Mulberry Street where the charge was seven cents, they found men ranged along in hammocks, with neither sheets nor covers, and dozens sleeping on the bare floor.

"Pretty bad," muttered Haggleton, "but, after all, it's their own fault; they won't work."

"Some of them *can't* work."

"But a good many won't."

"That's true. They say things are all unfair and a man's a fool to work when he can beat the game by lying or begging or stealing."

"You admit that?"

"Certainly."

"Then what's your idea in showing me all this?"

"It's a problem for you to solve. That's what you're down here for, to see things and then say what ought to be done. We have ideas, but you'll have better ones before you get through."

"Why do you say that?" asked Haggleton.

"Because you're a great man with a great brain. You know how to organize, you hate waste; well, organize these wasted lives; find some place for them, some use, say a farm—school, or—or a labor bureau or anything. It's up to you."

Haggleton shook his head.

"I'm not responsible for these lodging houses."

"You *are* responsible," flashed Phillip, "because it's men like you who own them; it's men like you who take the dimes and pennies of these poor devils—talk about tainted money!—a million dollars in lodging-house money paid every year in New York City by *your fellow-graduates in poverty.*"

"No, no," objected Haggleton, "it's not poverty that brought them where they are; it's drink and laziness and——"

"And ignorance and weakness," added Phillip.

"That makes four causes."

"Four effects."

"I said 'causes,'" insisted the other.

Phillip paused a moment, and his eyes met Haggle-

ton's in steady defiance. Then he said slowly: "No, effects. These men are products of conditions. It's years of bad air in your tenements and of underfeeding at your wages that make them crave drink. It's a childhood wasted in brutalizing labor that has weakened their bodies and dulled their minds. It's a manhood gone in hopeless struggle that has left them broken and disheartened. There are twenty thousand of them in New York, Mr. Haggleton, who have lost their grip, who are bums, wrecks, lodging-house loafers; but don't forget that they are victims of a cruel order which for the vast majority gives poverty as the only reward of toil."

"Nonsense!" said Haggleton.

CHAPTER IX

MORE WRECKS

THE next morning Moran grudgingly announced that he would probably be able to get Jackson a temporary job in the bakeshop within the next few days. The helper was still sick; no doubt it would turn out to be typhoid in the end. It usually did in that damp, unventilated cellar, with its disgraceful plumbing. Then he hurried away, as on the previous day, unbrushed, unkempt.

Gentle, to whom Phillip had told the results of Haggleton's first day among the toilers and the wrecks, arrived soon after, accompanied by the young diver. Both were now intensely interested in the millionaire's venture and its ultimate results, Gentle's concern being, of course, complicated by considerations of whose very existence Phillip knew nothing. This morning Gentle was off duty, while Phillip had another diving job to attend to; so it was arranged that Haggleton should spend the morning with Gentle and Joe organizing the flat. Phillip went away, first arranging with Haggleton to meet him at Chatham Square at a quarter past twelve. He would be free by that time, and they must not waste the afternoon.

Nor was the morning wasted. Gentle put up shelves; Haggleton sorted out rubbish; Joe, familiar with the

disorder of the Moran household, made himself generally useful. Gentle quietly noticed that Moran's lazy son-in-law was already under the driving influence of the millionaire. Jenny, while working at the plaster figures, helped with suggestions and little touches. The flat was beginning to take on a homelike air, and, thank Heaven, they had plenty of sunshine.

The two elderly men took real pleasure in their planning and work together. The careers of both, so utterly dissimilar, yet had this in common, that they had taught them to be systematic; to think quickly and to act more quickly still. They began to feel drawn toward each other; the secret warfare upon which they had just entered assumed the softer aspect of a not altogether unfriendly rivalry.

At twelve o'clock Haggleton left the flat to keep his appointment. He was in excellent spirits.

"Ah," exclaimed Phillip as they met, "so you came?"

"Did you think I'd run away?" laughed Haggleton.

"It's a wonder you don't," replied Phillip with a puzzled look.

"I don't want to run away," answered Haggleton. "I've started out to do a certain thing and I'm going to do it."

Phillip shot a glance of admiration at him. "You're game, all right. Well, let's eat. In here. Keep your hat on."

They entered a Bowery restaurant near Chatham Square, a battered place seen through two dusty windows, the one spread with cakes and pies, the other with lengths of raw, red sausage. At long tables were

silent, shifty-eyed men who seemed to sit as far apart as possible. And they all kept their hats on and their coat collars turned up; while hard-faced waiters moved among them bawling out orders: "*Coming*—stew." "Bowl of oats—*draw* one." "Sinkers and—*draw* one."

"What's that—'draw one'?" asked Haggleton.

"Coffee," answered Phillip, "out of those big urns."

From time to time one of the silent men would rise and carefully pick out a cake at the counter. Then he would slouch back to his seat and eat the cake.

"More wrecks, I suppose?" commented Haggleton.

"Yes," said Phillip.

They stayed in the place about ten minutes and took apple pie and coffee. Phillip paid for it.

"Not bad, that pie," declared Haggleton as they came out. "Now I'm ready for anything you can show me, the *worst* you can show me."

Phillip's face was set. This man wanted to see poverty and misery. Very well, he should be accommodated.

"I know an old lady on Roosevelt Street," he said, "who is dying of consumption. We'll go there first."

On the way he spoke briefly of the case. The old lady had no one in the world to care for her but a little granddaughter eight years old. The child did what she could mornings and evenings, but between times she went to school; so the sick woman was absolutely alone for hours every day. And she was so feeble she could scarcely lift herself from the bed.

"This is the place," said Phillip, and turning into a dark hallway with greasy green walls, they climbed

four flights of stairs to a tiny room at the back. Everything here was scrupulously clean, but the floor was bare of covering, and the only furniture was a cot bed, two chairs, and a little stove. There was one window in the room, and the walls were painted red.

The dying woman lay propped against a pillow, and her thin face brightened as she saw Phillip. Yes, she was feeling better. A lady had been very kind and sent in chicken broth. No, she wasn't lonely, and, anyway, Ella mustn't miss her school. Ella was a good child, and did everything for her. Oh, yes, they were comfortable enough. Ella didn't mind sleeping on a blanket—over there in the corner. The rent? Why, four dollars a month. It was a nice room, only she wished the sun could shine in. She loved the sun. There were a few weeks in June when the sun did shine in, but June was a long way off. She closed her eyes wearily and lay still.

"Well?" asked Phillip when they reached the street.

"There's nothing to say," replied Haggleton. "She's going to die. We're *all* going to die. What can you do about it?"

"But that child—only eight years old?"

"It's life," said Haggleton.

Phillip shook his head.

"I'll show you another case," he muttered, and led the way to a house in Cherry Street where the crape was hanging. And he spoke tenderly of the dead girl within, whom he had known and befriended, who had been so brave and unselfish, and had literally given her life at her sewing machine for her brothers and sisters.

At the door they were met by a coarse-featured man whose eyes were red and swollen. He said he was her—Rosalie's—brother, a truck driver from Brooklyn. He had not seen much of his family in years; the old man got sore on him for boozing, so he cut loose. But he always thought a lot of Rosalie, and this thing hit him hard, and—well, she was gone, and—and— He was crying now, and his breath smelled of whisky.

"Where is she?" asked Phillip.

"In there," he pointed.

Phillip went into the front room and Haggleton followed him. Around the walls were chairs, and on one of them a florid-faced man was sleeping heavily.

"He's tired," explained the brother. "We had the wake last night."

"Where are the children?"

"At school. Do you—do you want to look at her?"

Very reverently Phillip stepped forward for a last sight of Rosalie. Haggleton stood beside him, and noticed that the coffin was of polished wood with silver handles. Also, that the young girl had been dressed in a white-satin gown.

When they went back to the kitchen Haggleton asked how they had been able to pay for these things. The brother's face brightened: this was his one consolation for years of neglect—they had given Rosalie a grand funeral. She had always longed for a white-satin dress, but she never could have one, and now—anyway—she—she had it. And the coffin—did they notice that? It was the very finest, with real silver handles. It cost sixty dollars, and the dress cost fifty

dollars. And the hearse would be *elegant* with four two-horse carriages.

Finally, after more questions, Haggleton found that they had used the insurance money for these expenses. There were three hundred dollars on Rosalie's life and they were spending most of it. That was the least they could do, the brother thought.

"You see how these people act," began Haggleton as they left the house. "Here they had three hundred dollars, and now the children will——"

"They did it out of love," interrupted Phillip, and he murmured under his breath: "Poor little Rosalie!"

The next case was farther down the street—an Irish longshoreman about thirty-five who also was nearing his end—consumption and cancer of the throat. He had been in the hospital but had come home for the last days. He wanted to be near the wife and the kid. There they were, the wife sitting by the stove, and the kid, a little fellow of five with big, frightened eyes, playing about, barefoot, on the cold floor. His toy was an old bottle in which he was rattling some rusty nails.

The sick man lay in a foul back room where there was no window. A kerosene lamp smoking on a table threw a dim light on his wasted face and shrunken body. His wife had lifted his head by putting a chair under the pillow, for he coughed constantly. He knew that he was dying, but he was happy to be home again near the wife and the kid. He was in no pain.

Haggleton beckoned the woman into the front room and questioned her. Had her husband been a drinking man? No, it was exposure to bad weather that had

caused his sickness. Why had he not got other work? That was the only work he knew, and he couldn't take chances with a family to support. Did she work herself? Yes, she did cleaning.

As they came away Haggleton discussed this case. What could you expect? This man might have saved his money while he had been strong and healthy, and changed his work. Besides, there must have been some taint in him; a sound man doesn't get cancer and consumption. He didn't; Phillip didn't; this Irishman was evidently unsound.

"Haven't you any pity for an unsound man?" protested Phillip.

"What's the use of pity? An unsound man is unsound. He can't resist. He's bound to perish, and it's better he should. The only way to improve the race it to prune away the weak and the unworthy. That's what poverty does."

"Suppose a man is strong of body but not intelligent?"

"Then he's unworthy."

"And he ought to perish?"

"Certainly."

"And the weak ought to perish—you really mean that?"

"Certainly, whether they're weak in body or mind."

"My God!" exclaimed Phillip, "that's the most brutal talk I ever heard!"

"Brutal, yes, but—think it over, young man, think it over. I say the weak and the unworthy ought to perish. It's true when you grow fruits and flowers, isn't it? It's true when you breed animals, isn't it?

Then why isn't it true if you want to build up a race of men?"

"Because"—Phillip hesitated—"because the greatest authority in the world is against you."

"What authority is that?"

Phillip looked him gravely in the eyes. "The authority that says: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

"H'm!" grunted Haggleton, and fell into silence.

So they walked on until Phillip spoke again: "Now, if you like, we'll go in here."

They had come to a block of better-looking tenements and made their way to a four-room flat with signs of relative prosperity if not of cleanliness. This was the home of a strong Italian woman who supported her family by taking in washing. The family consisted of seven boys, all under eight, and included two sets of twins.

"Bimeby nodder one," volunteered the mother smiling.

Most of the boys were playing about the room; several had sore eyes, and all were barefoot.

"Why don't you put shoes on them?" asked Haggleton.

"No got," grinned the mother, and explained that her husband had temporarily abandoned her. So she had taken two lady boarders in the back room. One of them paid her two dollars a month, and the other, being poor and sick, helped with the ironing.

The two lady boarders presently appeared, one showing a hand bulkily bandaged, and the other a

very queer face. It was the girl with the bandaged hand who had stirred Phillip's interest. She was a "dipper" at the gold-dust factory for which Jenny Moran worked, and had contracted tuberculosis of the joints. This had shown itself in her hand, which had swollen to double its size and had just been operated upon at the hospital. She unwrapped the cloth, and exposed a sickly, whitish mass with deep red cuts where the knife had gone. The hand looked dead and useless.

Phillip whispered to Haggleton that the doctor had told him the disease would probably spread through the girl's body and ultimately kill her. It was clearly a life put in jeopardy by a dangerous trade. All these gold-dust girls were ailing, their lungs were full of metallic dust, and many of them would contract tuberculosis.

Haggleton took this very calmly, but thought it an outrage that a girl in such a state should help with the washing. Here was a basket of clothes for some family uptown. Did she handle these clothes? Yes, certainly. With those soiled bandages? Well, sometimes she took the bandages off. Good Lord, that was worse! The family uptown might be infected. Phillip looked reproachfully at Haggleton, and assured him that if he wished to consider the subject of infection he would show him something much worthier of his indignation. He would show him at once.

But Haggleton's curiosity was not yet satisfied. He wanted to know what was the matter with the other lady boarder's face. And, after some questioning, he discovered that she was the victim of a beauty doctor.

It seemed incredible that the most hardened charlatan could ever have encouraged this withered spinster's aspirations to comeliness. But so it was, and, in spite of her poverty, she had somehow raised ninety dollars and given it to this wretch—sixty for removing a deep frown line in her forehead, and thirty for filling in a wrinkle. And the result was that the paraffin injected in the forehead had run together in a lump, so that she seemed to have a perpetual angry boil between her eyes, while the paraffin for the wrinkle had spread under her cheek, making it now red, now purple, according to the weather. She had become a living barometer.

"And you paid him ninety dollars for this?" asked Haggleton.

"Yes," she admitted sadly.

"Why didn't you have him take the stuff out?"

"I asked him to, but he said it would cost twenty-five dollars more to take it out, and I didn't have the money."

"Now, then," triumphed Haggleton on the floor below, "was I right in saying that the poor are extravagant? Ninety dollars for a beauty doctor when she had no shoes!"

"She was foolish," admitted Phillip, "but there are worse things than that. I promised to show you something worthy of your indignation. Now I'll do it."

He turned into a forbidding street that stretched like a sinister canyon between two rows of evil-looking tenements, their fire escapes hung with bedraggled underclothing.

"Do you know what street this is?" asked Phillip.

"No."

"It's the other end of Market Street. George Washington lived around that corner once when he was President. Do you know who owns this block?"

"Why—er—yes, of course; *I* own it."

"And it's one of the possessions you needn't be proud of. There's not a house here, Mr. Haggleton, nor a room, nor a corner that isn't poisoned with consumption germs."

Phillip entered the first tenement at hand, and going quickly up one flight, he stopped at two narrow doors that stood side by side halfway down the hall. He opened these doors and looked in. Then he went up another flight and opened two corresponding doors. He did this several times in several houses.

"What are you trying to do?" asked Haggleton.

"Wait," replied Phillip, and he continued his search in the next tenement. And again in the next.

"Ah!" he exclaimed as he tried once more, "I thought so." They were standing in the half-lighted hallway of a third floor, and from the rear flat came the cries of a child.

"What is it?"

"Look there!" He pointed to the boards under one of the two doors.

"They are wet," said Haggleton; "some one has spilled water here." Then he looked closer. "No, it's not water, it—it's red!"

"Open the door," said Phillip.

Haggleton obeyed, and in spite of himself started back at the stench. "Horrible!" he cried; "what is it?"

"One of the signs," answered Phillip; "a thing you can see almost any day in this block."

"But—but where does it come from?"

Phillip answered sternly: "From the men and women and children who pay you rent for tainted homes. Sometimes it's sprinkled all along the halls. They have no marble bathrooms, sir, these tenants of yours, when *they* have hemorrhages!"

CHAPTER X

AFTER THE BALL

A FEW nights later, Phillip kept his promise to Jenny Moran, and accompanied her to one of the numerous balls that form so important a factor of the social life of the lower East Side of New York in winter.

There was nothing remarkable about this one except the announcements printed on facsimile ten-dollar bills of the Confederate States and setting forth that the "Rose Leaf Pleasure Club" would give its "Grand Annual Mask and Civic Ball" in Webster Hall, near Third Avenue, with "Little Buck" as floor manager, and cash prizes for the best "automobile twister," and tickets at fifty cents, including "gent and lady, and gent's hat check." Also the information that Professor Kiegelhast's Famous Metropolitan Orchestra would assist.

As they entered the hall, about two hundred couples were doing a slow two-step with set and serious faces, most of the girls chewing gum in time to the measure, and many of the young men holding lighted cigars or cigarettes between two fingers while the other two clasped the lady's hand. From time to time, as they turned, these grave gallants would manage to take a puff at the burning weed, and some would whirl

solemnly for several minutes, the cigarette held carelessly between their lips. It was evidently a matter of nice calculation to steer your partner through this maze of dancers and to smoke without setting fire to her.

When the music stopped, the company withdrew to seats along the walls by the pleasing and expeditious method of sliding across the polished floor, with the result that a dancer in eccentric tramp costume collided violently with a sea nymph wearing a very short skirt of shaggy green moss over long black stockings, and both were sent sprawling; whereupon the sea nymph, with perfect self-possession, asked the tramp what the hell he was trying to do.

Phillip and Jenny sat down near a rather pretty girl in yellow tights, who was the center of a group where a young man with oily black hair was playfully punching at her while she, pleased and smiling, parried the attack with her feet. Another admirer, apparently an embellished truck driver, expressed the opinion that her "shape" was "great," and laid an approving red hand upon it with a request for information as to where the corset ended; which evidently embarrassed the lady, for she murmured: "Aw, for Gawd's sake, get over it."

During the intermission cards were distributed calling attention to various approaching balls in the neighborhood, the "Good Time Coterie," the "Timothy Mulligan Association," the "Floradora Girls," the "Horseshoe Athletic Club," and others. It was evidently the proper thing to send these cards sailing about the hall as a conjurer does, and presently the air was full of them and the dancing floor so thickly

strewn that a man had to come in with a broom and sweep them off.

One look at Phillip's face showed Jenny that he did not care much for this, and as she cared very little about it herself (what she wanted was to get him alone), she suggested that they go up in the gallery and look on. And if Phillip felt like ordering two glasses of beer, why, that would be very nice. Phillip ordered the beer, and they took seats in the gallery.

"What sort of people are they?" he asked, looking down at the human whirl. Familiar as he was with tenement life, he had paid little attention to these balls of the people. "Who are the women?"

"Mostly shop girls and factory girls. There are two from our joint. See that tall one in the red dress? They call her 'Crooked Kate,' she's so round-shouldered. She's a 'dipper.'"

"And the men?"

"Oh, they're cheap clerks, elevator boys, factory hands—anything. There's McKee, our foreman, hugging that big woman with the white mask. He's a stuff."

Jenny saw that Phillip was only half listening, evidently thinking of something else. "I wouldn't have come, Phil," she said quickly, "if I'd thought it was like this. You know I love to dance, and after a girl's been working hard all the week, why, she needs a little change, doesn't she?"

"Of course," he said, and then, after a moment's thought: "It can't do these girls much good, this sort of thing. They're not over twenty-two or twenty-three, and—do *you* think it does them any good?"

"Sure, it does," declared Jenny; "it's the only pleasure they have, going to balls. They go Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons, and sometimes through the week. Why, it's about all they live for. I wish you could hear them at the factory talking about the fellows they meet and the perfectly grand times they have."

"Do you think—" Phillip checked the question in some embarrassment.

"You mean, do they keep straight?" supplied Jenny. "You needn't be afraid to say things right out. Some do, and a good many don't. You see, it's pretty late when they get home—three or four in the morning. I guess they get kissed all right, but"—she smiled coquettishly—"they don't see any harm in that."

"No, I—I suppose not," he said absently, which disappointed Jenny, for she saw that her glance had made no impression.

Jenny had quite made up her mind that Phillip should dance with her at least once, and to this end, with a woman's diplomacy, she dropped the subject for the moment, and began to talk of other things—of the new order at the flat, of Haggleton, and then very guardedly of Margaret. But she soon saw that she was making no progress here, and lapsed into silence.

Presently the music struck up an inviting waltz with a languorous, intensified beat, and Jenny leaned forward with a half-sad and half-longing expression, which she knew very well heightened her beauty, especially in profile. And she sat like this for a long

time in dreamy reverie, feeling Phillip's eyes on her. Then suddenly she turned to him with a warm, appealing look. "I suppose I must give it all up, mustn't I, Phil?"

She was like a disappointed child, and he felt sorry for her. "You mean dancing? Why, no. There's no harm in dancing."

"But I—I have no one to dance with me," she sighed. "I've cut away from my old friends, and the only ones are like—like McKee down there."

She bit her red lips, and Phillip thought she was on the point of crying. "I'll dance with you, Jenny," he said kindly. "I haven't danced for a long time, but I'll do my best."

They danced the next waltz, and as Phillip held the lithe young creature and felt her graceful supple movements, he realized vaguely that she was not created for factory toil and a dull tenement life, but for—for —what was she created? And Jenny, gliding to the delicious measure, forgot all but one thing—that she was here in Phillip's arms, waltzing with Phillip, close to Phillip, and shutting her eyes, she turned, and dreamed, and was happy.

On their way home Phillip tried to have a serious talk with her, but it was not so easy to say just the right thing. "Tell me, Jenny, how do you like all this?" he finally asked.

She laughed. "I told you the other day. If you mean getting up at half past six instead of eleven, I don't like it at all."

"But the rest?"

"If you mean working like a slave for six dollars

a week instead of taking things easy, why, I don't like that either."

"Then—then you regret the old days?"

Jenny turned to him with a look half mischievous, half tender. "No, because there's one thing I *do* like, and that makes up for a whole lot: I—I like pleasing you, Phil. You know. I told you."

"You mustn't say that, Jenny," he replied; "you must do right because it *is* right. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Phil," she said humbly, but in her heart she had quite a different idea.

They did not talk much after that, but Phillip thought for a long time about this evening with its apparently trivial happenings, and somehow they filled him with a vague uneasiness. He could not see where he had been at fault; it was surely right to encourage Jenny and give her a little pleasure; and as to the waltz, why, a waltz was nothing. Yet, reason as he would, he could not shake off a sense of apprehension, and in this mind he fell asleep and dreamed that he had committed a great crime, and that he stood in the presence of many accusers, unable to defend himself.

In the morning he awoke pale and unrefreshed, and when he joined the Moran household after breakfast, Haggleton observed that he looked tired.

"It's nothing," said Phillip; "I'm not accustomed to balls."

"You'd think he danced all night," laughed Jenny. "Well, he danced just once."

Haggleton went out with Phillip. He, too, had slept

badly; he had been awakened when Jenny came in, and for more than an hour he had thought about this boy, his son. He did not like the idea of his going out with Jenny Moran. And he had resolved to have a word with Phillip on the subject.

He began by talking about Margaret.

"She looks to me like a fine girl," he approved, "but if I know anything about women, she's got a bit of spirit in her, and—you'd better cut out anybody else."

"You mean Jenny?" asked Phillip.

"Yes; I don't believe Miss Lawrence will like your going to balls with another girl."

Phillip started to explain the situation as well as he could without revealing Jenny's previous life, but Haggleton interrupted him: "I know about that; I have lived sixty years with my eyes wide open. It was not so hard to guess as you think, young man."

"Then you must approve of my doing what I can to help her?"

"Does it help her much to dance with her?" replied Haggleton dryly.

"It helps her to know that some one has faith in her, doesn't it? It helps her to feel that some one is kind to her? What would you have me do; let her go to pieces?"

"She'll probably do that, anyway," said Haggleton.

"There's more of your brutal philosophy," exclaimed Phillip. "Because a woman is down or a man is down, you think that's a good reason why they should stay down."

Haggleton thought a moment. "It may be worth

while to do missionary work among these women; I don't know; but . . ."

Phillip flushed in anger. "You dare to insinuate that——"

Haggleton smiled.

"I dare to insinuate that you're a vigorous young fellow of twenty-four, and you'd better keep out of temptation. See here, no offense, but facts are facts."

"I have a clear responsibility toward this girl," retorted Phillip. "I promised her sister to do what I could for her—and—besides, she trusts me, and will do as I tell her." He paused, and then said sharply: "If *other* people had felt their responsibility toward her as I do, she wouldn't be where she is to-day."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Haggleton. "You're not trying to put the responsibility on *me*, are you?"

"I am, in a way. You control the New York Central, don't you?"

"Why, I—I suppose so," answered Haggleton, surprised at this sudden turn.

"Well, the New York Central killed her husband at one of its grade crossings in Yonkers. The law tells you to put gates at these crossings, but you laugh at the law, and every year you kill hundreds of innocent citizens as you killed her husband. Then you refused to pay her a cent of damages, and, as she was a poor woman, she couldn't press the suit. So she was left without a dollar in the world, and she had a little baby, and—well, the end of it was she went on the town."

"I didn't know that," said Haggleton.

"There's a good deal you rich men don't know, and don't want to know. I tell you, Jenny Moran would be a good woman to-day if she'd had a fair chance. She's trying to do right now; she's making a plucky fight, and if you think I'm going to turn my back on her as your criminal railroad did, then you're very much mistaken."

Haggleton saw that further argument was useless. After all, what could his worldly wisdom avail against the impetuous and guileless chivalry of twenty-four? So he dropped the subject.

CHAPTER XI

OUR DAILY BREAD

MEANWHILE, Haggleton had not allowed Moran to forget his unwilling promise that he would procure the place of the sick baker's assistant for "Jackson," who was so eager to go to work and in such sore need of something to do. The opportunity presented itself sooner than he had dared to hope. One morning, a day or two after the millionaire's second tour with Phillip among his tenements and their occupants, a boy arrived from the bakery to tell Moran that he was to take charge of the night shift, and must report that evening at six. Moran, thoughtful for once of others, sent the boy back with word that he could bring the assistant he had already spoken about, and the answer came shortly afterwards by the same carrier that he must not fail to do so. The helper had "completely given out." It was typhoid beyond a doubt.

Having warned Haggleton to take a good rest in the afternoon, the baker disappeared, as usual. The millionaire decided to pay another visit of inspection to his tenements, but this time alone. It was a new experience. Phillip was known and welcomed wherever he went, and so were Gentle and Margaret. But the owner of all this shameful property had the

strange experience of having doors slammed in his face and of being ordered out of his own houses by his own janitors, who looked upon him with darkest suspicion. Yet, wherever he went, he could not help seeing that conditions, bad as they were in themselves, were aggravated at least fifty per cent by the shiftlessness, the neglect, of his tenants. Haggleton was beginning to formulate his own plans of tenement reform. He would keep them to himself until the proper moment came to lay them before his son. At least, they would be practical.

By one he was back home, and at Jenny's suggestion lay down to get some sleep in anticipation of a long night's work. By five Moran came in, and, after another tirade against capital, based upon an editorial in the paper he had brought with him, bade him prepare to accompany him.

The plumbing in the bakeshop was all defective, Moran explained, as they made their way to the place, the traps to sink and soil pipes being out of order, so that the water was in danger of contamination.

"Not the water you use in making bread?" questioned Haggleton.

"That's the only water we have," replied Moran; "it's the only water John J. gives us."

"Haggleton? What has he to do with it?"

"Just a little—he owns the property."

Haggleton frowned.

"Are you sure?"

"Am I sure?" sneered Moran. "Haven't I seen the rent receipts for five years? I'm foreman. Ah, here we are!"

They stopped before a six-story tenement on Market Street, its dark hallway opening between a dingy bakeshop and a dressmaking establishment where lay figures in the window showed "the latest styles from Paris."

"Careful now," cautioned Moran. "Hold on to the railing. It's steep."

He led the way down into a deep hole under the street, the iron steps slanting like a ladder, and slippery with mud and ice. Haggleton followed cautiously and found himself in a long, low basement lighted here and there by flaring gas jets. As the door opened, he felt a hot, foul breath as from a sour and moldy cavern. The air was full of white dust, the walls were damp and greenish white, bare bricks showing in places where the plaster had fallen off, and the wooden floor was sifted over with a mealy mixture of flour and dirt. In the shadows he made out rows of flour barrels and bags of flour, and through a disorder of wooden troughs and mixing benches and piles of wooden trays he saw at the far end the red eyes and mouth of a wide oven for the baking.

It was about six o'clock, and already two men were preparing for the night's work, stripping off filthy clothing down to the undershirts, and throwing the garments upon convenient flour barrels. The men were pallid and hollow-eyed; one of them in a red shirt coughed constantly; the other chewed tobacco. They rolled up their sleeves, baring thin white arms, and went to work, the tobacco chewer bending over the kneading trough while the red-shirted man busied himself at the ovens. Moran explained that the former

was " second hand " and the latter the " third hand." It took four to run this bakeshop.

" Where's the boss? "

" Home, upstairs; he works in the daytime. I'm in charge at night."

As Haggleton's eyes became accustomed to the dust and the uncertain light, he discovered a grayish figure lying on a pile of bags behind a steaming vat. It was a man asleep, his head resting on a sack of flour.

" That's the sick helper," said Moran.

" The one who has typhoid fever? "

" We don't know what kind of fever it is."

" But he ought not to be here; he ought not to be sleeping on that sack of flour. You won't use the flour, will you? "

Moran laughed. " The flour he's sleeping on? Sure, we'll use it. We don't mind a little thing like that."

Haggleton took off his coat and prepared to work.

" I'll start you at something easy," said Moran. " Down here."

They went to the ovens where the " third hand " was taking out a batch of finished loaves, about a hundred and fifty of them ranged along in yellow circles on the hot brick floor. He stood at the iron door thrusting in a long-handled, flat, wooden shovel, on which, by a quick movement, he would slide two or three of the crackling loaves, and then draw them out.

" Now," said Moran to Haggleton, " as he takes 'em out on the peel, you put 'em in these boxes." He pointed to a pile of wooden trays. " When you get a box full, brush 'em over with the stuff in that can. It's potato water, to give 'em a good color."

Moran illustrated this operation once, and then left Haggleton to continue it, which he did to the best of his ability. It was hot by the ovens, and each boxful of loaves weighed thirty or forty pounds so that before the task was finished both Haggleton and the "third hand" were perspiring freely and were smeared with black from the fire. Occasionally the "third hand" would lay down his peel and stop to cough. Then he would spit on the floor and go back to his work.

"Now run 'em up to the shop," ordered Moran when they had finished. "There, on that dumb-waiter. A boy'll take 'em off."

This meant a second handling of all the loaves and boxes, and a vigorous working of the ropes up and down. Haggleton did not complain.

"You're a pretty fair helper," chuckled Moran. "Ought to be worth six dollars a week."

"More than that," replied Haggleton. "Where did you get the potato water I put on those loaves? I mean the water, not the potatoes."

"There, at the sink. Yes, the one with no trap to it—the typhoid-fever sink. You're thinking it won't do people any good to eat that bread. Maybe not. Huh! Now you can do some kneading."

They went to a long trough where the tobacco chewer was in hand-to-hand conflict with a great mass of dough, three or four hundred pounds, that seemed to writhe and quiver in his arms like a live creature. He had to bend far over this trough, and thrust his bare arms down into the dough until his hands touched the bottom. Then, with a strong effort, he would tear

away fifty or sixty pounds from the end of the mass and drag it over to the other end, and then go back for more. And then for more. And so on, using the utmost strength of arms and back, doing work which a professional gymnast would call severe, and doing it for half an hour at a stretch.

"You watch him awhile, and then do the rest," said Moran.

Haggleton watched the "second hand," and presently took his turn at the trough and struggled with the dough. For twenty minutes he turned the sticky, sodden mass over and over upon itself, kneading it and crushing it down and tearing it apart until his whole body ached.

"That'll do," relented Moran finally.

"What are those brown stains in the trough?" asked Haggleton.

Moran examined the stains and frowned. "That fool has been dribbling tobacco juice in the dough again. Petro," he said sharply, "look there! Haven't I told you to spit on the floor if you have to spit?"

Petro mumbled his penitence, and promised to be careful in the future.

After this Haggleton helped the "third hand" swab out the oven and make a fresh fire of coke and wood in the corner of it for the next baking. Then he helped Moran, who was now shaping the finished dough into loaves, weighing each one on a scale, and then fitting them into "raising" boxes, each of which had to be separately brought and then separately carried away.

"We'll make a baker of you yet, Jackson," grinned

the foreman. "Before these loaves go into the oven, we brush 'em over with eggs to get a nice brown. You can do that. Here's the can and brush, and the eggs are in that box. Break half a dozen in the can and go ahead."

Haggleton obeyed, but presently came back to Moran, holding the can at arm's length and wrinkling his nose with little sniffs. "These eggs are bad."

"Are, eh? Well, what do you expect for thirty cents a hundred?"

"I didn't think you would use bad eggs," said Haggleton.

"You're not here to think, *Mister* Jackson. I told you what to do; now do it."

Haggleton went back to his task, and for ten minutes plied the brush, smearing the unbaked loaves with this slimy and sickening mixture. Then he broke more eggs and smeared more loaves. Most of the eggs were bad. Finally, he finished the job, and another batch was ready.

So the night advanced, and Haggleton worked with scarcely a pause; he rolled barrels and dragged bags as fresh flour was needed; he carried coke for the fires and split wood; he helped at the sponging tubs; he sifted flour; he bent over the kneading trough; he carried boxes; he drew water at the sink; he worked the dumb-waiter; he stood by at the ovens; and he never complained. At ten o'clock he thought his strength had failed him; he was sore all over and sick and weak, but he forced himself to keep on.

At midnight he asked for a few minutes' rest, but Moran shook his head; he must do his work; another

batch of loaves was ready—ready for the eggs. The eggs! Haggleton tried to respond as before; he was game, he would not give up to this brute, but his knees bent under him; he felt his lips going white, and a feeling of nausea overcame him. His stomach at last revolted, and he had a violent fit of vomiting.

"Knocked out, eh?" said Moran. "Lie down there."

The millionaire lay down on some bags of flour, and Moran threw an empty sack over him. He groaned and closed his eyes, and for a long time he did not move.

Moran went on with his work.

Haggleton fell into a troubled sleep, and thought he was riding out a storm at sea. About two o'clock he was wakened suddenly by the clanging of a fire engine. He sat up weakly, and leaned against a bag of flour. The air was stifling hot and unspeakably foul. The men were at their same routine, but the "third hand" had thrown off his red shirt and was plying his peel at the oven bare to the waist. Haggleton could see the sweat running down his arms and back as he handled the loaves.

Presently Moran came over to him, and sat down on a barrel. "Feeling better?"

Haggleton nodded.

"It always makes a new man sick. You'll get used to it."

"I hope not," said Haggleton. "Are there many bakeshops like this in New York?"

"Dozens like this, and some worse."

"Not worse than this?"

"Huh!" retorted Moran, "I'd like to show you one on Allen Street. Dogs and chickens all about, and—hey, Petro," he called, "roll that barrel here."

Petro rolled over a barrel filled with crumbs of sour bread and moldy dough and sweepings from the floor.

"See that?" continued Moran. "We let it go as garbage, but there *are* bakers who use it. Yes, sir, they soak it in stuff that takes away the smell, then they dry it, and put in currants and molasses and bake it into cakes. And God knows who eats 'em."

"That's an outrage!" exclaimed Haggleton.

Moran leaned toward him with a gleam of hatred. "I'll tell you another outrage, *Mister* Jackson; it's when a landlord takes big rent for a rotten cellar like this and won't fix the plumbing. Do you see that little door? Just look in when your stomach gets steady and say how it strikes you. No wonder we're sick. I worked in a cellar bakeshop on Hester Street where the plumbing was so bad we got a back flow from the sewer every time it rained hard, and the whole floor was—well, I'll cut out the rest."

"Good Lord!" muttered Haggleton, "but all this must be against the law?"

"Much good that does."

"You mean the law isn't enforced?"

"That's what I mean."

"Why isn't it enforced?"

Moran laughed harshly. "That's a fine question to ask, why a law isn't enforced. Why aren't the laws enforced against trusts and railroads? Because somebody has damned good grafting reasons for not enforcing them. It's the same here."

"H'm!" said Haggleton. "How many bakeshops are there in New York?"

"Twenty-five hundred or so."

"How many men to a shop?"

"The little shops have four, but the big shops have ten or twenty. There must be fifteen thousand bakers in New York, easy."

"And most of them live in tenements?"

"Where do you think they live? At the Waldorf?"

Haggleton went on quietly. "You say there's a lot of sickness among them?"

"My God!" burst out Moran, "of course there's a lot of sickness. How can men work in holes like this and not get sick? There's rheumatism and asthma and fever and consumption. That's the worst—consumption. We've got it, hundreds of us, and we spread it; sometimes we get it here and carry it to the tenements; sometimes we get it in the tenements and carry it here, and either way the millionaires are to blame, only—" He paused, and a grim smile spread over his thin face.

"Go on," said Haggleton.

"You know bread is spongy stuff, and takes up anything near it, germs and dirt and bad water. Well, *we* make the bread, but *they eat it.*"

"Not this bread!"

"How do you know who eats this bread? How do you know who makes the bread you eat? A quarter of a million loaves and cakes are made every day in New York by *sick bakers*—that's putting it low—and *somebody* eats 'em, germs and all. Well?"

"The germs are killed in the baking."

"How about germs on the crust? Besides, baking may not kill the germs. The heat in the middle of a good-sized loaf is way under two hundred, and it takes two hundred and twelve to make sure of killing germs. I read how a London doctor tried it, and found *thirteen different kinds of microbes* in a loaf that had been baked! Yes, sir, found 'em alive and kicking."

Moran went back to his work, leaving the other to ponder this. It was after three o'clock, and already the early wagons were rattling through the streets, gathering up bread for the city's breakfast. Haggleton had seen one night's work in one bakery. He had watched the making of five or six hundred of the million or more loaves required every day to stay a city's hunger. He had seen these loaves handled by two consumptives in a place where nothing was clean, where the very dust in the air was tainted with disease. He thought about this for a long time, and with his thoughts, by habit of years, came a plan of action; and presently when Moran returned he saw in Haggleton's face such a look of purpose and resourcefulness that he marveled and said, only half in jest: "I suppose you're going to show us how to run these bakeshops?"

"Yes," said Haggleton, with a snap of decision, "I think I am."

CHAPTER XII

HAGGLETON TAKES COMMAND

MORAN had taken a vicious delight in making Jackson's work in the bakery as hard as possible. The millionaire never forgot, in later years, that first night in the murky, dirty cellar, the sickening moist odor of the fresh bread, the nausea it gave him, the exhaustion caused by labor almost as hard, he thought, as that of a blacksmith. He had staggered home dizzy, on trembling knees, too weary almost to undress. The experience had taught him a lesson, however. Now he understood why it is so hard for the poor to keep scrupulously clean.

Moran had gone to bed in his usual fashion, without cleaning himself at all. Haggleton had had to exert all his will power not to follow his example. He had shakily, but determinedly, removed the dough sticking to his arms and fingers, brushed from his gray hair the flour that had whitened it, neatly folded his clothes, washed himself and finally sunk into a sleep from which he awakened in the morning unrefreshed.

And yet, stiff and sore though he was, in a way he began to feel better than he had felt in many a long day. His digestion seemed to benefit by the grueling work, at which he stuck for a week, undeterred by

Gentle's warnings, put on his mettle by Phillip's covert looks of curiosity.

His plan had been matured on the morning after his first night's experience, but he was accustomed to move cautiously until he was ready. And so he had learned all there was to learn about the trade before he resigned his place as substitute fourth helper. The man for whom he substituted had been removed to the hospital.

Moran jeered at him when he announced his determination to "throw up the job." Phillip, when he heard of it, looked astonished, then disappointed. Gentle's face was inscrutable. Jenny approved, because she thought that Mr. Jackson could find something better to do. But inwardly she wondered a little where his next week's board money was to come from. Joe sympathized on general principles with every man who stopped working. It put him in countenance.

Jackson, however, who had selected Sunday morning to make his announcement, when all the members of his little circle of acquaintances in the district were present, with the exception of Margaret Lawrence, whom as yet he had not seen since that first brief glimpse of her, quietly answered Moran's sneer:

"You asked me that first night," he said, "if I was going to show you how to run these bakeshops, and I told you that I was. Well, I am going to do it. You think that I am through with bread baking? Why, I am only just beginning. Listen, all of you; I am going to take you in with me."

"Not me," said Gentle.

"Not you, Mr. Gentle, if you won't come in."

"And you Phillip?" asked the old diver.

"I am going to listen to what he has to say," answered the young man cautiously.

Haggleton saw that he had won a victory far greater than the success of his projected bakery trust—he had succeeded in interesting Phillip. So he proceeded forthwith to question the suspicious Moran, as the quickest way of unfolding his plan to the young man.

"If you're not in a hurry, Moran," he remarked as they finished breakfast, "I'd like to ask some questions."

"About bakeshops?"

"Yes. Does your boss make much out of his business?"

Moran shook his head. "When he's paid rent and wages, there's just enough left to take care of his family—in a tenement."

"What's the rent of that basement?"

"Thirty dollars."

Haggleton thought a moment.

"Suppose I offered him the basement, rent free, and guaranteed as much business as he does now, do you think he'd go into a scheme I've got?"

"Ye—es."

"Well, there's money in these bakeshops, money for all of us. What kind of a man is your boss, anyway? He never was around at night, so I don't know him."

"The boss? He's Italian—used to be a ragpicker."

"H'm! Can he be managed?"

"He can if he wants to," growled Moran, "but—you've got to show him first."

"I'll show him all right," said Haggleton, "but tell me things straight. This is a case of building up a business—understand?"

"Huh!" grunted Moran. "What do you know about running a bakeshop?"

Haggleton smiled. "What do you pay for flour?" he asked.

"Six or seven dollars a barrel."

"Ah, that's how you buy it?"

"Sure, thirty or forty barrels a week."

"Whom do you buy it from?"

"Jobbers."

Haggleton looked at him steadily, his eyes showing half pity, half contempt. "No wonder you people are poor! You—you don't know any more about business than children in the street."

"What's that?"

"Miserable, petty, shoe-string methods, saving pennies on sour crumbs and bad eggs when you might do things in a big clean way and make a fortune!"

"A fortune?" asked Phillip incredulously.

"Yes, sir, a fortune. And I'll show you how."

Haggleton asked more questions, going into details of the bread-making industry, wages, methods of work, cost of equipment, etc., moving rapidly from point to point, until presently he came upon one fact of master importance, that there was a machine for kneading dough—a machine run by electricity which would do the work of six men and turn out better bread than could be made by hand.

"Ah," exclaimed Haggleton, "now we're getting at it! I'd like to see that machine."

"You'll have to go uptown to a big bakeshop."

"None down here?"

Moran scowled. "What do you think we are? A machine like that costs six hundred and fifty dollars."

Haggleton looked pleased. "Good! Now, how many bakeshops are there near yours, say within two or three blocks?"

Moran counted them up.

"Nine—ten—eleven——"

"That's enough. We'll make a combination with six or eight; we'll sell them flour for less than they pay the jobbers and——"

"How will you do that?" interrupted Gentle.

"We'll get it by the car load direct from the mills. Then we'll have one of those machines and do all the kneading for the combination."

Phillip stared at Haggleton, who went on quietly: "You see how easy it is? We save on wages and materials; we do a bigger business because we sell better bread; so we make money both ways."

"It's a regular trust," said Gentle.

"Yes," admitted Haggleton, "it's a bakeshop trust."

"What capital have you got?" asked Phillip.

"Ever hear of promoters?" asked the millionaire tersely.

"Yes."

"Well, I am promoting this. The bakers need that machine, the manufacturer is perfectly willing to supply it on terms that guarantee him his money, even if he has to wait for it. A chattel mortgage given by the members of the trust I am about to organize will be good security, unless I am much mistaken.

I could use three hundred dollars to advantage right now, but I do not need them."

"Three hundred dollars!" sniffed Moran. "What can you do with that?"

Haggleton bared his teeth like an old wolf. "With three hundred dollars you can get a grip on Manhattan Island, and—*never let go*, if you know how."

Phillip was deeply impressed. He was stimulated, yet vaguely alarmed. Haggleton was awakening in him qualities of mind and vague longings that had lain dormant thus far, and that he recognized now with some uneasiness. He had sometimes wondered if he possessed business ability, but had given the matter little thought, feeling sure that his work lay in quite another field; he was a fighter for high principle, a champion of the downtrodden, not a groveler for gold; yet, somehow, he was beginning to feel the fascination of buying and selling, of making shrewd combinations in the market, and of winning out by this or that strategy in the great game of trade. He tried to brush all this aside as a sordid and unworthy appeal, assuring himself that his interest was only a passing one, and that he would certainly never allow himself to come under the ascendancy of this man Haggleton, whose selfish life and cruel methods of money conquest he held in abhorrence. Still, he had to admit that this bakeshop experiment was very interesting, and if it resulted in giving better bread to the people with better conditions in the making, why, it was not for him to oppose it. So it was with strangely mixed motives that he exclaimed impulsively:

"I can furnish the three hundred dollars!"

Haggleton suppressed the feeling of exultation that rose within him as he recognized himself in his son. He quietly said: "That will hasten things somewhat," and proceeded to give his directions.

In the morning Phillip was to buy one of these kneading machines, paying a hundred dollars down, the balance being arranged for in successive monthly payments, secured by a chattel mortgage. He—Haggleton—would get the bakers to be jointly responsible here with them. If they objected, he could give them a bonus from their capital for the next month's rent.

Then Phillip must find a bakeshop with electric street connections for the machine. Did Moran know one? Yes, in Catherine Street. Good! They must get the boss there into the combination, show him all the advantages, and, if necessary, to give him a bonus. The kneading machine must be set up there. It wouldn't cost this man a cent, as the combination would assume all expenses.

The rest would be easy. Six other bakers must agree to buy from the combination thirty or forty barrels of flour a week, or whatever quantity they usually bought, on the express stipulation that they got it at ten per cent off the jobbers' price. And they must make themselves responsible for this amount of flour, so many car loads, by signing a joint note payable to the mill owners in thirty days.

Phillip thought that the mill owners might refuse to accept such a note, but Haggleton was sure it could be accomplished. There were many flour mills in the country with New York agents, all hustling

for new business, and some of them would be glad to get the orders of the combination, even with a slight risk.

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed Phillip. "It—it sounds like a great idea. I don't see why it hasn't been tried before."

"Because no one with brains has ever bothered with these little bakeshops. Half the small retail business in New York could be organized like that if anyone wanted to take the trouble."

"I wonder if that's true?" reflected Phillip, and then, after a moment: "How can one machine knead the dough from half a dozen bakeshops?"

"That's easy," said Haggleton; "we'll have a horse and truck."

"What, to carry the machine?"

"No, to carry the dough. Each baker will mix his own flour in his own sponging trough, then we'll put the troughs on a truck and haul them to the place where we run the machine. When the flour is kneaded, we'll haul them back." He turned to Moran. "Any objection to that?"

Moran sneered. "Dough on a truck—it sounds crazy, but—I guess it's all right."

"How long will the kneading take?" questioned Phillip.

"Ten minutes for one batch of loaves," answered the baker—"say seven hundred pounds of dough. That's with the machine. It would take a man an hour."

"You see what we save," remarked Haggleton.

"Are these troughs on wheels?" pursued Phillip.

"Sure," said Moran.

"Allowing half an hour for each batch," calculated Haggleton—"I mean for kneading and hauling both ways—that gives us twenty-four batches in twelve hours. Say four thousand loaves. That's eight thousand pounds of flour; four tons a day, or twenty-eight tons a week for the combination. There's a nice profit in that when you get it by the car load."

"It sounds good," mused Phillip, "but—are you sure of enough bakeshops for the combination?"

"We'll have six before the week's out. That is, if you fix it so that we're trusted for flour by the car load. You'd better get busy."

Phillip turned in surprise.

"That's right," said Haggleton; "we look to you to get us flour direct from the mills; we're going to cut out the jobbers' profit."

"And you're going to risk all in this scheme?"

"What are we risking?" answered the old man. "Flour has a permanent value and so has a kneading machine."

"Suppose these bakers refuse to join your combination?"

"Refuse? Does a man refuse good money if you offer it to him? Why, within ten days all the little bakers around here will be offering premiums for a chance to come in with us."

Gentle had watched Phillip no less closely than had Haggleton, and had observed with dismay the stirring of the spirit whose quickening his mother had dreaded—the spirit of gain, the love of material success of self-seeking. But Haggleton had a right to a

fair field in his undertaking; therefore, the old diver contented himself with ironically congratulating his ward on his entrance upon a business life which, he doubted not, was undertaken solely for the purpose of giving better and cheaper bread to the poor.

Phillip smiled uneasily, but Moran furnished a diversion.

He had been listening with increasing hatred and jealousy to this fellow Jackson, "down and out" like himself, but who, instead of joining the enemies of the capitalism that had defeated him, was already planning to rise again, and who—bitterest thought of all—seemed likely to succeed. Now he began.

Had he—Moran—not had schemes after the trust had put him out of business? Hundreds of them! Had he carried them out? Of course not. Why not? Because a scheme without ample capital is of no earthly use to anyone. If you propose it to a man with money, he doesn't give you the money; he simply steals the scheme from you. The cards are stacked against a poor man. And so on, and so on, into another violent harangue against the sins of capital, with curses for all rich men in general, and for John J. Haggleton, the incarnation of predatory wealth, in particular. Moran was a fatalist, because fatalism is a dogma that saves the self-respect of those who drift unresisting along the line of least resistance. Gentle, who had known him for many years, was beginning to feel uneasy. Yes, the man accepted things as they were—while snarling at them—but some day he might turn, and there is always a moment when the coward is more dangerous than the man of courage.

Moran was talking violence of late with increasing vehemence; violence in general, to be true, to be practiced by others, but still—who knew what this harping upon sanguinary plans might ultimately suggest to his tired, weakened intellect? He now concluded with the quite familiar statement that the world would never go right until they had hung them all!

Haggleton, too, was studying Moran with increasing attention. It was quite an experience to hear himself denounced in the most intemperate epithets before his own son. But Moran had already been assigned to a well-defined place in Haggleton's plans for the winning of Phillip's love, admiration, and confidence. Moran was to be used as an object lesson at the proper moment. He was to be tempted. That he would fall, abjure his theories, forget his hatreds, forgive, and "come in," was a foregone conclusion.

CHAPTER XIII

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE

MEANWHILE, Haggleton had not forgotten that other boast of his, that he would make the neglected Moran home as clean and orderly as a New England farmhouse.

It had, indeed, undergone a marvelous transformation since that first day, when he asked Jenny's permission to assist her a little in "redding up." It had all been effected at the cost of a very small outlay of cash, but of a very liberal expenditure of elbow grease and planning. The marble clocks had been sold, the hatstand, and the battered iron bedsteads. They had fetched the thirty dollars Haggleton had appraised them at. He himself had conducted the negotiations.

The room was clean as a New England farmhouse, and as orderly. Jenny took renewed pride in her personal neatness now, and in her efficiency as a housekeeper.

The iron beds had been replaced by sleeping couches, neatly covered; the cooking stove was hidden behind a homemade screen, Joe's handiwork; and all around the room ran shelves with cretonne curtains, behind which were kept the many things that formerly had littered the floor and been piled in corners, in hopeless confusion. Under one of the couches a tin bath tub

was snugly put away. It was the pride of all but Moran, who looked upon it with disdain. Yet even he was growing neater in his ways, under the compulsion of his new environment.

Jackson was doing things, there could be no doubt about that. Joe watched him as he did them, with persistent skepticism that had to change its ground constantly as improvement after improvement was carried out. Gentle was deeply interested, Phillip was enthusiastic, Jenny thought her new boarder's ingenuity as a housekeeper wonderful. She forgot the organized work that he succeeded in making them all contribute.

But brightened though her life now was in many external ways, Jenny passed her days in profound unhappiness. She loved Phillip, oh! how she loved him! She knew very well that she had no right to love him, and that there was small chance that he would ever love her. How could a man love a girl from the "Haymarket"? Still, she was pretty, *very* pretty at her best, and, after all, Phillip was a man!

The taint of her past was seared into her soul. She thought that she knew men and their besetting weakness! She was pretty! She knew that she had nice eyes and pretty hands, and she remembered with a mingling of shame and satisfaction various extravagant things said about her charms by men who had been "stuck on her."

But alas, what availed her beauty if it made no appeal to Phillip! Ah, that was the point, perhaps it did appeal to him. Several times she had felt his eyes on her in a way that—well, she could not be

sure, he was finer than most men, but usually such a look meant—no, that was impossible! She was the last woman Phillip would admire, the very last. Yet, the other day, when she had caught his hand in sudden gratitude for a helpful word, he had held her hand in his and pressed it, perhaps a mere pressure of encouragement, but, after all, it was a warm, soft, little hand and he might have liked it.

Then there was the evening when, believing her absent, he had entered her bedroom. How he had started back in confused apology, although there was really no offense, for the others had often seen her partly undressed and taken it as a matter of course. Everyone knew there was no privacy in a tenement, so why make such a fuss over a glimpse of bare arms and shoulders? The harm was in the thought, not in the fact, and it occurred to Jenny that Phillip might have enjoyed seeing her white neck and shapely bust, and that his embarrassment was caused by a half-guilty feeling in himself. Ah, if that were true! If she could only know!

These reflections had gradually led her to conceive a definite plan; she must talk to Phillip alone, she must find some way of getting him to the flat in the afternoon when the others were away. How could she manage this? She could never ask him herself—that would spoil everything. He must come there for some reason and find her accidentally, and she must be prepared for him. Joe must help her in getting him there.

This plan was busily working in her brain one morning shortly after the launching of the bakery

trust, as she and Joe were setting things to right in the room and discussing Mr. Jackson's achievements.

"He is a wonder," reflected Jenny, half aloud.

"Yes, he is a wonder, all right, all right."

"He's been here only a few weeks," continued Jenny, "and look at the place."

"The wonder is," commented Joe, "that Moran lets him do it. He doesn't love him. Guess he is jealous of him because he can do things."

He pulled down the sleeves of his clean shirt over his wrists and stroked down his waistcoat. Jackson had shown him how to press his own clothes, explaining incidentally that thus they got still another return from the coal they burned. Joe was beginning to take an interest in his apparel, such as it was, instead of neglecting his appearance and contenting himself with dreaming of the sporty clothes he would buy some day. He was waking up in other ways as well. Now he suddenly startled Jenny with a momentous announcement:

"Say, Jen, beginnin' to-day, I draw ten bones a week if I cut out pool rooms."

"Ten dollars a week? How?"

"In the bakery scheme."

"The bakery scheme," repeated Jenny thoughtfully. "That's what Phil is talking about all the time now."

"Phil listens to what Mr. Jackson has to say, all right. He takes a lot of interest in him. He's here most of the time he isn't on his own job."

"Yes, he's here most of the time." Jenny looked at the diver's picture on the wall, her eyes widening

a little. Joe, as always when Phillip was discussed between them, watched her closely.

"You remember what I told you, Joe?"

"About Phil? Sure." Joe grinned. "Little Jenny wants him all to herself. And if she can't have him for herself—then the trained nurse lady that took away our dear little star boarders to the hospital had better look out for herself. How are the kids getting along?"

"Benny is pretty bad," Jenny replied absently. Her mind was fixed on her own problem in life. Joe, seeing this, repressed some humorous reminiscences of the two children and returned to the subject of Margaret Lawrence.

"I'll tell you one thing," he observed; "if I was Miss Margaret, you'd not see me driving below Twenty-third Street. No, ma'am. I'd make brother cough up. He's got plenty of 'dough,' or his wife has."

"How do you know that she has a rich brother?"

"How do I know? Why, you knew it before me."

"I know nothing whatever about her."

"Why, Jenny, weren't you the wet nurse for his kid?"

"Good God!"

Jenny stared at him with startled eyes, then shifted her gaze beyond him. Her face assumed an expression of wonder, of dismay, then gradually changed, as if a light were dawning before her. She began to walk up and down restlessly, gesticulating, muttering to herself. At every turn she took she looked up at Phillip's picture. Joe's curiosity got the better of him.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing, nothing. You say Miss Margaret is the sister of Howard Lawrence, up in Sixty-third Street, near the Park, the one with the rich wife?"

"Yes. Didn't you know it?"

"Sure?"

"Sure."

Jenny became silent again, pursuing some thought. Joe lighted a cigarette and awaited developments. Here was something new and unsuspected from her past, the past that she kept so carefully to herself.

But what was it? He gave a hasty side glance at the possibilities of a situation in life which somebody who has nothing knows something worth knowing about somebody who has plenty of "dough." . . .

Joe was being trained by Mr. Jackson, but the old Adam was still strong in him. Money without having to work for it was still his ideal. Blackmail was not repugnant to him as a means to the attainment of that desirable end. What a fool Jenny was, after all!

Suddenly Jenny stopped. She had reached a decision. The time had come to put her stratagem into execution.

"Well, what about it?" asked Joe.

"What about what?"

"About Howard Lawrence?"

"Oh, nothing—I—I—thought how strange it was—that—that his sister should be down here—among us. I heard them talk about her. That's all."

"Is it?" thought Joe to himself. "Not by a long shot. You can't fool me."

"What time is it?" The girl's voice was eager, hopeful, victorious.

"The factory clock says half past ten; the alarm clock says twenty minutes to, but that's always fast since Mr. Jackson came here."

"Listen, Joe; be serious," pleaded Jenny. "You said that you would help me. Now you must. I want to be alone with Phillip—I have an idea."

"Go on, my romantic sister-in-law. I will help you."

"I want you to write Phil a note," explained Jenny feverishly. "Tell him that you are in great trouble, and must see him at once, here. Write that you are waiting, and everything depends on his not losing a minute. And tell him to come alone; do you understand—alone!"

"Huh! You're no fool, Jenny." Joe looked at his sister-in-law in real admiration.

Poor Jenny's thoughts flew back to her bitterly won knowledge of the lower side of men, and to the loose, filmy garment hidden at the bottom of her trunk on the day when she had said farewell to the old life—for Phillip's sake!

She was beautiful; she knew it! He should see it, know it, too. Her beauty and this strange discovery which she had suddenly made concerning Margaret Lawrence's relationship— She held two cards now; she would play them both—she would win!

Her eyes shone.

Joe read her thoughts fairly accurately. Whatever it was that she knew about Howard Lawrence was to be used as an argument to win Phillip's love, or, at

least, to weaken Margaret's hold upon his affection. He immediately set to work to formulate some scheme by which he might draw some advantage for himself from this secret, even if he did not know what it was. So he began.

"Why don't you write the note yourself?"

"Because if I did he would not come alone. . . . Joe, haven't you noticed that he is afraid to be alone with me?"

"Can you blame him?"

"Be serious; do be serious; help me!"

"All right, Jenny, I will, sure as you live. But, say, what is there in it for me? I am not askin' you to give me money—I'm only askin' for the loan of a dollar until I begin to draw my salary from Mr. Jackson."

Jenny did not hesitate a moment. Impatiently she pulled out her purse and handed over the money.

"You will make the note strong?" she asked anxiously. "He must come."

"Don't you worry. Strong? It will bring tears to his eyes. I'll write it on Salvation Army paper. That'll fetch him! You leave that to me."

He was already at the door.

"This is my last flyer, Jen," he said. "After this I settle down to business with Jackson—Jackson & Caffrey."

She heard him galloping down the hall, stop, and talk to somebody—Phillip? Her heart gave a bound, but no, that was not his clear, ringing voice. It was Mr. Jackson. She made a movement of impatience, then a wave of self-pity came over her. She had been

so near the fulfillment of her plot; she was keyed up to its execution; everything was prepared, and now—she must wait for another opportunity, or at least make one. She glanced up at Phillip's picture, and her eyes dwelt on it lovingly.

Haggleton entered briskly.

As he came in, he surprised Jenny's look, so eloquent, so all-betraying. There were few things that escaped his sharp eyes. Jenny's past he had divined long ago.

"Morning, Jenny," he said pleasantly.

"Good morning, Mr. Jackson."

Haggleton stood beside her, looking up with her at the portrait.

"He's a fine young fellow, that Phillip Ames, isn't he?"

"Phil? Indeed, he is. But if anybody tells you that he is easy to understand——"

"Gentle seems to understand him."

"Gentle thinks he does. Say, Mr. Jackson, you have Gentle worried, all right."

"I? How?"

"Oh, with all this bakeshop business. Before you came, it was nothing but the wrongs of the poor. Now it's nothing but money-making schemes."

Haggleton looked at her attentively. She was about to confirm the evidence of his own observations. Perhaps he had made even more progress with Phillip than he thought.

"You think Phillip is interested?" he asked casually.

"Interested? You know he is interested. Why,

yesterday, Gentle was trying to talk tenement-house reform to Phil, but he hardly listened. He was figuring out the profits of that electrical machine for kneading bread."

"Good!"

Haggleton looked immensely pleased. He knew all this, but it was agreeable to hear it from other lips.

"I never saw Phil that way before," continued Jenny, slowly, as if pondering some problem that had suddenly presented itself.

"You like him, don't you?"

"Everybody likes him. I," she hesitated, "*I love him.*"

Jenny was still pursuing that new thought of hers. She continued, more slowly, as if feeling her way:

"Yes, he is changed. And this sort of encourages me."

"How so?"

Haggleton was listening very closely now.

Jenny stumbled on. She was not used to analyzing her impressions and putting them into words. Yet what she said, gropingly, was a revelation to the millionaire.

"You have made me see," the young woman was saying, "that there are—two Phillips—the one Gentle knows, and the one you know."

She looked up at the picture again.

"Yes," she added, with a contented smile, "that's it. Two Phillips. You have waked up the one that Gentle does not know, so why shouldn't I——"

"Two Phillips? What a strange fancy."

Haggleton spoke merely to make her go on. He

"DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT YOU CAN WIN HIM AWAY FROM THIS GIRL?"

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was amazed at her perspicacity and the simplicity with which she had put its result into words. Jenny did not heed him. She was still following the thought to its personal application, the one that interested her most.

"I tell you there are two Phillips," she insisted. Again she smiled contentedly and with a dawning assurance. Then she reached her conclusion:

"One Phillip loves this trained nurse; what's the matter with the other Phillip loving me?"

She smiled up confidingly at this man from the outer world, upon whom she had learned to rely implicitly in so short a space of time.

Haggleton felt uncertain of his course for once. Woman! Did one ever know? Business men were the same the world over. Anyhow, one could guess at what they would think and do. But a woman? Well, well, he had been teaching Jenny many things, but now she suddenly was teaching him.

And Phillip was his son! Margaret Lawrence he hardly knew as yet, but what he knew of her led him to expect that she would oppose him. Jenny had confessed her secret to him with frank simplicity. Here was a new complication! Still another battle to be fought over Phillip!

He began to feel uneasy, and, to gain time, asked: "Do you really think that you can win him away from this girl?"

The answer staggered him. Jenny turned her large, dark eyes full upon him and asked tranquilly:

"Do you really think that you can win him away from Gentle?"

What did this young woman know? Not that he was Phillip's father, of course. But the rest of it she had gauged pretty accurately by intuition, no doubt. And intuition had told her how to apply her knowledge to her own case.

But Jenny was already off on another tack. She began to pay her compliments to her hated rival:

"She makes me tired with her airs—and she's not strong for you, Mr. Jackson," she added viciously. "When I met her, I saw that she didn't care for me—and she doesn't know anything about me. You do, though I never told you."

"I have guessed a little, Jenny. I respect you all the more for your grit in returning here."

"Do you? I'm glad of that. Well, this Miss Margaret's not so much of a much, herself. It was her brother that put me on the downslide."

"Her brother?"

"Yes, the brother of the girl Phillip is going to marry—this stuck-up nurse! I've a good mind to tell Phillip."

"Her brother is not her fault."

"No, I suppose he's mine!" Jenny's tone was bitter. "But I am going to tell Phillip. I wonder what he will say to that?"

"Do you think that would be fair?"

"All's fair in love."

Haggleton looked at the firmly closed mouth and doubted his ability to persuade her. He took her hand, however, led her to one of the couches, and made her sit down beside him.

"You know I like you very much?" he asked.

She nodded.

"And I admire you, Jenny, for your pluck and your honesty. You are a good woman, notwithstanding what is behind you—a fine woman. Are you going to do a mean thing and disappoint me?"

"It is fair——"

"It is not fair to her; it is not fair to Phillip; it is not fair to yourself. It is mean, underhanded."

Jenny's eyes wavered.

"Is it?" she whispered.

"You know it is. You will lower yourself in your own eyes and in the eyes of all of us. Don't you desire to stand well in this girl's opinion, in Phillip's, in your own, in Gentle's, in mine? What would you win by it? Phillip's indignation—nothing more. It would be unworthy of you, as I know you and like you."

Jenny sat silent for some time, tracing patterns on the floor before her with the toe of her shoe. Then she looked up with brave resolution in her grave eyes.

"I won't tell him, I won't tell her," she said. "I will play fair."

"I knew it, my dear; I knew you would not."

"I do it only for your sake."

"You do it for your own sake, because you are the fine woman I knew you were."

He bent forward and kissed her lightly on the cheek. She gave him a glance full of pleased gratitude, and furtively wiped her eyes. Then she sprang up.

"But I am going to fight for my other Phillip to

the end," she declared defiantly, "just as you are going to fight for yours."

"That's understood. Now, Jenny, something else. How much money have you been earning? Sometimes four, sometimes five? Very well. When this bakeshop scheme comes off, you'll get eight. We've brightened up this room; we're going to brighten up your life and your father's——"

"There is only one thing that can brighten up my life, Mr. Jackson, and father—well, he has no hope for the future. He only broods over the past."

"His past? Ah, yes, he failed in business?"

"He had a little oil business in Iowa. Nothing big, like what he now imagines it was, but enough to keep us all comfortably. But the Trust couldn't let us go by. John J.'s wagons undersold us at our own door. Now father is a helper in a cellar bakeshop."

"That is the law of business, Jenny. The survival of the fittest."

"Yes, I suppose so. But it's hard to prove that to those who don't fit."

She got up and moved toward her room. Phillip might come soon now, and Mr. Jackson's departure was only being delayed by their talk. She had, indeed, the satisfaction of seeing him pick up his hat as she closed her door, but before he could reach the hall Gentle entered after an impatient knock.

CHAPTER XIV

HAGGLETON WINS A POINT

THE old diver looked discontented, perturbed.

"Ah, how is Mr. Gentle," said Haggleton, putting down his hat again, "and what brings him here? Well, what's the trouble?"

"Just so. I'll come right to the point, Mr.—Mr. Jackson"—Gentle glanced around him cautiously—"I want to have it out with you before Phillip comes in."

"I expect him later on to report on our bakeshop organization."

"Ah! And you ask what the trouble is! There you have it! We have nothing but bakeshops here, nothing but schemes for making money. I wanted you to study the problems of poverty with Phillip——"

"Pardon me. That was not our arrangement. Understand, I am a poor man hustling for a living."

"A poor man! It's a wonder no one has recognized you yet!"

"The newspapers say I am away on my yacht; nobody knows that I'm down here, nobody is looking for me. If one of those smart reporters happened to see me, he'd say: 'Hello! Get on to the old baker who looks like John J.'"

"But Phillip knows."

"Phillip will keep his mouth shut. I asked him to, and he said he was interested in this experiment and would do nothing to hinder it."

"That's the trouble, Mr. Haggleton. He's too much interested. What's the use of this experiment?"

"The use of it is that it will help me to win my son. And he is worth winning. The more I see of him the better I like him. Besides, it has another use, as an object lesson to all you kickers. A mighty good lesson. Look at this room, and think what it was."

Haggleton looked significantly around at the evidence of his driving power. His eye stopped at the two windows facing the East River, with their superb view of Brooklyn Bridge. An idea suddenly struck him.

"By the way," he asked, "what's the matter with joining these two little windows into one large observation window? We shall have the finest view in the city."

Gentle could not repress a smile.

"What about the landlord?" he asked.

Haggleton was silent for a moment. Then he said with grim humor:

"The landlord never objects to improvements in the property if the tenant pays for them. We'll pay for that window. We can afford to. By to-morrow we shall control an organization of East Side bakeshops that's going to be very profitable. Wait till you hear Phillip's report."

"Phillip is demoralized," grumbled Gentle. "I hardly know him."

"You have never really known him, Mr. Gentle. You are just getting acquainted with him. *He's my son.*"

"It's a temporary infatuation, nothing more. He is fascinated by the idea that John J. Haggleton is doing this extraordinary thing."

"Just so, Mr. Gentle. And he will be more fascinated when he knows why John J. Haggleton undertook to do it."

"And why do you do it?"

"Don't you know?"

"It was a clever move."

"No. It has turned out to be a clever move. I am gaining ground with the boy every day, but that's not why I am doing it. I am sixty years old, Mr. Gentle, and used to my comforts. Do you think I'd stand all this because it was a clever move? No, sir. I stayed down here on account of a few little words that my son fired at me. Remember? Maybe you didn't notice? He looked me straight in the eyes and said: *'You've got to do your loving yourself.'* By God! that hit me hard. I've been up against some tough problems in my life, and made some quick decisions, but I never did anything that surprised me so much as this. I'm not getting sentimental. I'm going to fight you for all I'm worth, Mr. Gentle, but when you've played your last card, and told my boy the worst you can tell about me, then, anyhow, he's got to know that his father came down here and lived in a tenement——"

He stopped a moment, then added, his voice husky with deep feeling:

"Because his father wanted to do his loving himself."

"But with all that," objected Gentle, "you would influence him to be hard and selfish."

"I want him to be a fine business man."

"And I," rejoined Gentle slowly, "want him to be a fine man."

"H'm! So far as that goes, I don't expect my son to be a business man and nothing else. I'm glad to have him study these problems of poverty, and solve them, if he can. All I ask is that you and he be reasonable. Suppose we draw up a plan that will satisfy all of us. Understand now, I will not give one dollar for sloppy, sentimental nonsense, but I'll put up one million, two millions, five millions, if we can work out some sound scheme of public betterment."

"Five millions?" gasped Gentle, hardly believing his own ears.

"Yes, sir, five millions. And I should want the work of carrying out such a scheme, the executive work, to be in your hands. You are honest, and you mean to do right. That's a whole lot in these days." Then he added impressively: "It's a great chance for you."

Gentle reflected. Yes, it was a great chance for him, and—what touched him far more—a great chance for the poor. What could he not do with so much money? Even in his wildest dreams of social reform he had not dared to think of such a sum with which to carry them out.

His dreams of social betterment! Phillip knew them all. He had discussed them with the lad since

he had left the teens behind him. They would work together. But then— A sudden thought struck Gentle. He looked up and asked:

"Then Phillip would know his father?"

"Of course."

"And his mother—what about her?"

Haggleton was ready for him. He never made a proposition without having prepared it in all details, having foreseen all objections. So now he answered readily, watching Gentle's face the while:

"We will tell Phillip that there was trouble years ago between his mother and me. I'll admit that I was much in the wrong—absorbed in business; too keen about money. That ought to fix it."

"Oh, no, not with Phillip. It is too vague. He must know *exactly what the trouble was.*"

Haggleton made an impatient movement.

"Out with it!" he exclaimed. "What you mean is that Phillip must see that statement?"

"I mean that justice must be done to a noble woman. He never knew her, he will learn to love you and believe in you. He might in the end consider that she must have been in the wrong, and come to hate her. And if it's a question between hating his mother and hating you——"

"You'd rather have him hate me."

Haggleton was speaking with quick decision, as if this phase of the problem were not new to him. He continued with growing energy:

"What good will it do if he hates me? Will it do you any good? Will it do him any good? Will it do his dead mother any good?"

He rose excitedly and fired point-blank at his confused opponent his clinching question:

"Is that why you got me to come down here? Is that why I am living in a tenement—to have my son hate me?"

Gentle stammered, sparring for time to see his way clear in his dilemma. But Haggleton was Haggleton now, who never let up on his man after he had got him where he wanted him. He pressed upon Gentle his irrefutable argument with restrained vehemence:

"You talk about my wife and the wrong I did. I can't atone to her, can I? for she is dead! If I atone to anybody, I've got to pay to the living, have I not? After all, that was what his mother wanted, to have Phillip do good with my money. Now he'll do more good than she ever dreamt of. I'll put aside—what did I say? Five millions? I'll put aside ten millions for a great battle against poverty!"

"Ten millions!"

"Ten millions. But not one dollar unless I get my son."

Gentle was moved. How this master of money must love his boy; how he must have longed for him through the lonely years, arid of joy in spite of all their golden harvests!

"I am surprised," he began, "and touched to hear you talk like that, but"—he returned in perplexity to the problem—"there still remains your wife's statement."

"You are bound by your promise to see her wish carried out, are you not?" argued Haggleton. "Now, if it is accomplished without the statement——"

"I see! You think that I ought to destroy it?"

"Don't you?"

Haggleton saw that he was gaining his point, as always. He followed up the advantage already won with still another argument.

"You have considered yourself and my dead wife in the matter," he pointed out. "But what about Phillip? Suppose he preferred not to see this statement—suppose he hesitated? You would advise against it, would you not?"

"In the circumstances I—I think I would."

Haggleton held out his hand.

"Then we'll leave it to him," he concluded, "but not until I say the word."

Gentle nodded assent. The practical man of affairs had shown him how to carry out the dead woman's wishes without unnecessary harm to the living. That was, after all, what she would have chosen herself. And the person most directly interested—Phil himself—had been chosen arbiter. It seemed but just.

"Hush!" said Haggleton, "here he comes."

Phillip entered with buoyant step, his eyes shining, a smile of triumph on his lips.

"Good morning," he said in a vibrant voice.

"Well, did you succeed?" asked Haggleton, watching Gentle out of the corner of his eye.

"Indeed, I did," exulted the young man. "I got the kneading machine on credit, with a hundred dollars paid down."

He took the papers out of his pocket and handed them to the millionaire, who carefully examined them, nodding approvingly.

"That's a good contract," he commented. "Well, that machine will do the work of six men."

He put the papers away neatly on one of the shelves behind the muslin curtains, and continued in a brisk, business tone:

"And how about the flour?"

"The Wisconsin mills will furnish it to the combination at fifteen per cent off the jobbers' price."

Phillip was delighted with the complete success of this, his first business venture.

"They will accept thirty-day notes from the different bakers?"

"Exactly. No trouble about it at all."

Haggleton turned to Gentle, who had been listening with an air of discontent.

"You see," he pointed out, "we shall save on wages and material. We'll do a bigger business because we'll sell better bread—and cheaper bread." Then he turned to Phillip again:

"How many bakers have come into the combination?" he asked.

"Six so far, but we can get more."

"Get more?" echoed the millionaire. "Why, as I said the other day, all the little bakers on the East Side will soon be tumbling over themselves to get in."

"They've got to come in," began Phillip grimly, "or——"

"*Or what?*"

It was Gentle who spoke, and there was a world of meaning in his voice. This was Phillip, the social reformer, the friend of the poor? Indeed, the boy had drifted far away from his teachings in these few

days under Haggleton's influence. He was but echoing his words.

Gentle thought that he saw his opportunity of reclaiming the youth, who had faltered in his answer. So he repeated:

"They've got to come in or—what?"

Phillip looked at him, then his eyes wavered. He saw the accusation in his old friend's face, but he doggedly finished his sentence.

"They've got to come in, or go out of business."

"Phillip," said Gentle quietly and very gravely, "Phillip, my boy, do you realize that you are building up a little trust? That you will turn men out of work?"

The young man looked uneasy. He shifted his eyes from Gentle's face, hesitated, then answered, turning instinctively to Haggleton:

"A few men will be thrown out of work. But we'll give better bread and cheaper bread to the whole East Side."

Haggleton immediately came to his assistance.

"Just so," he declared confidently. And he added: "Incidentally, I will prove that a poor man like Moran can conquer these tenement-house conditions if he has any gumption. That's what I started out to do, and I am doing it."

Phillip looked at him attentively.

"Yes," he said, "you are doing it, but," and a note of wonder came into his voice, "why are you doing it?"

"You'll know that before long, Phillip," answered the millionaire cheerily. "The point is now that in

a month we shall have a prosperous business going on here."

He looked around him, considered a moment, then decided:

"We'd better take that empty flat across the hall for sleeping rooms; we shall need this one for offices."

"Yes," assented Phillip, "it looks as if we shall."

Haggleton, having proved to Gentle the strength of the influence he had already acquired over Phillip, now proceeded to increase it by drawing his attention to some other results of his activity.

"In a little while," he asserted, "you'll see Joe Caffrey at work in a clean shirt, with pool rooms cut out, and—Moran will stop kicking."

"I doubt that, Mr. Haggleton," said Gentle dryly.

"As long as a man has no money, he's a kicker about the wrongs of the poor, Mr. Gentle. Give him some, and he stops kicking. That's why socialists are poor."

"Some socialists are rich, none the less."

"Oh, yes," answered Haggleton, with immeasurable contempt—"parlor socialists, but they never earned the money themselves. And I notice that they hang on to it, all right."

Phillip felt a pang of compunction. He came to the assistance of his old friend.

"Still," he said, turning to Haggleton, "the main point is that things in this country are not fair between the rich and the poor."

Haggleton took him up. Here was another opportunity to be improved upon.

"Not fair?" he asked. "I'll tell you how fair

they are. There isn't a poor man in this country that's any good who can't better himself and leave his children comfortable. And if those children are any good they can leave their children rich. Which is more than you can say of any other country in the world."

"But the big industries, the trusts—what about them?" asked Gentle.

"They've built up the country, sir."

"At the expense of the people," persisted Gentle.

Haggleton snapped his fingers.

"They're in business to make money," he asserted.

"Oh, you admit that?" asked Phillip.

"Certainly, I admit it. It's true. It always has been true; it always will be true."

Haggleton, who had been sitting at the table, got up and faced Phillip and Gentle, who were standing behind it. The millionaire felt that the moment had come for a decisive statement of the other side of the case. He spoke sternly, striking the palm of his left hand with the fingers of his right.

"Look here," he began. "You can't expect one class to fight the battles of another class. Why should they? Do you fight our battles? If you want us to run our railroads and mines and factories in a certain way, it's up to you to make us do it. You've got numbers and votes; we've got money and organization. Well, there you are. It's a fight, class against class. You want to get rid of your grievances; we want to keep our privileges. Now go ahead, make laws, inspect our books, learn our secrets, put us in jail, do something, anything. But if you can't do

anything, keep still; take your medicine and don't come whining to us to play your game. We will never do it, never. We are too busy playing our own."

He glanced from Phillip to Gentle, fixing the latter with a challenging stare.

The three men stood there, silent, pondering, but before the discussion could be continued, Moran stormed into the room. He was hot, disheveled, his eyes glittered, and his speech was incoherent with rage.

"Here, you, Jackson," he shouted, "I want to see you. Do you think that you can grab the whole bakeshop business of the East Side and throw hundreds of men like me out of work?"

"Men like you?" asked Phillip. There was contempt in his tone. Gentle again looked at him curiously.

"Yes, men like me!" raved Moran. "My boss has joined your combination, and I've got notice to quit. It's an outrage!"

He turned upon Haggleton and continued, his voice rising to a scream:

"And as for you, Jackson, you—you——"

"Hold on!" commanded Phillip with sudden authority. Gentle had laid a retaining hand on Moran's arm.

"Let me talk to him," said Haggleton. Here was a chance to prove what he had just been saying.

Moran contained himself with difficulty.

"See here, Moran," the millionaire began briskly, in his most businesslike manner, "this combination is a good thing."

"It's a damned monopoly——"

The baker's assistant started on another speech full of abuse of economic conditions in general, working around to the particular grievance of the moment.

"You watch him," said Haggleton, dryly, to Gentle. "Now listen." Then he continued aloud:

"Look here, Moran, we'll make better bread and cheaper bread for the whole East Side."

Moran, who had stopped for a moment, continued his harangue in his loudest voice and his best agitator's manner:

"Yes, and you'll ruin homes in every street; you'll starve little children; you'll break the hearts of struggling mothers."

Better and better, thought Haggleton. The man was working himself up to a climax of denunciatory fury. The anticlimax he, himself, had already prepared would be all the more telling. So he continued persuasively:

"We are going to make a lot of money."

"Blood money!" shrieked Moran. "Any man who would touch a penny of it is a low hound!"

"I am sorry you feel that way." Haggleton's voice sounded disappointed. "I had picked you out as assistant manager."

Gentle suddenly became very attentive. He saw what was coming.

"Assistant manager!" repeated Moran in a voice that suddenly became very mild.

"With a salary of eighteen dollars a week to begin with," added Haggleton.

"Eighteen to begin!" Moran was staggered.

"But, of course," the millionaire went on, regretfully, "I can't ask you now to take it, knowing the way you feel. You would regard it as blood money."

Moran glanced at Phillip, at Gentle, at Haggleton.

"Yes—of course," he stammered, "that is to say —perhaps—come to think of it, I don't know as I would——"

"But consider," persisted the tempter, "you would always be thinking of those struggling mothers and starving children."

"Well, cheaper bread would be a blessing, and—as assistant manager I could make things easier for them."

"Then you accept?"

"Yes, I accept. I have to."

"Very well, then. Go down to the Madison Street bakery and help set up the electric kneading machine."

"Yes, sir."

Moran turned with alacrity, touched his hat, and went out.

"You see," commented Haggleton, "it's as easy as that."

There was grim amusement in his eyes.

Gentle did not answer, but shook his head. He was troubled in his mind. It occurred to him that, perhaps, he might teach Haggleton an object lesson in his turn, and regain his influence over Phillip, at least to some extent. So he said:

"I forgot those tenement-house calls, my boy." Turning to Haggleton, he added: "Perhaps you would like to go with us?" But the millionaire replied with barely concealed impatience:

"There is no use in these tenement calls."

"Oh, yes, there is," protested Gentle.

Quietly, without letting either Phillip or Gentle know it, Haggleton had continued his investigations of this tenement-house problem himself and achieved a great deal in a little time, thanks to his marvelous organizing intelligence. His offer of ten millions for the cause to Gentle had not been made on the spur of the moment. Still, considering it wise not to leave Phillip just then to the unopposed influence of Gentle, he silently took up his hat and accompanied them upon their mission.

CHAPTER XV

THE WOMAN TEMPTED HIM

JENNY, who had been hidden in her little room during this long interview, waiting, watchful for an opportunity to see Phillip alone, perhaps to detain him when the other two should leave, now entered the larger apartment swiftly, and darted to the window.

Where were they going, these three? Eavesdropping was not one of her shortcomings. She had heard nothing, she only knew that Moran had been there, that he had stormed and raved in his most impassioned revolutionary manner, and that the voice of Jackson had magically calmed him. She had heard him depart, and clump hastily through the hall and down the stairs. Then the three left behind had resumed their talk, which had continued to reach her inattentive ear as a confused, indistinguishable murmur. Then they, too, had left.

Where were they going? She looked out of the window discreetly, for fear of being seen. Would Joe carry out his promise? She had paid him for his service, and in such cases he always kept his word. It was one of the few virtues she had been able to discern in him.

As she looked, she saw a boy run out of a doorway, speak to Phillip and give him a note. She did not stop for more, but turned back into the room.

She was all prepared for him. She had taken off her dress and put on a soft wrapper of yellow and black, with her daintiest, flimsiest things underneath and just a touch of perfume. She had let down her thick hair and left it hanging over her shoulders in alluring disorder. Then she had opened a bottle of gold-dust fluid and carefully applied little dabs of it to her arms and shoulders, where it remained in shining blotches. To do this she unloosed her wrapper and when she had finished she left it open at the throat. She certainly looked her best thus; she was undeniably a handsome woman.

Poor Jenny! She built such high hopes upon this primitive ruse of hers, this trap of her physical attractions laid for the man whom she worshiped and would have served so loyally and with a devotion that asked so little in return. This was what life had taught her! The dregs through which she had waded clung to her. She believed that through them she could attain her high purpose. For her love for Phillip was really high and true, compacted of the noblest aspirations, the best of all of her.

She would not stoop to the ignoble use of her knowledge of Margaret's relationship—Mr. Jackson had saved her from that baseness, but—all was fair in love, and she was beautiful. That weapon, given her, she would employ!

She went into her bedroom, where she had already put things in order. She wanted Phillip to find her there when he arrived, and so it happened, for presently the door opened and she heard a man's step.

"Who's there?" she called.

"It's I," replied Phillip, coming toward her. "Hello, are you here?"

"Yes," she answered, with a show of confusion, "I—er—I was fixing up my room a little. I did not expect you back."

She came forward in her room, walking rather unsteadily. "I don't feel well," she said. "It is a sort of dizziness, it isn't much, only—" She put her hand to her eyes and half leaned against the wall.

"You're weak and faint," exclaimed Phillip in alarm. "Here, you must lie down." He helped her over to the couch and fixed the pillows for her.

"Has Joe Caffrey been here?" asked Phillip.

"No."

"He wants to see me. He sent me a message."

Jenny sighed faintly.

"Have a little brandy?" continued Phillip.

"No, I hate it."

"Want a blanket over you?"

"No, I'm too hot already. Maybe I have fever." She held out her hand.

"Your hand is warm," said Phillip, "but—it seems all right to me."

He drew up a chair and sat down at her bedside.

"I'm *so* unhappy, Phil," murmured Jenny. "What can I do? Tell me, Phil. I'm so glad you happened in. You're the only one I can turn to and—oh, it's awfully hard."

"I know Jenny, but——"

"I've tried to do right, haven't I? I've taken any old kind of work that turned up, and God knows five

dollars a week isn't much for a girl who's lived as I have. Why, five dollars *a day* wouldn't pay for the flowers I used to get! Haven't I come down here and lived in this rotten place and never kicked? Haven't I done the cooking and cleaning and—and tried to be cheerful?"

"Indeed you have, Jenny, you've been fine," said Phillip earnestly.

"Sometimes I ask myself what's the use of it all? Where's the sense in my trying to be decent? Who cares?"

"We all care."

Jenny looked at him and smiled wistfully. "Do *you* care, Phil? You know I did it all for you."

"You did it because it was right, Jenny," he said gravely, but he felt vaguely uncomfortable under her pleading eyes.

"Phil," she went on, "you don't know how hard my work is. This gold-dust stuff seems to eat right into me and I can't get it off. See here," and throwing back her wrapper, she showed him the marks.

He studied her white neck with a confusion of emotions. He pitied this girl and wished to help her, but she was young and comely and was lying here before him apparently unconscious that her body was partly uncovered. And he was neither a doctor nor a priest.

"How strangely you look at me, Phil," she whispered, and drew the wrapper about her as if in embarrassment. But inwardly she rejoiced.

They were silent for a time and then Jenny sighed again.

"Phil, do you ever think of the old days—before I was married? You were fond of me then, weren't you? You told me so and—you said I was pretty. Do you remember?"

"You *were* pretty," he answered unsteadily, "and —and you *are* pretty."

How his pulses throbbed!

"Yes?" she brightened, "and Phil, you kissed me once. And you said—I remember *everything* you said."

"What did I say?" he faltered.

"You said my lips were the sweetest things you ever tasted."

Hardly had she spoken the words when she regretted them, for a sudden change in Phillip's face told her she had gone too far. She had made him think of other lips, of another girl and—yes, his mind was on Margaret now, and he rose in sudden agitation.

"I must go, Jenny," he said, "I—I can't wait."

"Not yet, Phil," she begged, and swiftly changing the ground of her attack, she spoke of her life with such humble sadness that Phillip, touched and reassured, sat down again. It seemed, she said, as if an evil star hung over her. Why should George have been killed? If he had been spared her everything would have been different. And if they hadn't taken away her little baby and let it die, then still she would have had something to live for. Her voice broke as she spoke of her baby. And if that selfish woman hadn't left her husband alone then—perhaps, even then she would have kept straight. But things had

been too hard for her, she hadn't had a fair chance and— Suddenly she turned to Phillip with her whole soul in her eyes: "Tell me, Phil, do you think me a wicked girl?"

"No, Jenny, I—I don't."

"Oh, thank you!" she cried. "You are so kind, so wise. You understand how that—that thing happened when I was a nurse? You see how a man might be tempted, don't you, Phil, even a good man, just by being near a woman?"

"Yes, I—I see."

"Sit closer to me—here. People get—lonely, don't they, Phil?"

Her eyes were burning on him.

"Ye—es."

"And—want to be loved, don't they?"

"I—I suppose so."

"And—sometimes petted?"

There was a quiver in her voice that moved him as nothing ever had. He could not speak, he could only look at her, at her swimming eyes and her red, half-parted lips. She trembled with the love that scars and sears but will have its way. There was no more acting, no thought but this, that the man she wanted was there at her bedside, bending over her, swept with the fires of youth and strength. For a moment she met his half-consenting eyes, and then with swift passion caught him in her arms and drew him down to her. He tried weakly to free himself, but her soft hair brushed his cheek, her knees clung against his, he breathed the perfume of her body, he felt the quick beating of her heart.

"I love you!" she cried passionately. "Oh, how I love you!"

She kissed him full on the lips again and again in complete surrender to her feeling and he returned her kisses.

Then at this moment of peril, when everything was forgotten except the one overwhelming fact that he was a man and she a woman, when he was about to strain her fiercely in his arms—then suddenly some power in him or outside of him cleared his brain, drunk with desire, and in a flash of sober vision he saw Margaret, his Margaret, looking at him with grave reproof. He hesitated, he wavered, then, with sudden revulsion, broke away from her clinging, straining, inviting arms and thrust her violently back against the pillows.

"What a dog I am!" he exclaimed bitterly; "what a contemptible dog!"

Jenny, frightened, disillusioned, humiliated, hurt, rose from the bed and stood looking at him with blanched lips. Instinctively she closed her wrapper.

Phillip, breathing heavily, was gazing with unseeing eyes at the array of bottles on the girl's bureau. One, standing apart, near the edge, as if it had been but recently used, caught his attention. It was the little flask of liquid gold.

The truth suddenly flashed upon him. She had been playing a part, she had tricked him here to—to destroy him.

And now a wave of anger swept through him so that his hands tightened hard on her shoulders.

"You little devil!" he said hoarsely.

"Phil!" she cried in fear.

He stood over her, his eyes black, his lips white with anger.

"Let me see those stains," he ordered, and, as she cowered before him drawing the wrapper tight about her, he seized it roughly and tore it open, exposing her neck and shoulders. Then he rubbed his fingers over the stains.

"Ah, I thought so! You said it wouldn't come off. It comes off quite easily. You were lying to me!"

"No," she said weakly.

He took the bottle from the bureau and opened it.

"I say you were lying. It's the same stuff. You brought it here; you put it on your shoulders; you—you——"

He checked himself with an effort.

"Don't be angry," she pleaded. "I didn't mean any harm."

"No harm!" he shouted. "My God! What do you call harm? Because you hate the girl I love, because you have no decency, you get me here by tricks and lies to—ah, there's another thing. Joe Caffrey never sent that note!"

"He wrote it, Phil."

"You made him write it. Yes, you did. If he wanted to see me he'd be here, wouldn't he? *You* wanted to see me, to get me here—alone. That's why you put on these gewgaws. You made up your mind in cold blood that you'd raise the devil with me and——"

Again he checked himself and stood there, terrible in his anger. She tried to speak, she tried to plead

with him, but the words died on her lips. She had seen Phillip deeply stirred, but never like this. She knew that he was capable of anything—anything now if she provoked him further.

There was a long silence, and then he spoke in a low tone that quivered with the effort he had put upon himself.

"Do you—do you own up?"

She dared not lie again. "Yes," she said faintly.

She followed him imploringly out into the living room.

"Phil, one word."

"Well?"

"I—I did it because——"

"You did it because you're a bad girl; you're bad all through."

Jenny visibly shrank under his words. Despair mastered her, but it found expression in outward calm.

"I am bad all through?" she said quietly. "All right. I got you here by a trick? That's true. And I hate the girl you love. You bet I do!"

She looked at him narrowly.

"But what are you?" she suddenly flamed up. "You are a loyal lover; you are a preacher of reform; you are a lot of things, Phillip Ames, but you held me in your arms and you kissed my mouth!"

She paused a moment, then added:

"And you liked it! You liked it!"

There was triumph in her voice and accusation, the scorn of the woman for the man who is weak and places the blame on her.

Phillip sank into a chair, crushed, burying his face

in his hands. It was all true what she had said, every word of it! He who had believed himself so strong, had been proved weak as water. How could he ever face Margaret again? Ah, well, that was all over. He would plead for her forgiveness, but——

Jenny seeing him thus, forgot herself, her defeat, her loss, in the desire to console the beloved one. She had pleaded for a brother's kiss in order to win a lover's. It was a sister's feeling, pure, compassionate, unselfish, that now impelled her.

She went to him, knelt beside him, placed her hands on his shoulders and compassionately whispered his name.

But again he repulsed her. He rose, went to the window, opened it, and said, with hatred in his voice:

"Don't speak to me."

The tone, even more than the words, drove her to a desperate determination. She had lost—she had lost his friendship, his compassion; she had gained nothing but his contempt, his hatred. All was over for her; there was nothing left to live for. Why struggle, then, with poverty; why deny herself everything?

"Do you mean that?" she asked.

"Yes, I mean it."

Phillip's voice had all the concentrated bitterness of the man who echoes the weak plea of the first man: The woman tempted me.

"Then it's all off," Jenny said briskly. Her mind was made up.

She went to her room, returned in a moment with hat and cloak, put them on, went to the door, opened it, turned, and said significantly:

"I am going. I won't trouble you any more. Good-by."

Phillip did not answer. He merely stared at her, not grasping the horrible meaning of her action and her words.

Jenny waited a moment; she still had a lingering hope. But Phillip neither moved nor spoke. So she said her final farewell, pleadingly:

"I am sorry, Phil—but I—I loved you, and when a girl as bad as I am loves a man—it is hell!"

The door closed behind her.

Phillip remained seated. Jenny was forgotten. He was facing the problem of his weakness in the face of temptation, and his feeling of having committed an offense toward Margaret beyond forgiveness.

. . . . .

Thus Haggleton found him when he entered an hour later.

"Still here?" he asked. "I thought you would rejoin us."

"I intended to, but—but—I have had an unpleasant experience."

"With Jenny Moran."

"How do you know? Yes, it was Jenny. I tried to help her."

Haggleton looked at his son, then leaned over and brushed some face powder off his sleeve. Philip blushed. The older man's face did not move a muscle.

"I see," he said. Then, resolutely: "She is in love with you?"

"Love!" answered Phillip with loathing.

"Hm!" mused Haggleton, brushing some more

face powder off the lapel of Phillip's coat, saying dryly:

"Next time I would advise you to help some older and homelier female—one who doesn't put on so much powder."

"Next time? What about this time?"

Haggleton had already made a fairly accurate guess at what had happened. Phillip felt unhappy, and also felt it his duty to confess to Margaret and make her unhappy. Then everybody concerned would be unhappy, and morality would be vindicated. He sighed a little even while he smiled to himself. He needed his son, yes, but his son needed him even more. So he proceeded to give the young man a little lesson in practical worldly wisdom.

"Nothing has happened, has there?" he asked.

"Nothing? Oh, no. I only took her in my arms. I kissed her. Nothing has happened, you say!" Phillip's voice was tense with bitter self-reproach.

"It is a little thing," said Haggleton, soothingly.

"Little?" He turned almost savagely toward Haggleton. "If I cannot control myself in little things, how can I control myself in big things? Besides, it isn't a little thing. I am engaged to a fine, pure girl. I'm going to tell her—I must tell her—and she will despise me."

Haggleton took his arm and slowly walked up and down with him.

"Why tell her?" he asked.

"She has a right to know."

"She has a right to know anything serious, but this isn't serious. You love her, don't you?"

"Love her? I worship her! Oh!"

Phillip stood still, covering his eyes with his hands.

"You don't care for this other woman?" persisted Haggleton.

"No! No! No!"

"Then you are easy with your conscience. It would be cowardly to tell her. You would simply transfer the regret from your shoulders to hers. Don't you see?"

Phillip pondered this a moment.

"It seems true," he replied. "Do you really think that?"

"I know it. It would cause her needless pain. There is so much needless pain in the world, don't add to it. Repentance is best done in silence, when open confession means suffering to others."

"By George, you are right!" exclaimed Phillip. His face lighted up. "I must not tell her."

He glanced with open admiration at his wise counselor, and added:

"It's wonderful how you see the best thing to do." In a burst of confidence he continued:

"I don't know why I speak of it, but I—I feel a sympathy for you, sir. I used to think you were—sort of inhuman, but you've been kind to me, and—you have taught me a lot."

"I take a great interest in you, my boy," said Haggleton gently.

"Sometimes," Phillip went on, puzzling, "I have thought that I have two natures, one from my mother, the other"—his face darkened—"from my father."

"What about your father?"

Haggleton hung upon the answer with intense interest.

"My father was not a good man, Mr. Haggleton. He—he pretty well broke my mother's heart, and any man who could be unkind to such a woman—she was a saint on earth—any man who could be cruel to her was a brute and a scoundrel."

"How do you know that he was cruel to her?"

"I know how she suffered. I know what I saw. Many a time she has held me tight in her arms, and once—I don't suppose she thought I understood—she prayed God to forgive my father's sins, and to let me make amends when I came to be a man."

"But she never said what your father did?"

"I never asked. I just grew up with the idea that my life was set apart for a special work. And it is set apart. I have a trade for my living, but my real work is to help the poor. That's what mother taught me, and I am bound to do it—only——"

"Only?" repeated Haggleton.

"Well, sometimes I feel another thing urging me—a hateful, infernal thing, urging me toward money and —and all that. I think that I would like to be rich, and that is what worries me. Do you see what I mean?" Phillip's voice was anxious.

"Yes, I see," said Haggleton, outwardly calm, but in his heart rejoicing over this admission, these words from his son's own lips proving the bond of kinship.

"That is why this Jenny affair is so serious," the young man went on. "It shows the weakness in me, You can't understand because you are not weak."

Haggleton put his hand upon Phillip's shoulder. He

was touched by this confidence, by this confession as frank and intimate as if the boy knew already the tie of blood between them. Ah, yes, he had made progress. The battle was almost won. But not quite. Haggleton, seeing his opportunity to strengthen the ultimate position in which the last, the decisive struggle must be fought, grasped it with the determination that was so salient a feature of his character.

"We are all weak, my boy," he said (and how sweet it was to say those two words, "my boy"). "We are all weak, and I will show you how weak I am. Take this tenement business. It isn't entirely to study the problem of poverty that I am here."

"No?" Phillip looked interested.

"No. There is a sad reason, an unpleasant reason. I give you confidence for confidence, my boy. We begin to understand each other. The fact is that years ago I did something that I—regret."

"Something wrong?"

Phillip regretted the question the moment it had passed his lips. It was ill-considered, impertinent, he felt. But Haggleton quietly confessed.

"Yes, something wrong. And—Gentle knows it."

"Gentle!"

"Yes. I am making amends for that wrong now."

Haggleton stopped, getting ready for his final argument.

"Do you think it would serve any purpose to expose me, to place the burden of my sin upon other shoulders—on the shoulders of those who must succeed me? Will it not answer the demands of justice if I am allowed to atone sincerely in silence, as it answers the

purpose best for you to repent without telling Margaret?"

"Certainly," said Phillip. "That sounds but just."

"Well, then, will you promise not to try to find out what it is that I did in the past?"

"I certainly won't. It is not for me to judge another man."

"And if Gentle should try to tell you?"

"I'll refuse to listen. I won't let him tell me."

CHAPTER XVI

MARGARET AND HAGGLETON

MARGARET LAWRENCE, meanwhile, was going her way, doing good. She found use for every minute of her waking hours in that disease-infected district with its horde of neglected children and overworked mothers. Poverty pinched her, however, and she had been glad to take two "pay cases" in succession. It followed that she had seen but little of Phillip for some time, but his letters to her had sufficed to make her vaguely uneasy. They breathed a different spirit now; there was in them the atmosphere of material aspiration, of money-making, that seemed unlike her Phillip of high ideals.

Phillip's letters were full, moreover, of admiring praise of this mysterious Mr. Jackson, whom she had seen for a few seconds that one morning in the Moran home. She felt this strange man's growing influence over her lover in every line that he sent her, and now this combination of bakeshops seemed to be occupying all his time and all his thoughts. His letters were still filled with protestations of love, but they were promises also of comfort and idleness, of riches to come, of all the things that she, in her youthful enthusiasm, scorned and despised. Yes, Phillip was changing, and not for the better. She could not be

there to counteract Jackson's influence, and Mr. Gentle—well, Phillip wrote her again and again of the growing divergence in their views of social betterment.

It was with happy anticipation, therefore, that she left the patient whom she had successfully nursed back to health, and returned to Mrs. Binney's boarding house. She would have time now to take her worldly minded lover in hand, and to bring him back to the path in which they had met and learned to care for each other—the path of loving service to the poor.

But fate willed it otherwise. On the doorstep of Mrs. Binney's house she met Gentle, who looked more serious than she had ever seen him before, and who was unmistakably in a great hurry. At sight of her his face cleared, however.

"Miss Lawrence," he said rapidly, "will you find Phillip at once? There has been an accident in the river—Atkinson, one of the divers, is caught in a wreck, and Phillip is needed. You will find him at the Morans', talking bakeshop to Mr. Jackson, I suppose."

The old man smiled grimly.

Margaret ran all the way on her mission. A life was in danger! Here was better work for her lover than money-scheming and money-making!

As Gentle had said, she found Phillip in the Morans' rooms. He was in consultation with Mr. Jackson. As she entered, breathless, the elder man considerately turned and looked out of the window, giving them an opportunity for a loverlike greeting. Happy as Margaret was to feel once more her lover's

arms around her, she yielded to his embrace for only a moment.

"Phillip," she said hastily, "there has been an accident in the river. Atkinson has been caught in a wreck and they can't get him up. They just telephoned Mr. Gentle. He has gone over and sends me to tell you to come at once. The tug is waiting at the foot of Twenty-third Street."

Phillip was alert at once. He grasped his hat and started for the door, ejaculating:

"Atkinson caught! Good God! His hose must be jammed under the timbers!"

He paid no attention to either Margaret or Haggleton, intent only on the work before him.

"Phil!" shouted Margaret, running after him, "you are not going into danger?"

"Danger? I am going to get Atkinson out of that wreck."

"You are going down to him?" wailed the woman.

"Of course." He added hastily: "Don't worry, dear."

"Promise me you will be careful?"

She was clinging to him.

He softly disengaged himself, kissed her, said "Yes, yes!" and ran off.

Haggleton and Margaret looked at each other curiously. They had not met yet, and had seen each other only once, for that brief moment, on the day of the millionaire's arrival at the tenement, when the two child boarders had been taken to the hospital.

Haggleton had carefully repressed the burning curiosity he felt concerning this girl who was to become

his daughter-in-law. Prudence, on his part, as an apparent stranger, had bidden him not to force a meeting. Now it had come about quite naturally.

He looked at Margaret, and approved of her appearance. She certainly was handsome, and the expression of her face winning. What was more, she looked like a gentlewoman, every inch of her. As to her opinions, well—she was a settlement worker, and, no doubt, held the theory that, while the poor should help themselves somewhat, the rich should do most of this for them. What attitude would she take when she came to learn his true name, still more, his relationship to Phillip?

He stepped forward.

"My name is Jackson, Miss Lawrence. I am Mr. Ames's partner."

"I've heard so much of you, Mr. Jackson."

Margaret stopped short and looked at him intently. Then she backed away from him, a look of aversion coming into her face.

"Jackson!" she exclaimed. "No, your name is Haggleton. You are John J. Haggleton! I know you!"

"Suppose I am, Miss Lawrence, what of it?"

"You will know when I tell you my name."

"I know it."

Haggleton searched in his memory. A light began to dawn upon his features, which changed from doubt to certainty, then to dismay.

"You are the daughter—?" he began.

"Yes, I am the daughter of William Lawrence, the man you ruined and dishonored."

"Business made it unavoidable, Miss Lawrence—Oh, why can women never understand such things?"

"Business! Yes, business as you practice it. Not as honest men know it."

"Oh, now, that's going too far. I want to explain to you."

Margaret shook her head.

"I won't listen to you," she said, trembling with anger.

"You have strong prejudices, Miss Lawrence."

"Yes—against disloyalty and dishonesty."

Haggleton reflected. This unforeseen complication dismayed him. Was the ghost of his guilty past, which he had made harmless through Phillip's promise never to inquire regarding it, never to allow Gentle to tell him of it, to be conjured up against him after all by this young woman? Would it shipwreck all his well-laid plans, so near fruition? A thought of mankind's unfaltering belief in retribution through the ages shot through his brain, and paralyzed his thinking power. A second later he was again the resourceful Haggleton, the master of circumstances.

"Suppose I admit that I did your father a wrong," he began cautiously. "And suppose also that I wish to make amends?"

"I don't believe it."

"Suppose I tear down this block, Lung Block—I own it, and never gave it a thought—suppose I tear it down and make a fine playground of it in memory of your father—and call it Lawrence Park? Would you be disposed to believe me?"

"Lawrence Park!" Margaret's eyes shone with en-

thusiasm. The evil that could not be undone bearing good fruit! At the price of her forgiveness!

She wavered. It seemed so fair an offer, so fine a restitution, since not she but the poor would benefit—the poor whom she had always with her!

"Lawrence Park where Lung Block used to stand," she repeated softly to herself. But her grievance welled up suddenly, and brought an unreasoning resentment of the offer.

"You know how to tempt me," she said bitterly; "the very best way, but I could never be friends with you—never!"

Haggleton changed his method suddenly. It was a way he had of disconcerting his opponents and unsettling their resolution.

"If it isn't friends," he said briefly, "then it is enemies."

"Yes, enemies always! I do not trust you, John J. Haggleton."

Margaret looked around her at the changed room, the result, she knew, of this man's energy and power of management.

"Why are you living in a tenement under an assumed name?" she asked suddenly. "You have some selfish purpose; you must have."

"No, my purpose is not selfish."

"Why do you want to make friends with me?" continued the girl, following up her vague suspicions. "Why do you care what I do? What difference can it make to you?"

Again Haggleton changed his tactics. She was bewildered already; he would confuse her more.

"I'll tell you frankly," he answered. "I do not want you to influence Phillip against me."

The effect was what Haggleton had foreseen. Margaret's thoughts turned from her own grievance to a new and nearer preoccupation.

"Influence Phillip against you!" she wondered. "What do you care for Phillip?. Influence a poor master diver against John J. Haggleton?"

Her glance strayed to Phil's picture on the wall. Something that she had never seen before in it struck her. She looked again. What was it? Very slowly the impression penetrated her mind. She suddenly remembered what Gentle had told her concerning the mystery of her lover's parentage.

She turned to Haggleton, scrutinized his features, looked at the portrait again, then sank down in a chair with a cry of horror.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "you are Phillip's father!"

The millionaire was disconcerted. This was the last thing he had expected. To gain time he asked a question:

"What makes you think that?"

"Oh, I don't think, I feel, I know. You are his father."

The meaning of it all rushed upon her and overwhelmed her.

"Phil," she said, "whom I love, and whom I have promised to marry! You are his father, and you ruined my father! Oh, it is horrible!"

She sat overwhelmed, bewildered, feeling as if all her happiness, all her beautiful plans and dreams were in horrible chaos.

"OH!" SHE EXCLAIMED, "YOU ARE PHILLIP'S FATHER."
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Haggleton waited a few moments patiently. He still held much in reserve. When he judged that the proper moment had come—Margaret had wiped her eyes several times, and finally tucked away her handkerchief—he resumed the interview.

"Phillip knows nothing of this," he began. Margaret rose.

"I will tell him," she said with decision. "I will warn him. I will show him his danger."

"What danger?"

"You think that this boy has inherited tendencies which you can appeal to if you have the time. Well, you are not going to get the time! I'll appeal to Phillip's better nature."

"Suppose you fail?"

"I cannot fail—I love him."

Haggleton motioned to her to sit down and then took a chair opposite her.

"Let me tell you something, Miss Lawrence," he said very quietly. "I have never breathed this to a human being. I am telling you because you are a woman—a good woman. But, Miss Lawrence"—he raised his voice skillfully to increase her attention—"it is astonishing how much harm is done in this world by good women."

He had succeeded. Margaret was interested.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I will show you what I mean right in my own life. My life! You think it has been all hard and cruel—no love in it at all. Just scheming for money, grabbing everything in sight, and not caring who suffered. In a way it is true, I admit it. But who made it true? A

woman. A splendid, high-principled woman—like you."

"You mean your wife?"

"Yes, my wife." Haggleton was talking in a very low voice, but very distinctly, letting each word drop into the consciousness of his listener. "My wife," he continued, "did not approve of certain things I did in business, but instead of helping me, she left me. She stole away my little boy, my son, and—when she took him, she took all the love out of my life. Four years old he was when—when she took him away. Such a brave little fellow! He had just had his curls cut off. He used to walk along with me and swing his little cane."

He paused as his voice began to falter, Margaret watching him with covert astonishment at this betrayal of feeling in a man whom she had held incapable of an honest human emotion. Mastering himself, Haggleton continued with quiet intensity:

"Love him! Love him! What plans I made for that boy! What hopes I had for him! And when he got sick"—his voice choked again—"well, never mind, but I loved him! He was my son, my only son!"

"I understand."

"You think that I have all I want because I have money. Money! What is it? A drug that makes us forget what we haven't got. I tell you I want my son, and you want to take him from me. I have waited for him. I've got him, and I am going to keep him!"

His voice had risen with his last words. Margaret glanced at him with involuntary sympathy. She understood. But Haggleton had more to say.

"Do you believe in fair play?" he asked. "Do you know why I did not tell him that I am his father?"

The girl waited for him to go on.

"I will tell you this, too. It is because Gentle said that it wasn't fair to throw my millions in the scale against his ideals."

"Gentle made you promise?"

"Yes. And I did not want to buy a son—I wanted to win his respect and love."

At this moment Gentle entered quietly. He looked inquiringly at these two seated there. Margaret, catching the glance, got up. The spell of Haggleton was broken.

"You have aroused Phillip's admiration by your conduct of this bakeshop business," she said with decision. "You have appealed to Gentle's love of fair play by your promise, as you have appealed to me through my father's memory. You can bend everyone to your will, but—you can't bend me!"

"Wait, Margaret," Gentle admonished her.

"Gentle," said Haggleton briefly, "I have kept my word. I have not told Phillip."

"You knew that he is Phillip's father?" asked the girl.

"Yes, Margaret. You believe me to be Phillip's friend and yours?"

"Yes, but——"

"Don't tell Phillip, Margaret."

"But——"

"Don't tell Phillip," repeated the old diver, with increasing seriousness. And he added, significantly:

"At least not until I give the word."

Margaret looked from one man to the other undecided. Gentle, too, upon whom she had counted as her ally against this enemy—he, too, counseled her not to put Phillip on his guard? He must have a good reason—he, her lover's best and truest friend. The reflection carried weight; she decided to follow his advice.

"I trust you, Mr. Gentle," she said, "and I promise. I will not tell Phillip. I will not even tell him that I know who Mr. Jackson really is."

Then, turning full upon Haggleton, she straightened her supple young body to its full height. Looking him full in the eyes she threw down the gauntlet between them:

"I have promised now, but—the battle is not ended yet."

"The battle!" answered Haggleton. His spirits rose. Now that this girl would fight fair he felt sure again of ultimate victory.

"The battle!" he said again. "I accept your challenge—but you who love him, and whom he loves, remember that he is my son! We are of one flesh—he and I—and that's the elemental fact. You cannot keep us apart!"

He bowed to Margaret and left the room.

The girl at once turned to Gentle. The momentous interview through which she had just passed was forgotten in her anxiety for her lover.

The old diver could give her good news. He had been ordered not to go out with the tug, but to stay on the dock, and had hurried home the moment the

news had been signaled across the water that all was well, to tell Margaret and put an end to her suspense. He had not found her there, and had gone to Moran's place to look for her, stopping, however, long enough on the way to telephone for particulars if any were yet to be had.

He had heard enough to assure Margaret that Phillip had made one of the bravest rescues on record, a deed that would be celebrated for many a day wherever divers met together.

And Phillip was not hurt? Margaret asked the question again and again. Happy in Gentle's reassurances that Phillip was safe and sound, and was coming to see her that evening she hurried back to her boarding house.

Gentle, left alone, looked around the room, so cheery now in its neatness and order. Yet it felt unaccountably empty.

"Jenny!" he called, but no answer came.

He put on his hat and slowly went out into the street.

CHAPTER XVII

THE MASTER DIVER

PHILLIP had hastened to the scene of the accident. As they steamed along on the tug, one of the men explained what had happened. A barge loaded with copper ore had been run into by a ferry-boat early that morning and sunk in fifty feet of water off Eighteenth Street.

Atkinson had gone down to put chains under the barge so they could get her up, and had found her deep in the mud. He had to tunnel underneath with compressed air to get the chains in place, and in fixing the second chain something had gone wrong, and when he signaled to come up and they tried to lift him, they found that he was caught in the wreck and they couldn't move him. Four times he had signaled them to lift and four times they had tried and failed. They couldn't budge him.

And now he had been down over three hours! He must be getting weak!

"Getting weak!" shuddered Phillip. "In fifty feet of water!" He knew that two hours at such a depth was a full day's work for the strongest diver, two hours with the brain throbbing under an air pressure of many tons! And Atkinson had been down over three hours!

"Come!" he cried as they drew up to an ugly wrecking scow anchored in mid-stream. "Come, get the suit on me quick!"

Leaping aboard, he threw off his hat and coat, unlaced his shoes, slipped off his trousers and stood ready for the rubber suit.

Three of the crew worked swiftly and silently dressing him, for no diver can dress himself. They squeezed him into the diving suit, a huge pair of rubber boots coming up to the chin and fitted with rubber sleeves clutching the wrists so tight that no water can get in. They put the gasket over his shoulders and made it fast with thumbscrews under a heavy copper collar. They strapped over his rubber feet a pair of thirty-pound iron shoes and then they led him to an iron ladder reaching down from rail to water.

"Go into the cabin and fetch me my knife," he said to one of the men.

Slowly he lifted his heavy feet over the side, and, standing on the ladder, bent forward on the deck, face down, as a man would lay his neck on the block. The helpers made fast around his waist the hundred-pound belt of lead that would presently sink him to the bottom. And under his arms they fixed the life-line noose. Then they brought the copper helmet with its three goggle eyes and screwed it fast to the collar, leaving the face glass out for a last word.

"Here's your knife," said the helper, holding out a leathern sheath from which Phillip drew a wicked weapon with a long, two-edged blade. He tried the edges carefully on his thumb, then sheathed the knife and fastened it to his suit.

"Look sharp now," he ordered. "And when you get the signal to lift, lift fast. Ready!"

As he spoke two men began turning at a wheezing air pump, while a third screwed on the face glass which cuts off a diver from the outer world. A sweetish, warmish breath entered the helmet as the pump fed him air through the hose, and, moving down the ladder step by step, Phillip disappeared in the river. Then, loosing his hold, he sank with a roar in his ears and a flash of silver bubbles, sank with his total weight of nearly four hundred pounds, and presently, thanks to skillful handling of the life line, landed safe on the deck of the sunken barge.

First he took his bearings, peering about in the dim light, for fifty feet down in a muddy river a diver can see only a few feet before him. Then he carefully groped along the deck, searching for a rent in the barge's side where the bow of the ferryboat had crashed through.

Ah, here it was! No wonder she sank quickly! Side and deck ripped open to her middle, with timbers bent and splintered, standing out now in fantastic shapes! And how the tide hissed as it surged through her!

Phillip waited until his eyes became accustomed to the semidarkness, and presently, as his field of vision widened, he made out a line of silver bubbles yonder, steadily ascending. Atkinson must be there, down on the bottom, where he had been working when the accident occurred.

Phillip lowered himself over the side and sank until his iron feet touched the river bed. Then carefully he

made his way toward Atkinson, and in a moment saw what had happened. There was much soft mud in the river here, and the barge, heavily laden, had sunk deep in it. A risky job of tunneling, this—a very risky job!

Ah, there was Atkinson now, half sitting, half lying against a mud bank! But he did not move! Perhaps he was weary with his efforts; perhaps—ah, his hand stirred; at least he was alive! And, stepping forward, Phillip took the hand in encouraging grasp as if to say, "Old comrade, I'm here!" A faint pressure was returned, but Atkinson lay quite still.

With sinking heart Phillip studied the situation. Here was Atkinson's life line running up free, but his hose, the precious way of air and life, was caught under a shattered timber of the barge, which must have lurched over suddenly as Atkinson tunneled under it. And in turning it had caught the rubber pipe before the old diver could escape; and now, the end of the timber, hooked over the hose, was imbedded in the mud and the hose was held in a massive V that pressed down upon it with the whole weight of the barge and its load. Yet the hose itself was uninjured; the stream of bubbles showed that; Atkinson was getting his air, but he was held fast at the bottom of the river and there was no way of freeing him until the barge could be lifted, which was a matter of hours, alas, while Atkinson's hold on life was perhaps a matter of minutes.

As Phillip stood perplexed, he felt Atkinson's hand drawing him closer, and, bending over, he heard this message tapped on his copper helmet in the Morse

alphabet, tapped faintly yet distinctly: "Wife—children—love." Then came three letters that sounded like "M—W—W—," as if his poor comrade had tried to start another word and his strength had failed.

God! The man was dying. There was not a moment to lose, no time to summon help, even if help were available.

Again he pressed Atkinson's hand and found it cold, with no response. He forced back the tight rubber wristbands and felt for the pulse. There was a feeble fluttering, a spark of life still. Ah! if he could only give some stimulant, but between this man and all the world was that copper helmet, at once a shield and a barrier. And with no particular relevancy Phillip thought of the tortures endured by a diver once through the tickling of a June bug that had got inside his helmet somehow, and had taken to violent gymnastics over his face when they were down below.

What could he do? Surely he must save this man! There must be some way of rescue! But what way?

Then in a flash he recalled the theory that if a diver in trouble like this were to cut his hose and instantly press his thumb over the opening, he might live on the air inside his suit until they could lift him to the surface with the life line and get his helmet off.

He remembered hearing the question argued, and doubt expressed whether a diver would be able to cut his own hose, for the hose is tough and thick and joins the helmet at the back, so that the diver himself might have trouble in getting at it. But this case was differ-

ent; he could get at Atkinson's hose well enough; there it was before him, and his arm was strong and his knife sharp.

Phillip took the man's hand again. It lay quite limp and cold in his. Then he rapped the danger signal on Atkinson's helmet; rapped sharply, but no answer came though the stream of silver bubbles still rose steadily from the helmet valve. He was breathing, but unconscious. Then the master diver drew his knife, and bracing himself firmly with Atkinson's hose held tight between his knees, he made ready to cut.

But wait! Where were the life lines? He must be quick with the signals to lift after the thing was done! Ah, there they were swaying beside him, two good ropes reaching up through the yellow water, his own and Atkinson's. Three quick jerks on each, and the boys overhead would do the rest.

As Phillip gripped his knife again a feeling of revulsion overcame him. After all, he could not do this thing. That hose was a living thing, life and breath to his comrade. To cut it was to bring Atkinson instantly face to face with horrible death. And perhaps there was some other way.

Perhaps if he waited—then there came to him the ghastly faces of divers he had seen taken from the suits when there had been too much waiting, of divers who had perished miserably in some such plight as this. No, he must act and not delay, he must take the responsibility as a father takes it sometimes at the bedside of a sick child. This was the right thing, the only thing, and——

With a strong, quick stroke he drew his blade across

the hose, and in a single effort severed it. Then instantly he stopped the hole with his left thumb, just as he had planned, and gave three quick pulls on the life lines, on Atkinson's first, then on his own; and the next second the two divers were rising to the surface, rising swiftly with the strength of four pair of eager arms above.

And all might have gone well had not the men who were lifting Phillip pulled faster than the other two, so that presently he found himself rising above Atkinson.

In an instant he realized what was happening and the immediate danger if his hand should be torn away from the severed hose. With his free hand he signaled them to lift more slowly, but, in their excitement, the helpers misunderstood the signal and lifted faster than ever.

Phillip seized Atkinson's life line with his right hand and clung to it desperately, while with his left he held the hose. He could just reach down to it, and no more. And presently, as the men above worked in madder haste, he felt Atkinson's life line sagging above him, and knew by the sudden strain that he was holding the man's entire weight, suit and all, with his unaided right hand.

He could not help with his left hand because he dared not move it from the hose. He could not signal the men, even if they would have understood him, for both hands were occupied. And with all the love in the world he could not support this load many seconds —it was beyond his strength, beyond the strength of any man.

Now they must be halfway up—perhaps twenty

feet below the surface—he would hold on a little longer—and then—and then came a great roaring in his ears and blackness in his eyes, and the hose was torn from his nerveless hand. He had failed in his effort—Atkinson must die, and in the agony of this thought he lost consciousness.

. . . . .

The next thing Phillip knew he was lying on one of the bunks in the little cabin of the wrecking scow and the company's doctor was bending over him. He opened his eyes weakly and tried to think.

"Don't talk," said the doctor, pressing a flask of brandy to his lips.

Then it all came back to Phillip and he started up in alarm.

"But Atkinson?" he cried. "Where's Atkinson?"

"Here I am, Phil," answered a cheery voice from the bunk opposite, and, looking over, he saw the rugged face of his saved comrade, who was lying there with his head against a pillow and his flannel shirt open at the throat.

"Ah!" sighed the young man, and sank back in contentment.

After all, it had not been such a bad affair. Atkinson had come out of his suit black in the face, but his strong vitality and ten minutes of the doctor's manipulation had brought him around. As for Phillip, he had been overcome by nervous shock, and must take things easy for several days. And presently the two rescued ones started ashore in a little skiff, with one of the boys at the oars.

"We'll be on the job to-morrow," sang out Phillip as they pulled away.

"Just the same, it was a mighty close call," remarked one of the air-pump men. And the treasurer of the company cut off the piece of hose left on Atkinson's helmet and put it in the chamber of curiosities.

CHAPTER XVIII

HAGGLETON'S BAKERY TRUST

HAGGLETON had shown his natural shrewdness in choosing the bakeshop industry as the field of his operations. There was, perhaps, no other business which offered such wide possibilities for a small capital; they were sure of quick results, for everybody ate bread and paid cash for it. Furthermore, the whole process of bread-making occupied only a few hours, the materials were of the simplest, and there was a steady and immediate demand for the product, so that what was manufactured one day was sold the next. In other words, the capital involved was turned over every twenty-four hours, which meant steadily increasing profits up to the limit of competition. And all that they had against them were some little bakeshops making poor bread under bad conditions and paying high prices for materials, whereas Haggleton now proposed to make good bread under better conditions and pay moderate prices for materials. Also, as the bread from any one bakery was used by hundreds of families, the consumers themselves became most effective advertisers, so that any improvement in quality or reduction in price would be known almost immediately throughout the whole tenement region. These were almost ideal conditions for the building up of a little trust.

Haggleton's plans were far larger, of course. He spoke of them tentatively to Phillip, adding cautiously:

"But don't talk about that yet. We've got to show these fellows substantial profits before we can get them in deeper. Besides," he added with a sharp glance, "it won't be a case of profit for all of them."

"How do you mean?"

Haggleton lowered his voice.

"We have six bakers in the combination already. Within a week we'll have ten. Within two weeks we'll have all the bakers around here tumbling over themselves to get in. Why not, when they hear that those inside get flour at ten per cent less than the others have to pay, besides big profits from increased business and cheaper production? So," he smiled, "don't you see?"

"What?"

"These outside bakers won't be able to stand against us; we'll drive them out of the field and absorb their business. Inside of six months half of the bakeshop bosses down here will be working for the combination."

Phillip looked serious.

"Is that—is that necessary?"

"It's the law," said Haggleton grimly, "the law in big things and little things, that the master mind rules."

All this had happened within so short a space of time, and had kept Phillip so busy and interested that, aside from occasional misgivings, he had not thought seriously about what was happening, or caught its real significance. It was true, his purpose of showing Haggleton the phenomena of poverty had been put

aside for the moment, but he would presently return to this, and meantime they were all benefiting by the new enterprise; in fact it was a step toward giving better food to the whole tenement population. Besides, Haggleton was free to make his fight against poverty in his own way and—well, he had chosen a way that was wise and—profitable.

No doubt these arguments advanced by Phillip to satisfy his own uneasiness would have been met by other arguments had Gentle been there to counsel him, but the old diver had been away a great deal with the wrecking boats, so he knew but little of these latest developments. And it was not until the third week that Phillip was really brought face to face with facts as they were. This came about through his call on Margaret after her return to Mrs. Binney's boarding house on the evening of the day of his daring rescue of Atkinson.

Radiantly happy, proud of her hero, nevertheless the girl had realized as she reflected on her talk with Haggleton that she and Phillip were facing a crisis. The millionaire had already partly won her lover from her.

A baker's assistant whose wife Margaret had nursed through a protracted illness, a man, therefore, sorely in need of continued employment, had called on her and appealed to her for intercession. It was serious news that he brought her, and it was presently made more serious by Gentle, who was present. The news was that the bakeshop combination had done the assistant a cruel wrong by depriving him of his job in a bakeshop on Madison Street. He was a victim of the kneading machine, cast adrift and desperate, and,

being ignorant of economics, he roundly cursed this admirable improvement in bread-making that had thrown him on the street. What was the use of trying to do right when the world was against him? Yes, he had been drinking. Why not? Wouldn't any man drink if he had been cheated out of work like that?

Get another place? Where? He had been to three other bakeshops where men had been discharged on account of the same damned machine, and two of them fathers of families. That was a nice business for Phillip Ames to be in, wasn't it, and he calling himself a friend of the poor? A fine friend of the poor he was, taking work away from men who had never done him any harm!

So he railed on, and presently stumbled away, leaving a message that Phillip could go straight to a hotter place than any bakeshop.

Gentle looked troubled. He hesitated a moment, then, as he met Margaret's brave, comprehending gaze, he decided that she could help, and that now was the moment to do it. So he told her exactly what was on his mind. There was an old proneness in Phillip to money love; it was a fault that had come through his father, who was—well, she knew Mr. Haggleton, did she not? Phillip's mother was the finest woman Gentle had ever known, a true womanly woman. In some ways Margaret reminded him of her, and he was sure she could influence him wonderfully for good if she understood this danger. Phillip was full of the noblest ideals, his soul rebelled at the unfairness of things, he was a fighter; but, alas! he could fight two ways, selfishly and unselfishly, and Gentle felt that this was a

critical time in his development. Had she not noticed how absorbed he was in this bakeshop scheme?

"Yes, I have," replied Margaret, remembering Phillip's letters.

"This is no little thing," pursued Gentle; "I'm afraid it's significant, like the awakening of an old passion."

"It's all Mr. Haggleton's fault," declared Margaret.

"Mr. Haggleton is the occasion," Gentle replied judiciously; "the cause is in the blood."

Then he warned her that, while they must make every effort to guide Phillip right, they must do it tactfully, for he could be headstrong, if thwarted, and was only to be led through his affections.

Margaret followed all this eagerly and tried to draw from Gentle further facts about Phillip's mother.

"Did she realize that there was this other side to him?" she asked.

Gentle nodded thoughtfully.

"Oh, yes, she realized it, she realized it fully. And sometimes it frightened her to think that with all her love and care she could not free Phillip from this—this tendency to be like his father."

"How did she know he had it?"

"She knew he must have it, and we had evidences of it now and then in little things. Even as a boy he was wonderfully shrewd in making bargains with other boys."

"Aren't you taking this too seriously? After all, it's not a crime to have business ability. And—haven't we all a selfish side? I know I have."

Gentle frowned and shook his head.

"Everything depends on this fight," he said impressively. "We had to have it and we may as well get through with it. But, remember, this sudden bakeshop interest is only a sign that the worldly, selfish Phillip is struggling to assert himself. And I tell you, Miss Lawrence——"

"You were to call me Margaret," she smiled.

"I tell you, Margaret," he went on with increasing earnestness, "there is so much at stake here, so much that—well, the selfish Phillip *must not win*, the other Phillip, *his mother's son*, must win."

"Oh, yes!" cried Margaret.

"And with your help he *can* win, but we mustn't forget that the enemy is there to be reckoned with."

"You mean his *father's* son?"

"Exactly," replied Gentle.

Thus prepared, Margaret intended to have a serious talk with Phillip when he called that evening, but when he came she was quite disarmed by his attitude of fondness and submission. He did not argue nor defend himself, but at once admitted that he had been too much absorbed by this bakeshop affair; the thought had come to him the night before as he lay rejoicing in her precious promise, and resolving to live such a life as she would approve. Besides, now that the enterprise was fairly started, he could soon leave it safely to "Mr. Jackson." As for the discharged baker, he would see that he got his job again. And, without fail, he would set apart certain hours every day, say in the afternoon or evening, for their great purpose; that is, the further enlightenment of Haggleton about the sufferings and miseries of the poor.

Margaret was delighted, and said to herself that, after all, there would be no such trouble as Gentle had foreseen. She bade him good night in a glow of delicious, almost intoxicating happiness.

But Margaret did not yet understand the complexities of Phillip's nature, nor fully realize how subtle was the influence which Haggleton had gained over him in these days of close intimacy. Gentle, however, saw it plainly, and resolved that from now on he would be with Phillip constantly, even to the neglect of his work, and oppose Haggleton's increasing power over the boy's mind by his own love and watchfulness. It should be a struggle between two fathers, as it were, for the soul of this young man.

In furtherance of his good intentions Phillip had a talk with Haggleton the next morning, Gentle being present, and they made it clear to the millionaire that his bakeshop activities ought not to take his attention from the problems of poverty. After all, that was the reason for his presence there and the justification for this whole experiment.

Haggleton replied that the ordinary poor man was supposed to have enough to do making a living without studying sociology. To which Gentle objected that Haggleton was not an ordinary poor man, and Phillip added that, anyway, he could easily study poverty for an hour or two every day and do his bakeshop work besides.

The talk inevitably drifted, right then and there, into a discussion of the surroundings in which laboring men worked in general, and the helpers of the combine in particular.

"They ought to have shorter hours," declared Phillip, "with time for exercise and pleasure, and employers should be required by law to protect them from injury and disease."

There was a ring of conviction in his voice, and Gentle looked at Haggleton with a challenging smile. The millionaire understood by this that hostilities were declared between them and smiled back confidently. After all, this was his son and, with a little wise guidance, there was no danger of his accepting any foolish sentimental standards.

"How can employers prevent injuries and disease?" he asked.

"By creating healthful conditions of work and by using proper safety appliances," answered Gentle. "These appliances exist in all dangerous trades, but employers refuse to put them in because they cost money."

Haggleton thought a moment and then asked sharply: "Do you think there is any appliance that would keep bakers from breathing flour dust?"

"Why—er"—answered Gentle, taken aback—"I don't know."

"It isn't likely, is it? And yet, we've got to have bread. Besides," he added, looking at Phillip, "suppose there was such an appliance and it cost five hundred dollars, could we afford it?"

"Not just now," said Phillip.

"Ah," laughed Haggleton, "that's the way with lots of things—we can't afford them—just now. It's easy to condemn big corporations, but, when you come down to it, the people who do the condemning are built on

the same plan, they want to do fine things, but they can't afford to—just now."

No more was said at the moment, but that evening, in the Moran home, Gentle produced scrapbooks containing facts for Haggleton's further edification. Phillip stood at the window all aglow with the joy of strength and youth, thinking of Margaret and happy in the knowledge that he had done her bidding that day. Haggleton and Gentle watched him in jealous admiration and girded themselves for the struggle. It was for him that they were fighting.

"I'd like to show you some statements," began Gentle, opening one of the scrapbooks, "that bear on what we were speaking of this afternoon."

"You mean safety devices?" asked Haggleton.

"Yes, and the accidents that happen for the want of them. You're a great railroad magnate, one of seven men who own or control most of the railroads in the United States, aren't you?"

"Not quite that," objected Haggleton. "I have some influence in railroad matters, but——"

"Yes, you have some influence," said Gentle dryly. "Let it go at that. Do you know how many people your railroads kill and injure every year?"

"No," answered Haggleton.

"I have the figures here," said Gentle, pointing to the scrapbook. "And they show that in the year just past you and your fellow-magnates killed over ten thousand persons on the railroads of the United States. You killed Jenny's husband—that's the truth, Mr. Haggleton. You may ask why I dwell on railroad accidents when our problem is poverty? Because there

is a terrible relation between the two. You speak contemptuously of those who have failed in life, you like to think that the million or more in this city who are in poverty are there by their own fault. I want you to know that thousands of them are there because you railway kings have failed to do your duty."

Haggleton made an angry gesture and started to speak, but Gentle lifted his hand.

"Let me finish. In the past year over eighty thousand persons were injured by railway accidents in the United States, and most of them poor people! Four fifths of them your own employees! Think of that! Eighty thousand crippled and maimed in *one* of your enterprises! There is part of your magnate handiwork; you take these workingmen into your service, these passengers into your trains, you accept their toil or their money, and then, instead of protecting them by safety appliances that are perfectly well known and in constant use abroad, you torture them in criminal wrecks, you burn them, you scald them, you tear off their hands or feet, you crush their legs or arms, you wrench their backs, you fracture their skulls; you do this to little children, to loving mothers, to young men; you do it *every day of the year* to over two hundred of your countrymen!"

Then Gentle read extracts from various newspapers charging American railroads with gross incompetence and neglect, and demanding that directors and high officials be put in jail for these offenses against human life.

"That's talk!" snapped Haggleton, "and it will stay talk."

Gentle faced him with his old irritating smile.

"Do you consider America behind Europe in intelligence? Or behind Europe in wealth or resourcefulness?"

"Certainly not."

"Then why is it that in a given number of railway employees, America kills nearly three times as many as England, and injures five times as many?"

"America is a bigger country, with ten miles of railroad where England has one mile."

Gentle shook his head.

"I made allowances for that—I said we killed more *in proportion.*"

"Our people are in a hurry; they insist on going fast, and that increases the danger."

"Pardon me," replied Gentle, "the fastest trains in the world are in Europe. But it's true our people are in a hurry. If they were not they would take time to think about these things, and when they found that we are twenty years behind England and Germany and France in safety appliances, for we are, and when they realized that this is true, simply because you men in control refuse to spend the money required to pay for these appliances—if our people realized all that, they would *possibly* put the blame where it belongs."

"You talk like a child," retorted Haggleton; "you know nothing about conditions."

"No? I know this, that for years you magnates fought against air brakes and automatic couplers, although you knew they would save thousands of lives; now you're fighting the system of block signals that

is used everywhere in England, and that would save thousands of lives more."

"We have block signals on some railroads," insisted Haggleton.

"On very few, and where you have them you don't use them half the time. Your own engineers have admitted that when forced to testify about accidents."

"If we had to run freight trains under strict block signals we'd never get our business done," snorted the millionaire. "Think of the freight piling up all over this country, millions and millions of dollars' worth, far beyond what the roads can handle and much of it perishable. We've promised to move it, and we've *got* to move it, haven't we?"

"No, sir," flashed Phillip, "not if it means destroying lives."

"Besides," resumed Gentle, "it's not only in railroading that you slaughter people, it's the same in mining and building and manufacturing. Here's an article," he turned to another page, "that estimates at over half a million a year our casualties in various industries largely controlled by your trusts. Half a million killed and injured every year and the greater part needlessly! How? By dangerous machinery in your factories that might be protected, by wheels and saws and flying belts that might be covered, by poisonous fumes and deadly dust that might be guarded against; by explosions in your mines that might be avoided, by falls, by fires, by insidious disease, by a hundred perils that beset your toilers, all of which might be lessened or removed, but for one thing."

"What's that?" asked Haggleton.

Gentle seemed not to hear; his kind, thoughtful eyes were fixed on Phillip as if he were speaking to the boy's soul.

"Half a million killed and injured every year!" he went on sadly. "Nine times the total loss in the battle of Waterloo! Nearly all of them workingmen in the prime of life, wage-earners whose injury means distress or ruin to a family! Think of the poor wives! The helpless children! More recruits for poverty! More tenement misery! More wrecks! And the greater part of this immense harm might be averted but for one thing."

"Yes?" said Phillip eagerly. "What is that?"

Gentle looked steadily at Haggleton.

"You know what I mean?"

"No."

Then, slowly and impressively, the old diver spoke.

"I am not exaggerating, I have studied this question. I have *lived* it, and I tell you, sir, you are defending a bad cause. You *know* that three fourths of these accidents might be avoided and all this wretchedness and pain be spared us, and this enormous waste of human energy prevented if you great captains of industry had not made up your minds that it's *cheaper to kill men than to protect them.*"

CHAPTER XIX

CAPITAL AND LABOR

THEY talked on for hours. And now Haggleton, angered and at bay, took refuge in brutal truth and admitted that kings of American finance were very much like other Americans in this, that they thought first and last of their own interests.

Gentle was delighted with the result of this talk. He had forced Haggleton to throw aside all pretense that very rich men like himself were genuinely interested in the good of the people, and to admit that they were, as a class, striving selfishly for their own advantage, regardless of wretched and downtrodden millions. It was true, as Haggleton had pointed out in reply to Phillip's look of reproach, that rich men, once they had accumulated their fortunes, were glad to distribute part of them, often a large part, in generous works, colleges, libraries, and hospitals, but they did this of their own free will, and would tolerate no interference with their methods of making these fortunes.

To which Phillip had replied scornfully: "We refuse to be impressed, sir, by any such acts of partial restitution. The question is, how you *got* the millions that you give back so grandly."

This was the real Phillip speaking, and Gentle felt

that already he had done much to destroy Haggleton's influence over the boy; he had torn away the hypocritical mask of benevolence worn by many millionaires and had shown this millionaire to his son as a hateful monster, whose chief purpose in life was to gratify an insatiable greed for wealth and power. Now he must go farther and influence Phillip to some decisive step that would put him back once for all on the solid ground of his nobler aspirations. And the opportunity to do this came presently through developments in the bakeshop enterprise.

Things were going well with the combination, two new bakers had been taken in, business was steadily increasing and, in view of substantial profits, they were already thinking of getting a second kneading machine and widening their field of operations when an interesting proposition was made by a baker in Forsyth Street. This enterprising gentleman, seeing the rapid advance of the little trust, and realizing that his own trade was threatened, now proposed to join them with bakers enough from his neighborhood (about a dozen), and capital enough, so that the combination, thus strengthened, could immediately set up two more kneading machines and, by perfecting its methods, bid successfully for the whole bakeshop business of the lower East Side. Haggleton was in favor of this, but Gentle saw a chance here to raise an important issue of right and wrong in Phillip's mind.

So without delay the old diver called upon Margaret and laid the facts before her. A dozen new bakeshops in the combination would mean many men thrown out of work and their families left in distress. This was

a bad thing in itself and would surely have a bad effect upon Phillip; it would harden him. Margaret quite agreed with Gentle and listened with sympathy as he told her various stories of distress already caused by Haggleton's enterprise.

Margaret promised that all her influence with Phillip should be used to make him oppose the new plan, and when he called that evening she made so eloquent an appeal for mothers and little children who would suffer, that Phillip was genuinely moved, and assured her the Forsyth Street proposition would be at once rejected. Also that, of all gloriously beautiful and fascinating women now upon the earth, she certainly was the most fascinating and the most beautiful, while he was the most unworthy, though the gratefulest, of lovers.

In spite of this good beginning, it was not fated that Margaret and Gentle should gain so easy a victory over Haggleton. When the millionaire heard of Phillip's decision and the reason for it, he promptly pointed out that, if they rejected this offer, the Forsyth Street baker would probably go ahead and form an opposition enterprise, which would not only throw men out of employment, but would injure their own combination. In other words, they would lose a substantial advantage without helping anything.

Phillip listened uneasily and was forced to admit the soundness of this opinion, but he had given his promise to Margaret and could not retract it without her consent. So he asked for time to think the matter over, and puzzled for hours trying to find some way of satisfying his business sense without displeasing

Margaret. And, having failed to find such a way, he had about decided to please her anyhow and let the combination suffer, when an unfortunate discussion between Gentle and Haggleton brought him suddenly to a different state of mind.

Gentle was so pleased with the progress of things that he could not refrain from pushing his advantage, and that evening he turned the talk upon a subject where he felt himself particularly strong and Haggleton indefensibly weak; that is, the unfair division of the products of toil. What right had an employer, he asked, to keep a woman sewing carpets all day and then take half of what she earned? Suppose the woman did the work at a private house, as often happened. Then her employer charged the owner of the carpets say three dollars a day for the woman's services, and gave her a dollar and a half. That was not fair. The employer's part in this effort was too small to justify him in keeping so much of her earnings. It was the woman who did the work and breathed carpet dust and took chances of infection; the employer merely secured her the job and furnished needle and thread. Seventy-five cents of the three dollars was certainly enough for him, and, if he took a dollar and a half, it was because the woman was helpless, possibly hungry, and because there were hundreds of other women who would gladly take her place for a dollar and a half or less. In other words, he was strong and she was weak, and he took what was rightfully hers because he was able to do it.

Gentle contended that this was precisely the situation between capital and labor all over the country,

the capitalist taking about half of what the laborer earned, whereas a fair division, each taking what was right, would leave the rich quite rich enough, would increase the savings of the poor by hundreds of millions a year, and practically do away with poverty.

Was it not a monstrous injustice, he went on, that a few hundred New Yorkers should every year draw from vast unearned fortunes an income aggregating more than the total yearly earnings of a million fellow citizens born in poverty? For it was literally true, he declared, that the whole body of poorest tenement dwellers on Manhattan, all who were herded in the vast human hives that stretched for miles along the rivers, all those miserable ones who toiled ceaselessly summer and winter, every day and many nights, could scarcely, by their united efforts, earn as much as was dropped into the laps of some scores of idlers whose palaces rose scornfully on Fifth Avenue.

If Gentle had stopped here all might have been well, for Phillip agreed with him thoroughly so far, but, in the elation of triumph, he ventured upon socialistic ground where, as Haggleton divined by a flash of intuition, the young man could not follow him. Indeed, it had long been a source of regret to the old diver that Phillip would not take very seriously his dreams of a beautiful industrial republic, soon to be realized, according to him. And this was Haggleton's advantage, as he immediately understood, for Gentle would not repudiate his economic faith, even at the risk of losing credit with Phillip.

So presently the tables were turned, and Gentle found himself under a fire of searching questions by

Haggleton. Did he believe, for instance, that the present division of wealth which seemed to him so iniquitous would one day be replaced by a fairer division? Undoubtedly. How would the new division be accomplished? By the will of the people. Yes, but how? Take the railroads, who would own them? The people. The people would take the railroads? Yes. And pay for them? They *had* paid for them already. How was that? They built them, they forged the steel, they hewed the timbers, they did the work. H'm! Then the eleven billions or so that the railroads were valued at would never be paid to the present owners? Never. And the present owners would get nothing for them? Gentle replied that they would have the same share in the common possessions of the State that all other citizens would have. And nothing more? Nothing more!

Haggleton glanced at Phillip and saw that he was frowning.

"Will it be the same with the land?" pursued the old man. "Will you socialists simply take it and make no compensation to present holders?"

"Why discuss this?" objected Gentle.

"Why *not* discuss it?" replied Haggleton sharply. "You've had your say about our scheme of robbery, why shouldn't I have a word about yours? Of course, if you're ashamed of it——"

"I'm not ashamed of it," declared Gentle.

Haggleton smiled.

"Good! Then how about the land? You'll take it, won't you, in your socialist State?"

"Yes."

"And pay for it?"

"I tell you we *have* paid for it over and over again."

"I know it, but—will you pay for it in any other way?"

"No."

"And the great industries?"

"They will be of no use to you. Conditions will be so bad you will beg us to take them."

"For nothing?"

"Yes."

"And if, by any chance, we *don't* beg you to take them—then you'll take them anyway?"

"Yes."

As he put these questions Haggleton watched Phillip and saw that he was ill at ease, not wishing to seem disloyal to Gentle, yet far from agreeing to this plan of wholesale appropriation.

"Do you call that fair?" asked the millionaire, turning abruptly to Phillip.

"No," said the latter, "I don't."

. . . . .

A little later Phillip looked at his watch and said he was going out. He had an engagement with Margaret, and on his way to the boarding house he turned over in his mind what he should say to her. It had suddenly become clear to him that he could not trust Gentle's judgment beyond a certain point; also that Margaret's position about the bakeshops had been too strongly taken for it to have been original with her. Gentle must have influenced her to this rather sentimental attitude, and as to his promise, well, it was his duty now to take a calm view of the whole matter.

Margaret would surely be reasonable when she understood things, and he called to mind with approval the points that Haggleton had made against their well-meant, but probably foolish decision. Evidently a successful business had to rest on something more solid than kind intentions.

Margaret greeted her lover with happy animation and inquired eagerly if the matter had been arranged.

"Not yet," replied Phillip, and the gravity of his manner surprised her. "I wouldn't take definite action without consulting you."

"But you have consulted me," she said; "we talked it all over last evening and—I thought it was settled."

Their eyes met in a look that warned each one of an approaching crisis.

"Tell me, did Gentle talk to you about those bakeshops?" asked Phillip.

"Why—er——"

"Did he?"

"Yes," answered Margaret, "but—how strange you are!"

Phillip brightened as his eyes rested on her. She had put on her prettiest dress and arranged her hair in his particular honor, and now, with this shadow of half perplexity on her lovely face, she was deliciously charming.

"Suppose we sit over here," he said, "and you show me what a sweet wise girl you can be."

He led her to the queer old lounge with its red-rose pattern and there they faced each other, half smiling, half serious.

For a little while it was the old wonderful story

again with bakeshop worries forgotten and this queer, dingy sitting room changed into a beautiful and hallowed place, since it witnessed the awakening in these two of the eternal joys of youth and passion.

But presently the difference of opinion that had sprung up between them insisted upon obtruding itself.

"Why were you so serious when you came in?" Margaret asked, and straightway Phillip became serious once more.

"We have made a mistake, dear, in one thing," he said, "and I—I know you'll be sensible about it."

She looked at him anxiously.

"You mean about what we decided last night?"

"Yes."

"You're not going to accept that man's offer?"

"Listen, Margaret," he reasoned; "if we don't join with that man he will form a combination against us. That is certain. So the same number of bakers will be discharged either way and, if we force him to oppose us, we shall suffer serious loss in our business. Do you see?"

Margaret did not see. She was surprised and disappointed. She had counted on Phillip's influence against this cruel combination and now he was thinking only of the money. Really, it was too bad!

"But, Margaret," he insisted, "we *must* have money, and, surely, you want me to think about the future?"

"Not if it means harming poor people."

Phillip frowned.

"I tell you the same harm will be done, anyway.

And the men discharged will soon find other work. Besides, think of the good we are doing. That far outweighs any temporary inconvenience to a few families."

"What good are you doing?"

"What good? Why, we're working a regular revolution in bread-making. You may say what you please about Mr. Jackson, but——"

"I hate him!" interrupted Margaret.

"Anyway, he has changed these bakeshops so you would scarcely know them. He insists on absolute cleanliness—floors and walls must be scrubbed every day, windows must be kept open for proper ventilation, defective plumbing must be repaired, no sick man may be employed, and any baker found spitting on the floor—it's not very nice to talk about, but they used to do it all the time—any such man is fined, and for a second offense is discharged."

"I suppose that's a good thing," she admitted.

"A good thing? It may save hundreds of lives, besides setting an example for the whole East Side."

Margaret listened unconvinced.

"Don't do it, Phillip," she begged. "Don't go into this new combination. Leave things as they are. If this Forsyth Street baker wants to form a combination and discharge all these men, let him do it alone. Why need you take part in it?"

"But I explained that——"

"I know, only—Phil, you *won't* refuse me this—the first favor I have asked you?"

Phillip hesitated.

"See here, Margaret, when a man and woman

marry, there are certain things that each one knows about, aren't there? A woman knows about the home and a man knows about business. And each must respect the other's judgment in those matters. Isn't that true?"

"Ye—es."

"Now, I'm the wage-earner," he went on quickly. "I provide the money and you must leave money matters to me."

Margaret watched him closely and, as he spoke, she saw the suspicion of a hard look in his eyes. And she knew what that meant, she remembered what Gentle had told her. Perhaps this was a decisive moment in Phillip's life, the turning point where a last effort of hers might keep him right.

"I don't agree with you," she said. "I think a wife should know about her husband's work so that she can advise him and help him. And I don't want you to be absorbed by money matters. If you were, then your thoughts would be taken from the serious purposes that—that we both care about so much."

She spoke with emotion now and looked at Phillip, her eyes full of a warm and soft appeal.

"That's all very well," he answered, "but the man must decide about business. I'm sure of that. And the woman must not interfere."

He spoke firmly, and she realized that it was his father's son who was opposing her.

"Then," she murmured, "then you are not the Phillip I thought you were."

"I'm sorry," he said, and there was a long silence.

And now in Margaret's heart there came a sudden

fear. Perhaps this selfish side in her lover was stronger than she had imagined. Perhaps it was too strong for her. Surely she had not asked very much. She would do anything for him, and he might at least do this for her. It was right, it was best for him, and she wanted it. These were reasons enough, and if an issue must come between them—let it come.

"Phillip," she said with a sudden dignity, "I ask you once more not to do this thing."

"You have no right to ask that."

"I not only ask it, I insist upon it."

"You insist?"

"Yes."

There was another silence.

"And—and if I refuse it?" he asked unsteadily.

"You won't refuse, you *can't* refuse," she pleaded. And then, as she saw his face still cold: "If you should refuse, then—then, Phil, I should say that—that you had changed somehow and were not the noble, high-minded man to whom I gave my love."

Phillip's lips tightened. He, too, realized that they were facing a crisis. It might be the turning of the ways, and his father's spirit of domination in him suddenly cried out for the mastery.

"Margaret," he said in a low tone, "we seem to have made something serious out of a little thing. But, since we have done it, let me say this, I love you with all my heart; I have asked you to be my wife; I will work for you gladly and do everything in my power to make you happy; but you may as well understand now, once for all, that, as a man, I claim the right of deciding what shall be done at important moments.

I may make mistakes, although I shall try to decide wisely, but whether I make mistakes or not, what I decide is *the thing that shall be.*"

"And you have decided to do this?" she questioned, looking him straight in the eyes. "Wait! Think! You have decided to do this, Phil, against my positive wish?"

"Yes," answered Phillip, "I have."

CHAPTER XX

MORAN FINDS JENNY

THE bakery trust continued to flourish. The tension between Margaret, Haggleton, and Gentle increased with its growth. Each of these three felt that the decisive battle was approaching, that they must be ready at any moment now for the final struggle for the possession of Phillip, body and soul. But of the three only Haggleton felt confident of victory.

Phillip's decision, that in business matters he must follow his own judgment, had been a sore blow to Margaret. Gentle, to whom she had told the outcome of their momentous talk, felt discouraged, especially as he had deluded himself with the belief that he had regained much of the ground that had been lost in his discussion with Haggleton of the tyranny of capital over labor. Margaret resolutely pinned her waning faith to the power of love. Meanwhile, these two had loyally kept the secret of Phillip's relationship to the millionaire, tempted though they had been to betray it when Haggleton had been so radiantly happy, so touchingly proud of the boy's brilliant exploit in saving the endangered diver, which had furnished the leading story of the afternoon's papers. Divided as they were—bitter adversaries—they yet had felt that they had one thing in common, which

drew them closer together, notwithstanding their differences—their love of Phillip.

The Moran apartment had undergone still another change. It was an office now, brilliantly lighted, for Haggleton's suggestion that the two windows facing the East River should be joined into one large observation window had been carried out. Under this window was a wide shelf, covered with flowers. The room contained a high desk and stool for bookkeeping —Moran's department—a roll-top desk, with telephone, used in common by Jackson and Phillip, and a typewriter desk for Joe Caffrey. The place looked like the well-run office of a prosperous undertaking. Jenny's little room had been turned into a "private office." The hall door had been removed to make place for one of ground glass, on which was painted in large, black letters, "East Side Associated Bakeshops." The flat across the hall had been rented for living purposes.

Joe Caffrey, who had learned typewriting with gratifying celerity, had also proved useful in the dealings of the association with the help, his ready humor and slowness to take offense, combined with an undeniable skill as a fighter, sufficiently well known, having smoothed over many an initial difficulty in that quarter. Haggleton, directing it all, placed upon each his full share of responsibility, gauging to a nicety the amount of it that each could be trusted to carry. Joe, by the way, had begun to indulge his love for finery. In his own words, he was a "smooth dresser."

Moran alone remained unreconciled, watching with growing hostility the phenomenal rise of this man

Jackson, a failure like himself, in circumstances like his own. Moran was a good bookkeeper, did his work faithfully, but he remained the same bitter enemy of capital.

Jenny's disappearance had been a terrible blow to him. He had no delusion about the life to which she had returned, and in his unreasoning hostility to society ascribed this, too, to the curse of capitalism. He spent all his evenings looking for her in her old haunts, but in vain.

Phillip, too, worried a great deal over Jenny, even though he admitted that Haggleton was right in saying that the young woman's actions could in no reasonable way be charged to his refusal to let her make love to him. Under his new mentor's guidance the young man came to see clearly every day that life is difficult and complicated, and stronger far than the best-laid plans of the best meaning of reformers.

. . . . .

One afternoon, Moran, simply but neatly dressed, was working at his desk and grumbling at his work, as was his wont. Joe, seated at the typewriter, was ticking out letters. As usual, he found amusement in his father-in-law's surliness, encouraging him from time to time with skillful opposition.

"Say, Moran," he observed now, "what's the use of bein' a kicker?"

"I'd rather be a kicker than a quitter," was the significant answer.

"Meanin' me?"

"Yes, you. You used to call yourself a socialist. Yah!"

"That was when I was broke." Joe laughed. "I wanted to divide. Now I've got something, and say—no dividin' for me!"

"Awr!" growled Moran in disgust.

Joe returned to his typewriting, stopping long enough between the clicks of the machine to say:

"That's thirty-two letters I've copied. The only trouble with prosperity is that it makes you hustle so. Mr. Jackson certainly is a wonder."

He stopped work the better to appreciate Mr. Jackson's qualities; then took the morning's paper out of his pocket and glanced at it.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, "here's my old friend Haggleton again. I hadn't heard from him for some time. His yacht has passed Gibraltar."

"Damn him!" growled Moran. "I hate him!"

"I've heard you make remarks to that effect before," commented Joe easily. "I suppose if he offered you a thousand dollars you wouldn't take it?"

"Not if he offered me a million! If ever I came face to face with that scoundrel——"

"Ah, shut off the hot air. What's John J. ever done to you?"

Moran wheeled around.

"What has he done to me?" he snarled. "He ruined my little business out West and made me a common laborer. He killed my wife in his rotten tenement with consumption. He killed Jenny's husband with his railroads, and he has sent Jenny out into the——"

"What did he have to do with that?"

"I tell you, if Jenny had lived in a decent place——"

"You make me tired, Moran. If a woman has twins in this tenement, they blame it on John J. Haggleton! Hush, here's the boss."

Haggleton entered, followed by Gentle.

The head of the East Side bakery trust sat down at his desk, saying to Gentle:

"I will be with you in a moment. Go into the private office." True to his resolution, the old diver now kept in daily touch with Haggleton and his son. The millionaire understood his motive perfectly, but never betrayed the slightest impatience or irritation.

Gentle went over to Moran.

"You are a different man, Moran," he said, "since you stopped drinking altogether."

"I may look different to you, but I am the same man." Moran's tone was threatening.

Gentle shook his head in discouragement, and went into Jenny's little room.

Haggleton, meanwhile, had been giving some directions to Joe, and signed the letters which that industrious gentleman had placed before him.

Then he glanced at the morning paper.

"Hello," he said, "another model tenement fails to pay expenses. Tenants store their coal in the porcelain bath tubs. Here, Joe, show this to Mr. Gentle. No, wait. I'll do it myself."

He disappeared in the private office, closing the door behind him.

Moran closed his ledger, opened one of the drawers of his desk and took from it a revolver, which he regarded pensively. Joe, looking over his shoulder, caught sight of it and was amazed.

"Here!" he said, "what are you doin' with that?"

"Nothing," growled Moran.

"What have you got that gun for?" persisted Joe.

"Nothing—nothing, I tell you."

Moran put the pistol back into the drawer and closed and locked it.

Joe, secretly much disturbed, proceeded to apply his customary treatment of semi-contemptuous, brutal banter.

"You have been playin' with that gun for years, Moran. What's the use? You'd never dare to use it. You're a milk-and-water anarchist. Why don't you get a bunch of firecrackers? They make more noise for less money. What's the matter with you, anyway?"

Moran turned around again from the desk.

"I am a fool," he announced gloomily. "I had no business to take this job."

"Well, then why did you take it?"

"I was out of work—I wanted to help Jenny. Never mind what she has been— She is my daughter—she's all I have got—and now she's gone—I have lost her."

Two tears rolled slowly down his flabby cheeks. Joe was touched. He felt sincerely sorry, but, after the manner of his kind, ashamed of this "softness." So he replied airily:

"Jenny will turn up all right."

Despair distorted the old man's features.

"Where will she turn up?" he asked in an agony of apprehension. "What is she doing now? My God!"

Joe became impatient.

"You've got a rotten philosophy!" he ejaculated. "Whatever is, is wrong. That's the way you dope it out. Say, you'd better get busy and mail them letters Mr. Jackson has signed or you'll lose this job you're so ashamed of."

Moran obediently put on his coat and hat, took up the pile of correspondence which Joe had meanwhile stamped with lightning rapidity, and walked toward the door.

Joe returned to his typewriting.

Moran, however, having reached the door, stopped, hesitated, and turned back. He approached Joe's desk, leaned over it, and looked him straight in the eyes. The grim determination of his face daunted Joe a little.

"Here, you," said the old man significantly, "I want to know something, and I mean to find out. Where is Jenny?"

Joe shifted his eyes from Moran's face to the wall behind it, and wriggled uneasily in his chair.

"Why—er—" he stammered.

"Answer my question," said the other man, with ominous calm.

"I don't know, Moran."

"I believe you are lying. You know where she is and what she is. Mark my words, I will find that girl! I will find her, I tell you!"

He continued to look at Joe in silence, with a new determination in his watery, wavering eyes. His flabby mouth was drawn in a tight line. Joe was startled again, but again mastered himself. He looked

back boldly, steadfastly, resolved to keep to himself what he knew.

Moran's next action startled him still more. The old man returned to his desk, took his keys out of his pocket, unlocked the drawer, took from it the revolver, and slipped it into the pocket of his overcoat.

Then he turned again to Joe, gave him another look full of hidden meaning, nodded at him, and left the office without a further word.

Joe got up and walked up and down. He was now deeply disturbed, far more so than he would admit, even to himself. Born and bred in the toughest quarter of New York, considerably of a tough himself at one time, he prided himself on his bravado, but this sudden demonstration of firmness by the flabby, vacillating, mouthing Moran—well, he did not like it. No man is so dangerous, he knew, as a coward with a gun when he screws his cowardice up to the sticking point.

For whom was that revolver meant?

He cast about in his mind, but could settle on no particular person. Moran's hatreds were so all-inclusive, social and economic in the aggregate, rather than particular.

Of course John J. Haggleton was to Moran the incarnation of all the evils of society, including the evil whose victim Jenny was. But John J. was away on his yacht for a three months' cruise, and Moran could not reach him with a pistol across the Atlantic Ocean at Gibraltar.

There were the police, and the police justices on their benches, and the settlement workers, whose so-

cial superiority Moran detested, always talking of their labors with contempt. He hated the Czar of Russia, and the president of the republic. His hatreds began at the top and reached down to—where did they stop? He seemed even to hate the poor around him, because they did not rise and destroy society. Moran expected others to do everything while he waited for them to do it, and harangued about it, Joe reflected in a quick parenthesis.

But—there was the pistol, and the desperate look of the man at bay in Moran's eyes. Why had he taken it from its hiding place now?

He did not like Jackson, who had given him a new start in life. He merely tolerated Gentle, who advocated industrial social evolution and sternly disapproved all revolutionary violence. He had begun to sneer at Phillip and his sudden business activity. He was rude to Margaret Lawrence, who certainly was doing good day and night in the district—Jenny alone he loved.

Perhaps he hated Joe himself? Joe knew that he habitually and deliberately exasperated the old man whenever he talked his idle, aimless gospel of violence and destruction. He thought of the pistol again. It might be turned against himself. Joe stopped in his walk. Moran, the butt of his rough humor and contempt, suddenly assumed threatening proportions.

He remembered that he had heard the leader of a gang say upon one occasion: "When a man threatens you with a gun, shoot first, and do it quick. But if you are unarmed, get hold of his windpipe and squeeze. No man who feels the life being strangled

out of him ever had presence of mind enough left to shoot. Instinct tells him to tear those hands away from his throat—to get air, to breathe. He will drop his gun to do it before he will fire."

So that might have to be the ticket!

Joe lighted a cigarette and regained his equanimity. After all, what was he thinking about? Such nonsense! He dismissed the subject from his mind.

"He's an awful bluff," he said, half aloud. "He's a wind anarchist! He couldn't blow up a red balloon!"

. . . . .

Moran had left the office a little before five in the afternoon. He mailed the bundle of letters mechanically, then stood a moment trying to decide what to do next. It was no use to return to the office in his present state of mind, he concluded; moreover, they would close in an hour. And, anyhow, he did not care.

Since Jenny's disappearance the household in the tenement had changed into a bachelors' home, whose inmates took dinner at a neighboring restaurant. There was nothing to attract Moran thither—nothing but talks between Jackson and Phillip about business and money-making, Joe listening in silence, Gentle interposing his peaceful ideal of an industrial socialism whenever he happened to be present. And he, Moran, was invariably suppressed when he advocated violence.

So he resolved to dine somewhere else, and then to resume his search, his unending, desperate search, for his erring daughter.

But first he wanted a drink. Moran had never been a heavy drinker, but his head was weak, and a little

alcohol sufficed to intoxicate him. He entered a saloon—the nearest at hand—and had his drink, then took another, and still another, with a couple of men who, he discovered, were fomenting trouble among the hands of the bakery combine. His mind was still sufficiently clear to remember suddenly that Jackson and Phillip had been discussing the possibility of a strike of late, and that Joe had pooh-poohed the idea.

He forgot his dinner, mechanically ate of the " free lunch " provided by the saloon keeper, and emerged at nine o'clock to take up his hunt for his daughter.

He walked the Bowery from Chinatown to the Bible House, back and forth. A fine drizzle was falling, but he did not feel it. The elevated trains roared overhead, but he did not hear them. He was thinking of Jenny. If he could only find her—or forget—or be revenged upon society!

It was after nine when he turned into Doyer Street, where evil-looking Chinamen were skulking under dark doorways. He recognized the smell of burning opium. He heard the harsh tom-tom in the Chinese theater, and from the Doyer Street Mission just beyond came the fragment of a Gospel hymn:

> " Oh Depths of Mercy! Can it be
> That gate was left ajar for me! "

For a moment he stood irresolute, almost ready to go in and throw himself on his knees and pray for help. But he reflected that nothing would come of that; they could not help him. O God, if he could only find her!

He turned into a narrow street where red lanterns

were burning. They were making repairs here and he sat down on the iron elbow of a sewer pipe. He sat in the rain and thought in a dull way for a long time. And presently a woman approached, and he saw that she had strange dark eyes.

"Hello," she said, "you're all wet."

"I know it."

She looked at him with a kind of wistful tenderness.

"Feelin' blue, ain't ye? Same here."

"What's the matter with you?" inquired Moran listlessly.

"I'm all broke up," she said. "I've been livin' with a Chink an' I've just quit him."

"What for?"

"'Cause I'm takin' too much dope. Fifty pills a day is too much, ain't it? The missionary doctor says I can't live six months if I don't cut it out. So I've cut the Chinaman out, too."

"Do you know Jenny Moran?"

He watched the wretched woman eagerly.

"Jenny Moran? Sure. She ain't here. She's a good-looker. She's up in the Tenderloin. She stayed down here one day. If you want to find her, you must go to the 'Haymarket.'"

Moran rose. Without thanking the woman, without giving her a second look, he walked rapidly away, back to the Bowery. At Chatham Square he took the Elevated, and within twenty minutes stood at the entrance of the notorious resort.

Outside the open door he paused, under green electric lights, and watched the men and women as they entered. Each man went to a window and bought a

ticket, but the women were admitted free, save for the quick scrutiny of a man about sixty who sat in the hallway and studied every face with hard eyes. His hair was white and so was his scrubby brush mustache, and his jaw worked nervously chewing gum. He never smiled, and his eyes never changed in their steady watchfulness. One of the girls called him " Papa " as she passed. It was plain that he knew all these women by name, that he would never forget one of them, even after years. A strange and sinister figure this doorkeeper at the " Haymarket "!

Moran approached and asked the man if he knew Jenny Moran.

" Not here yet," was the answer snapped out from the chewing jaws.

" Will she be here? "

The doorkeeper looked at his questioner sharply and then said: " Sure."

Moran bought a ticket and went inside. He found himself in a tawdry dance hall surrounded by galleries. The music was furnished by a banging orchestra at the farther end, to the strains of which a dozen couples were whirling about on the smooth floor, the women clinging close to the men. The faces of the women were quite expressionless, but hard, like dolls that had become suspicious of the world. Some of the men were well dressed and a few looked like college students.

The old man went upstairs and seated himself at a small table, and almost immediately an old woman of twenty took the chair beside him.

" Hello, dear," she began, " will you treat me? "

"No."

"Gee, you're stingy!"

She said this in a dull way, as if she did not care whether he treated her or not.

A man passed them who was the very picture of a prize fighter, with massive shoulders and a heavy brutal jaw. He wore a Tuxedo coat and a diamond flashed in his shirt front. He seemed to be on duty.

"Who's that?" inquired Moran.

"That's Bill, the bouncer," she answered.

Moran wondered how long he must wait for Jenny, and, musing, he recalled Jenny of the old days, with her lithe figure and wonderful dark eyes, his little daughter, so fond and loyal. He thought of her wedding day when all the tenement neighbors had crowded in with congratulations. And of the little baby that came and the young mother's pride in it. And then of her husband's sudden death and—ah, it did not seem possible she had come to this!

As he pondered these things, he heard a voice beside him exclaim, "Father!" and, looking up, he saw Jenny. She wore a large black hat with white ostrich plumes and a tan coat lined with silk over a handsome red dress.

"Jenny!" he said with unexpected quiet, "I've been waiting for you."

She followed him without a word, pale and trembling, into the street, across town, and into a Fourth Avenue car. Not a word passed between them; they sat side by side, her hand in his, the tears rolling unchecked down her painted cheeks, his face grim, a baleful light in his eyes.

CHAPTER XXI

THE BATTLE IS ON

THE offices of the East Side Associated Bakeshops had not closed that evening at the customary hour, however. The threatened strike had suddenly assumed ugly proportions. Phillip had come in seriously worried by this, and by pressing inquiries from the agent of the flour mills, who had heard of it, and was anxious over the credits he had extended to the new enterprise. In short, the trust faced a crisis. Haggleton laughed a little when Phillip told him his perplexities, and reassured him, then went out to dinner with Gentle. Joe was dismissed for the evening.

Haggleton secretly welcomed the trouble with the hands in the bakeshops. What he foresaw came to pass. Phillip, face to face with the poor in his new position as a business man, suddenly discovered their unreasonableness, their lack of foresight, their selfishness, which could not calculate future benefits, their disregard of the good of the money. Without realizing it, he ranged himself that evening on the side of capital.

So he stayed on alone in the office, waiting for news, watching the telephone. Haggleton and Gentle returned, the former stopping a moment to ask for news, then went across the hall to the other apartment.

At nine o'clock Margaret suddenly appeared. She

had a new grievance against the trust, a clinching argument that, she hoped, would turn the tide of battle in her favor and give her victory. She loved Phillip more than ever, but, after that momentous talk in which he had excluded her from the business side of his life, her mind was made up. She must win, or he must lose her. There should be no compromise!

Her stern purpose was delayed, however, by her reception. Phillip clasped her tumultuously in his strong arms.

"You darling!" he exulted; "oh, you darling! You never looked so adorable as you do now."

He kissed her fondly again and again. She surrendered for a moment to the spell of their young love, then pushed him from her.

"Be very sensible, now," she said, with mock seriousness, yet with unmistakable determination; "I have much to say to you."

"Pleasure before business just for once, sweetheart. Give me your left hand, so! Now close your eyes."

She obeyed with a smile. Phillip took from his waistcoat pocket an engagement ring and slipped it on her finger.

"Don't open your eyes yet," he warned.

She stood, the dark lashes resting on her cheeks, her pretty hand outstretched. Phillip again took her into his arms and kissed her.

"Now look," he commanded.

Margaret did look at the ring, of course, and gave a little cry of glad surprise.

"What a beautiful ring, Phil! It is much too nice! But—but—I just love it."

She kissed the ring, then held up her lips to him.

They stood again, clasped in each other's arms, in exquisite, blissful silence. But in a few moments Margaret regretfully but resolutely disengaged herself, and prudently got behind the defense of Joe's desk.

"O Phil!" she said pitifully, "I came to tell you about— You remember Emmy and Benny, the little children we sent to the hospital?"

"I know, dear. Their father hurt his hand the other day."

"Hurt his hand! It was crushed in your kneading machine, and now it has been amputated."

Phil sat down on the other side of the typewriter and said in an offhand way:

"That's a pity, but it is his own fault. He was careless."

"His children were left unprovided for," continued Margaret reproachfully, "and now—little Benny is dead."

Phillip looked concerned.

"I am sincerely sorry to hear it," he began, but just then the telephone bell rang, and he hurried over to the instrument.

Margaret saw with a pang that little Benny and his maimed father were immediately forgotten. This was business! Her lips curled a little disdainfully, then her heart sank, as she listened to her lover's side of the brisk conversation over the 'phone:

"Hello!—The Wisconsin flour mills?—Yes, this is the East Side Associated Bakeshops—What's that?—Oh, that's all right; we have the strike pretty well in hand—Yes, the bills will be promptly met—No, no,

Mr. Williams, we are taking fifty car loads a week now, and there's a Minneapolis concern that will do better by us—Yes, that's right, that's what we ask, twenty per cent off—I didn't catch what you said—Yes, I know that we must be making money, that's what we are here for—Oh, no, it's twenty off, or nothing doing—All right?—Good-by."

He hung up the receiver and turned back to Margaret.

"Excuse me, dear," he said, "but business is business. What were you saying?"

"O Phil, don't you see what is happening? Don't you feel the change that is coming over you?"

"I don't understand you, dearest."

"No, because you are blind. You are under the spell of Mr. Jackson. You say that the whole East Side is benefiting by this money-making scheme. . . . Is that poor man who lost his hand benefiting? And his lonely little girl? And the bakers who are thrown out of work? Are they benefiting?"

"We must think of the greatest good of the greatest number."

"Mr. Jackson does not. He thinks only of his own selfish interest."

"That is not kind, Margaret. I know more than you do. Mr. Jackson came down here at a great sacrifice. He's actually living in a tenement."

Margaret was on the point of answering that she knew Jackson's real name and identity, but caught herself in time. She accepted Phillip's statement without comment, and rejoined:

"He came down here at a great sacrifice, you say?

Why? Did he need this bakeshop money? No! Then why did he do it?"

Phillip was ready with his answer:

"He wished to study tenement conditions." But, even so, Margaret's question had awakened a doubt. She saw it, and pushed home her advantage.

"Has Mr. Jackson studied tenement conditions?" she asked scornfully. "Do you see any tenement conditions here? You know that wasn't the reason, don't you, Phil?"

"Well—perhaps it wasn't."

Margaret returned to the personal phase of her problem:

"Phil, have you not noticed that I have been worried and unhappy lately?"

"Yes, I have, dear."

"It is what you said to me the other evening about business being the man's province, not the woman's. It is because I have seen you become entirely absorbed in business schemes and money-making—nothing but plans for making more money. Phil, you are forgetting your beautiful ideals!"

The young man looked at her. The truth of what she had just said was undeniable. Yes, he was forgetting his beautiful ideals, his high altruistic purpose.

"It's true," he said at last thoughtfully. "Mr. Jackson has had an influence over me. I am different from what I was before he came. It is as if he had waked up something in me that I did not know was there."

"O Phil!" cried Margaret in dismay.

"No, I have not really forgotten my ideals," continued Phillip, reasoning out his own case, "only I have come to see that money is needed to carry them out. Money is needed to help the poor, and money is needed to make you happy!"

"I don't want money."

"Well, I do." He spoke with decision. "And I am going to have it. And that means an active business life for me."

"You will give up diving?"

"Diving is no career. There is no future in it. It wears a man out before his time. Look at Gentle!"

Margaret was astonished and hurt. This bakery scheme, which, deep in her heart, she had still considered as but a passing danger, threatening, but not fatal, had apparently already become his aim in life, the first stepping-stone to wealth!

"You have decided all this without telling me?" she asked.

"I am telling you now, dear. We can talk it over together."

"My poor, poor boy!"

"Why do you say that?"

"Because——"

Margaret again caught herself in time. No, she must not speak as yet.

She reverted to the immediate purpose of her coming.

"Phil," she said, "there's something that must be done at once before we settle this. I promised Emmy that I would see about little Benny's funeral—will you come with me?"

She rose and held out her hand pleadingly.

Phil, too, got up, but hesitated.

"Why—er—I don't see how I can," he replied.

"It's such a pitiful case, Phil."

"I'll gladly give money——"

"Money!" she burst out. "It's all money now! You have always said that the only way to help the poor was to love them!"

"Yes, yes." His voice was impatient. "But, you see, there's that bakers' strike. I may be called up on the 'phone at any moment. I must stay here. Serious interests are at stake."

Margaret grew indignant.

"I hate your serious interests," she cried, "and your bakeshops, and all of it." Her voice became pleading again as she concluded:

"Phil, dear Phil, leave this business scheming! Give it up for my sake, for your own!"

"I will do everything I can to please you, Margaret. I will work for you, I will protect you, love you, but, dearest, as I have told you, it is the man who must decide business matters, and—I have decided this."

"You have decided this," repeated the woman slowly, wistfully.

There was sorrow in her eyes, and pity. But suddenly she reached a determination.

"Yes, Phil," she said, with grave emphasis, "you have decided, and—you have decided far more than you know."

She stepped to the door, crossed the hall, and knocked.

"Wait," Phillip said, in astonishment, following her. "What are you going to do?"

"I am going to call Mr. Haggleton."

"You know who he is?"

"Yes."

She opened the door of the living apartment in answer to the call from within, and said:

"Will you come out here a moment, Mr. Haggleton? You, too, Mr. Gentle, please?"

"But they have nothing to do with this," objected Phillip.

"They have everything to do with it. I told you that you had decided more than you knew."

Haggleton and Gentle entered, an inquiry on their faces. Both had an inkling of what was coming—the precipitation of a crisis, perhaps—certainly a declaration of open war.

Margaret stepped between Haggleton and Phillip, looking from one to the other.

"Phil," she said in a ringing voice, "for the last time, choose between him and me!"

Gentle moved aside, as if to leave a clear field to the principals in this momentous matter. An idea struck him.

"The battle is on," he announced, half aloud.

"What battle, Gentle?" asked Phillip; but it was Margaret who answered him.

"The battle for you, Phillip—the battle between your better self and your baser nature! I want you to speak out, Phil, right from your soul, and say what you think of—Mr. Haggleton's life."

"I don't understand." Phillip was puzzled, and a

"FOR THE LAST TIME—CHOOSE BETWEEN HIM AND ME."

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little impatient. "What has Mr. Haggleton's life to do with us?"

"More than you dream of, Phil!" Her voice was tender, yearning. "Trust me," she continued with great seriousness. "Do what I say, if you love me. Tell Mr. Haggleton whether you approve of him, or not."

"I like him."

"But what do you think of his business methods?"

Phillip's answer was unwilling, but frank:

"If you put it that way," he said, "why—I don't."

"Ah!" cried Margaret exultingly. This was the old Phillip, the Phillip she loved!

Haggleton stepped forward, sat down at his desk, looked up at the young man, and asked tranquilly:

"What is it you do not approve of in my business methods?"

"You know that, Mr. Haggleton. Every schoolboy knows. It's the old thing—monopoly and bribery and rebates—why go into it all again?"

"Go on!" commanded Margaret.

Phillip obeyed.

"You know very well, Mr. Haggleton," he continued, "that you and a dozen other men practically own this Republic."

"That's true," asserted Gentle.

"No, it isn't," decided Haggleton with authority.

"Don't you control prices?" asked Phillip. "Don't you force people to pay what you like for public necessaries?"

Haggleton did not rise. He barely moved, but he took command of the discussion right there, none the

less. They all three turned to him with eager attention as he began:

"Listen to me. No big work has ever been done in this world without leaders, and when a man delivers the goods he's entitled to the reward. Well, we have delivered the goods in this country."

He paused a moment, looking from one to the other, with dignity and the pride of great achievement. Then, fixing his eyes on Phillip, he resumed:

"Go over to Europe, and ask what they think of the United States? They'll tell you that it's the greatest nation on earth—and it is. Why is it? Because the men you call robbers and grafters have organized things—railroads, industries, banks, everything."

"You have organized things for yourselves," interposed Gentle, "and you have broken the law."

"You haven't been honest," added Margaret.

"Honest?" Haggleton smiled grimly. "I will tell you what we have done," he went on. "We have kept to the standard of average honesty of this country, and no man can succeed in business who keeps above it. The faults of America's industrial leaders are the faults of the American people."

"No!" shouted Gentle.

"Yes!" affirmed Haggleton. "You attack us and blackguard us, but you know in your hearts that you'd do exactly what we do if you had the chance. You know we are precisely as honest as the average American citizen. If we weren't, we would be in jail!"

Haggleton was leaning back in his chair in an easy attitude, his hands in his trousers pockets. He had

still more to say. He would answer them point by point.

"You say we break the law, Mr. Gentle," he continued. "Well, we do, but who doesn't? Give the average American citizen an automobile, and watch him break the speed law. Let a policeman stop him, and see the flash of a ten-dollar bill! That's bribery.

"Watch the average American woman back from Paris with a lot of new dresses. Does she smuggle them in? Well, watch her!

"I tell you, the only law anybody respects is custom. What does the average American citizen do when he wants a drink in a prohibition State? He breaks the law and gets the drink. And the average American woman, when she tells the conductor how old her little boy is? She's a good mother, and all that, but she'd let Jimmie ride on a half-fare ticket until he had whiskers, if she could!"

Haggleton rose. He was reaching the direct personal application of his argument, the real point toward which he had been working.

"When it comes to business," he summed up, "the average American citizen does, in a small way, exactly what we do in a big way. Give him a chance to crush a rival, and see how quick he'll take it!"

He turned suddenly full on Phillip, and shot out his finger at him.

"What have you been doing to those opposition bakers?" he asked peremptorily.

Phillip was taken aback. It was true, he had advocated a short shift for those fools, who could not

see their own interests as he saw them, and had put the measure in operation with considerable success.

"Why," he stammered, "I——"

"You have done in a small way what I have done in a big way," said Haggleton for him. "There you are, you had to. I am not reproaching you, I am not calling your attention to your inconsistency—I am stating facts, hard, incontrovertible facts. And remember this, you reformers, the way to improve things is not to attack and declaim and stir up class hatred, but to raise the standard of honesty of the American people!"

"Do you believe that, Phillip?" asked Margaret.

"There's a lot in what he says." The young man was pondering over what he had heard.

Gentle brought the conversation back to its immediate, personal bearing.

"All that is not to the point," he asserted. "Would you do as Mr. Haggleton has done?"

"Certainly not," Phillip's answer came promptly. "I won't lead that kind of life."

"But you say that you are going into business," argued Margaret.

"Yes—but I am not going to be a railroad president or a trust magnate."

The situation was growing tense. Margaret and Gentle looked at Phillip, ignorant of his true future, and called upon, in his ignorance, to answer this momentous question regarding it.

Haggleton kept himself well in hand.

"Suppose you were called upon to be the head of a great railroad or a trust?" asked Gentle.

"That's foolish!"

"No, Phil, it's not foolish," Margaret spoke up. "Suppose—suppose you were—in Mr. Haggleton's place, what would you do? Think, dear, before you answer. *What would you do?*"

Haggleton judged the moment ripe.

"If you had important interests in trust, Phillip," he asked in his usual clear, incisive way, "would you protect them or would you sacrifice them?"

The answer came without a moment's hesitation:

"I would protect them."

"Would you be dishonest?" persisted Gentle.

Haggleton again reshaped the question from his own point of view:

"Would you cripple your business by refusing to allow practices sanctioned by custom?"

"Dishonest practices," Margaret put in swiftly—"would you, Phil?"

But Phillip was bewildered now. The theories instilled in him from childhood pulled one way; the common sense of Haggleton, backed up by his own brief insight into business, pointed the other.

"I—I don't know," he stammered. "It isn't fair to ask such questions."

Margaret made a despairing gesture.

"My poor boy!" she said.

Then, turning to Gentle, she declared:

"I am not going to be silent any longer."

Gentle made as if to restrain Margaret, but Haggleton nodded. He was ready for the disclosure and its consequences. If he had not yet won, he certainly had dislodged the enemy from their posi-

tions. It was he who had won ground, it was they who had lost.

Margaret's words puzzled Phillip.

"You are not going to be silent any longer, Margaret?" he asked. "Silent about what?"

"I am going to do the last thing I can to prove my love for you, Phillip. I am going to see to it that you know the truth; then I am going back to my work."

"You are not going to marry me?"

"No, dear, I cannot."

"But why? What's the matter? There is some mystery here! What is it?"

He glanced at Gentle, who silently shook his head, at Haggleton, and, following the direction of his eyes, at Margaret.

"Tell me!" he pleaded, "what is it?"

She waited one brief moment, as if hesitating. Then she took a step forward, looked at him steadily, and said:

"Phillip, Mr. Haggleton is your father."

CHAPTER XXII

MORAN FINDS HIS MAN

THE young man started violently.

His father!

This, then, was the mystery of his parentage, which Gentle had known so long. But Margaret, how did she know?

He looked at the two men, standing motionless, hardly breathing, watching him with a painful tension. As his eyes met Margaret's she nodded and repeated her words.

But then—was it true? Neither Gentle nor Haggleton had volunteered to affirm the statement.

A doubt came to him, and with it a sudden question.

"My name is Phillip Ames, is it not?" he asked Gentle.

The old diver gravely answered him:

"Your name is Phillip Haggleton."

So it was true.

Suddenly he began to see clear. Much that had puzzled him was explained, though as much again remained obscure. On one point he felt enlightened beyond need of further explanation; the sympathy he had felt for Haggleton from the first, the good qualities he had discovered in this most hated of all the capitalists of the day, the readiness with which he had

come to understand his point of view, and to accept it in part—all this was the call of the blood. Ah, yes, he was his father's son.

He was recalled to the present by Margaret's voice.

"Now you understand," she was saying.

He pondered this, the light penetrating ever farther into his mind and clearing up its confusion.

"So that's why you are leaving me, Margaret?" he asked—"that's why you will not marry me?"

He was in love, deeply in love. Though the future thus suddenly opened up before him, was dazzling in its brilliancy, tempting beyond words, a future of untold wealth, of boundless opportunity, of a seat among the rulers of the modern world, this thought of his love presented itself first to him, and this alone.

He did not stop to realize what he gained, he felt only what he would lose! Margaret would not marry him! She would pass out of his life, resolutely, disdainingly!

He turned to his father.

"What reason had you," he asked sternly, "for not telling me that I am your son?"

The answer was gently spoken.

"Because, Phillip, I wanted you to know me as a man before you knew me as a father."

Margaret interposed. She would see to it that no more misrepresentations were made, no more evasions practiced.

"Was that your only reason, Mr. Haggleton?" she asked severely. "Didn't something happen in your first talk with Mr. Gentle?"

Phillip, all his senses now acute, anxious to probe to

the bottom of this mystery, acted upon her suggestion. He turned to Gentle.

"Did something happen, Gentle?" he asked.

"Yes, Phillip," said his old friend gravely, unwillingly, "something happened."

Margaret's mind reverted to the story Gentle had told of the night Phillip's mother sought shelter for herself and little boy in Mrs. Binney's boarding house. He had said that the fault had been the father's, not the mother's.

"I see!" she exclaimed, suddenly enlightened, "some wrong has been done."

She looked expectantly at Gentle, her ally thus far in her attempts to counteract Haggleton's influence, but he evaded her eyes, and continued to look at Phillip with ever-growing gravity.

"Some wrong has been done, and Mr. Gentle knows it," persisted Margaret, roused to a higher pitch by his defection.

"Whatever wrong there was," said the old diver impressively, "will be atoned for nobly. Your father, Phillip, will put aside ten million dollars for a splendid campaign against poverty."

"So that's how he managed you, Mr. Gentle!" cried Margaret, contempt in her voice and tears of defeat in her eyes. Turning upon the millionaire, she said with biting irony:

"You are a master of men, Mr. Haggleton! You find the weak point in each man and use it. But you must learn a little more about women. You have shut Mr. Gentle's lips, but you shan't shut mine! My name is Margaret. His mother's name and the spirit of the

wife you could not manage are here in the girl you cannot manage."

Gentle interfered. The tolerant wisdom that comes with years was in his voice as he protested:

"Margaret, it is the attribute of youth to be severe. I have not sold my silence. This money is for the poor —not a penny of it is for me."

He dismissed all further thought of himself as he addressed the young man:

"Phillip," he said appealingly, "you know my life. You trust me?"

"Yes." The answer came without hesitation or reservation.

"Then you will believe me when I tell you that I have done what your mother would have wished."

But Margaret would not give up the fight for the possession of her lover, the very life of her love, thus easily.

"That is not for you to decide, Mr. Gentle!" she cried. "The question now is, Have you evidence of the wrong committed by Mr. Haggleton?"

The millionaire, who had stood by, biding his time, now again took the management of the discussion into his masterful hands.

"One moment," he said in that crisp, penetrating voice of his, which commanded attention. The other three turned to him, as he had known they would, and waited for what he had to say.

"Phillip," he went on, "you have said that you did not want to judge any man. Now listen well: Can you understand a man doing something under sudden temptation that he regrets afterwards?"

"Yes, I can."

"Can you understand that there might be some one whom this man loved very much; who would suffer pain, needless pain, if told what he had done? Can you understand that?"

"Yes," said Phillip once more, glancing at Margaret, "I can."

"That's not the case," interrupted the girl. "This is it: Your mother deprived you of your name and birthright. That was a monstrous crime unless she had justification. You can understand that?"

The young man nodded in silent perturbation.

"You are right, Miss Lawrence," admitted Gentle, suddenly convinced.

"For his mother's sake," he continued, turning to Haggleton, "I'm sorry—but— Here, Phillip."

He drew from his pocket the incriminating document, in its envelope, and handed it to the young man, who took it hesitatingly, uncertain of his course of action.

"Is this something I ought to read?" he asked of his old friend.

"In my opinion, no. That's why I have kept it from you. But if you insist——"

"I don't insist," said Phillip hesitatingly, the unopened envelope still in his hand.

Haggleton was waiting, watching breathlessly. The die had been cast. Again he was biding his time.

Phillip made a movement as if to return the envelope to Gentle, who, with a gesture, refused to take it.

"Think of your mother, Phillip," implored Margaret.

Haggleton saw on the young man's face that he had won, even before the words were spoken.

"My mother is dead," said Phillip softly. "I have a right to think a little of my father."

"Phillip!" Margaret's voice was reproachful. Haggleton still maintained his watchful silence.

"You know I love you, Margaret," the son went on, with wistful tenderness. "Whatever you do, wherever you go, I shall always love you—always. I love Gentle, too. He has been a father to me—I trust him. He knows the secret of this paper—you don't. He can judge, and"—with a sudden rush of appeal—"let me do my duty, dear, as I feel it! I must!"

He went over to the stove, threw the envelope and its secret into the glowing coals, and decided solemnly:

"We will end this here."

He watched the flames licking around the edges of the paper, singeing them, and gradually beginning their work of destruction. The others watched him.

The flames died down, leaving an oblong of black ashes, curling at the corners, rapidly turning to a whitish gray.

Phillip lifted his eyes. Margaret's met them, full of cold determination.

"I have tried to save you, Phillip," she said sadly, "and I have failed. I am going!"

She moved toward the door, but Haggleton's voice stopped her. He had been biding his time, watching for his opportunity, and it had come. He would deliver the master stroke that would rivet Phillip to him forever, or— No, there was no alternative.

"Do not go yet, Miss Lawrence," he was saying. "You started this trouble, now you will see it through."

He stopped a moment, and again, as a moment before, the others looked toward him expectant of what was to follow.

"It is all very well to burn that statement," he went on with great deliberation, "but you cannot burn the memory of it, Phillip. It would always come between you and me—always."

Again he paused.

"I am going to tell you what was in that paper," and this time he sounded the note of ultimate decision that many an opponent of his had heeded. The words that followed came one by one, low but clear-cut in utterance:

"It was an order I wrote over my own signature that an opposition oil refinery should be destroyed."

Phillip shrank back.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "it is a crime. Ah, that is why my mother left you!"

He buried his face in his hands, and moved toward Margaret at the closed door. Haggleton pretended not to see the movement and its meaning, but continued in a dispassionate, cool, businesslike voice, in which there was neither apology nor pleading:

"We were desperate; our whole business future depended on our getting control of the field—we had to remove that opposition. We tried to buy them out, we made them generous offers, but that stubborn fool Lawrence——"

Margaret rushed forward.

"Stop!" she cried, "you are speaking of my father."

"I beg your pardon," said Haggleton simply.

The words of his beloved had torn down the last veil that hung between Phillip's eyes and the secret. His mother—the crime—Margaret! Ah, yes, retribution, and the sins of the fathers!

He staggered a little, groping blindly for support. The dream castles of his future lay at his feet in ruins. It was all finished now, for whether he accepted his father's millions or refused them, he would still be his father's son, and Margaret her father's daughter, with that dreadful crime ever lifting its head between them and keeping them apart.

"Her father," he moaned, "and I am this man's son."

Haggleton decided swiftly that he must destroy this mood.

"There is no use making this out worse than it is," he said coldly. "I am sorry for what I did. I will do whatever you think is right in the matter."

"Whatever I think is right?" asked Phillip in surprise. He thought a moment deeply, then asked:

"How much were you worth when you committed this crime—a million—half a million?"

"Possibly. But what is your idea in asking me that?"

"I thought," replied Phillip reflectively, "that we might consider some part of your fortune as honestly earned and give back the rest."

"To whom?" There was bewilderment in Haggleton's voice.

"To those who earned it—the people."

"Have you any idea how rich I am?"

Phillip interrupted him, hardly heeding him. His voice was hard now:

"You are to keep half a million. The rest you will give back."

Haggleton's anger flamed up.

"Do you think that I will do such a crazy thing?" he shouted.

Phillip remained unmoved. In the same level, commanding voice he continued:

"I am not setting myself up as your judge, but I can dispose of my life and decide about my conduct. And I tell you that I will not be known as the consenting son of a man whose riches have come from a crime. You can keep all your fortune; you need not give back a penny of it, but you cannot have me under the same roof with you!"

Haggleton stood speechless for a moment. And so it was defeat at the very moment when he expected victory! His wife, Gentle, and Margaret had won the day.

Rage shook him, and for once he gave it free rein. Why curb it since his son had disappointed him?

"I thought you a son to be proud of!" he shouted. "I have worked hard to gain your confidence and affection, but you are a prig and a fool! I came down here and lived with you, I was ready to learn from you, and all that you have taught me is that you are just as ignorant and selfish as all reformers!"

"Ignorant?" Phillip was offended.

"Selfish?" Margaret was indignant.

The millionaire turned to her.

"If you were not selfish," he said with ominous calm, "you would follow that boy through anything —through weakness, through wickedness. You would stick to him and help him no matter who his father was—the worse the father, the closer you would stick to the son."

He paused a moment, glaring at her.

"But you are a reformer," he went on, with infinite scorn. "So you quit him at the first trouble. He is tempted by money, and you clear your skirts of him as my wife did of me! He can go to the devil, if he likes. God, girl! if that's the way saints love, give me sinners!"

"Don't speak to her like that!" commanded Phillip.

"No? Very well, then, I will speak to you. You have had the greatest opportunity a foolish dreamer ever wasted. Go tell your starving tenement friends that John J. Haggleton offered them ten million dollars, and you refused it!"

He looked around the room, took up his hat, and concluded with a dry laugh in his throat:

"And this is the end of the experiment!"

A change came over him. He had softened during those weeks in looks and bearing and manners under the influence of the experiment and the hope of its reward. Now he suddenly became the cold, imperious money king again. He did not look at them as he strode toward the door with the insolence of long supremacy.

His hand was on the knob, when it was flung open from without.

Moran, half drunk, insane with rage and grief, rushed in, dragging behind him his daughter in her cheap finery, terrified and ghastly under the paint on her cheeks.

"Now, then," he thundered, "you wait! I found her in that Tenderloin dive! There is more of your devil's work, Jackson!"

"My work?"

Haggleton spoke distantly, from the top of the social ladder to the bottom.

His tone infuriated Moran still more.

"Yes, your work," he insisted threateningly, "the harvest of your bakeshop trusts! It's your robber system that crushes men and ruins women—it is the Haggleton system!"

"You're crazy!" The same tone of cool contempt, of immeasurable distance.

"Who made me crazy?" bellowed Moran, now beyond all control. "John Haggleton did! He ruined my little business in the West, he killed my wife in this foul tenement of his! By God! if I had him here, I—I would show him."

Haggleton turned full upon him, glaring.

"Well, show me," he challenged. *"I am Haggleton!"*

Moran thrust his hand into his pocket with lightning quickness.

"Father! Look out! Oh!" The warning cries came from Jenny, from Phillip, from Margaret, but before Gentle, who stood nearest the half-insane man, could grasp him, the pistol was leveled, flashed, and——

"Phillip! My son!" cried Haggleton, for the young man had flung himself before his father and received the bullet in his chest.

"My son!" cried Haggleton again, catching him in his arms and lowering him to the ground. None heeded Moran, whom Gentle had disarmed, and who was cowering against the wall. The old diver, Jenny, and Margaret crowded around the father on his knees over the prostrate form of his son.

Haggleton looked up at them.

"This is your gratitude," he said pathetically to Gentle. "He risked his life for me—" There was triumph in the voice that addressed Margaret.

"I told you that nothing could keep us apart; *it is the call of the blood!* Now he is mine, mine! I am going to take him home!"

His voice broke as he gathered his unconscious son closer in his arms and kissed his forehead:

"My boy! My boy! My little boy!"

"IT IS THE CALL OF THE BLOOD!"

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CHAPTER XXIII

MARGARET UNVANQUISHED

THERE followed weeks of pain and anxiety in the great Haggleton mansion in Fifth Avenue. By the wonderful efforts of Grimes and a corps of secretaries the truth was kept from the newspapers; that is, the truth about the shooting and about Haggleton's sojourn in a tenement; but there was no hiding the facts themselves. The one supreme fact, that a long-lost son of this multimillionaire had somehow been restored to his father, was not hidden at all; on the contrary, by Haggleton's orders the widest publicity was given to it.

As a result there was much speculation and sensational hinting at mysteries within mysteries touching Phillip Ames, this young diver, now announced to the social and financial world as Phillip Haggleton, sole heir to the greatest fortune in America, at present tossing on his bed of fever, hanging between life and death, yet gaining slowly.

Meantime, Phillip was passing through a moral as well as a physical crisis. In his weakness and suffering, in the long restless nights, in his days of increasing strength and courage, in every moment of wakefulness or half wakefulness, there was present before

him, vaguely or distinctly, this one thought, that a sudden and tremendous responsibility had been placed upon him. He was no longer an obscure workingman, but a prince of the earth, the son of John J. Haggleton, the only son! Nothing could change this truth, nothing, and its import upon his life and other lives was so urgent and compelling that—well, what should he do about it? What course should he decide upon? Here were dreams of his eager youth in the way of amazing realization.

And this stern, worldly man, dreaded by thousands, envied by millions, this great lord of taskmasters, here he was, this richest man in America, Phillip's own father, ready and eager to please him with untold benefactions; to do good instead of evil, to make amends for—for the past, as he had vowed in tender, broken words at that tortured bedside, while he waited and hoped that his son's life might be spared him.

He would tear down Lung Block, or rather Phillip himself could do it in accordance with the most advanced ideas of service to the poor. And he would put aside several millions for immediate steps toward solving that problem, and several millions more for miscellaneous charities in which his son might be interested. In short, Phillip would have at least ten millions at his disposal in the campaign of practical reform that he wished to enter upon. Ten million dollars!

Margaret, who had accompanied Phillip from Moran's rooms to Haggleton's mansion, and had nursed him with a sort of passionate intensity, became the confidant of his plans and his perplexities in the days

of his convalescence. True to her professional training, she did not disturb her patient by contradiction, but—she managed to maintain a certain reserve in their talks, although Phillip always associated her intimately with his plans for the future.

He assumed that the catastrophe had wiped out the past, that the obstacle which had risen between them had been leveled by it, that Margaret was to become his wife after all, and his father's daughter—that she had forgiven, if not forgotten, that the offering of atonement made to his mother's memory would be allowed to burn on her father's altar as well.

Her evasive answers when he spoke of their coming marriage worried him a little, but her professional assertion that for the present his mind must be set first of all upon his recovery, reassured him in a measure. She was but repeating what the eminent physicians who surrounded the bed of this crown prince of wealth told him daily. She assured him frankly and truthfully that she still loved him, but here her assurances stopped. The time to tell him the full truth would not come until he left his bed and her task as his nurse was ended.

Her mind was fully made up. No, she could not bring herself to marry the son of a man who had destroyed, and, in a way, disgraced her father. With all the force of her soul she hated the name of Haggleton and she could not bring herself to bear it.

She loved Phillip, loved him in spite of this hateful relationship; she would have married him joyfully as Phillip Ames, a man of the people, she would have married him in poverty, in obscurity, in sickness, in

anything except his present state—that was the only thing she could not and would not share with him.

It was sad for both of them, terribly sad. She had tortured her mind to find some issue from the difficulty, but could find none. So there was nothing more to say; she could not marry him. Yes, it was God bless you, and good-by, for she no longer dreamed of winning him away from his new allegiance. That battle had been lost!

Her relations with the millionaire were peculiar and difficult. He tactfully evaded her and spoke to her as little as possible. He knew that his presence must be disagreeable to her, that it evoked the bitterest memories of her life, and yet it was unavoidable that time and again they should stand side by side watching over the patient in moments when the fever rose and his chances of recovery seemed doubtful.

It was then that they listened together to his delirious mutterings, in which his love for her, his admiration and affection for him, his reverence for his mother's memory, his perplexity over the wrong committed, were intermingled and confused.

They shared each other's anxiety, there grew up between them the bond of hopes and fears, until, discipline herself as she would, Margaret could not keep herself from feeling a profound sympathy for this man of iron as she came to understand the softer, the better side of his nature, parched by long years of loneliness, now pouring forth a rushing stream of unselfish, generous love in the possession of its natural object—his son!

She began to like him, to admire the unvarying

readiness of resource, the determination and efficiency that always were at his service in the sick room, as they had been in the marts of men and in Moran's tenement.

Often, too, she was present, at Phillip's urgent request, at the talks between father and son concerning the son's plans for his benefactions to the poor. Then she could not withhold her admiration from the master mind that had probed so deeply and seen so clearly in so short a time. Haggleton's organizing genius here shone forth. It demonstrated to her the practical superiority of the economical philanthropy of brain over the sentimental philanthropy of the heart. She learned to rely on Haggleton's judgment; his ideas on the subject imperceptibly but steadily reformed hers.

Haggleton was fighting his final battle. He had conquered Phillip, Gentle, Joe Caffrey, Jenny—Moran, even, repentant in his cell awaiting trial. Now he was seeking to conquer Margaret, and, as in all these other conquests, not for himself, but for his son.

But Margaret steeled her heart. Her resolution remained unshaken, even though it was no longer the stronger impulse of her divided feelings, but the result of an effort of the will.

Gentle had long since surrendered to the enemy, gone over to his camp, bag and baggage, his almoner already, marveling every day at the way Haggleton had of making every one of his preliminary gifts to the poor yield its hundred per cent of benefit.

Jenny had been provided for. Haggleton had seen to this, too. The girl must work out her own salvation, but, unknown to her, the roughness of the path had

been smoothed sufficiently to make the rocks stepping-stones, not points of disaster.

And the bakery trust, forgotten now, flourished. It was selling better bread and cheaper bread to the whole East Side. Joe Caffrey had found himself there. He was in temporary charge of the offices in Moran's transformed rooms. "If you want to make a lazy man hustle, give him a job bossing somebody else," Haggleton had said laughingly to Gentle.

Thus three weeks passed, weeks of diminishing anxiety. Phillip had been declared out of danger, and was to make his first appearance at the dinner table that night. Margaret's service as a nurse had come to an end. She must make her final choice.

Haggleton left her alone with him, in his usual mental attitude of preparedness for whatever might happen, hoping that he had won her for Phillip, and Phillip for himself.

The rumors about the whole affair had grown so thick that he had resolved to take the public into his confidence to a certain, well-calculated extent, and he had sent, not for the reporters of the daily press, but for James Langston, a writer for high-class monthly magazines, a sound student of the problems of poverty, whose signature carried the greatest weight. He received this influential personage in his library, and told him, in Gentle's presence, the main facts of his experience, giving him permission to make whatever use of them he chose in the *New England Review.*

But Langston was a master interviewer, who ever probed beyond the facts themselves for their deeper meaning, and he was a psychologist.

So, when Haggleton had made his statement, and added, "I think that's about everything," Langston said determinedly:

"Excuse me, Mr. Haggleton — there is another point. You have given me the facts, but I would like to get their significance. The *New England Review* is a serious magazine."

"I know."

"It is nearly a month since the shooting occurred," continued Langston. "You have had time, and Mr. Gentle, here, too, to study the lesson of this tenement experience. That's what I want to present, the lesson of it."

"The lesson?" Haggleton waited a moment. "I haven't thought of any lesson," he explained. "I have been sitting at the bedside of my boy, and—thank God, he has pulled through!"

"I understand your feelings, but—the press said you went down there to prove certain things."

"I went down there to get my son."

"Yes, but may I ask how you got him? Did he convince you, or did you convince him?"

"When you have love, Mr. Langston, there is no need of argument."

"But can't you be more specific, Mr. Haggleton? Have you no message for the muck-rakers?"

The millionaire got up and spoke with ready authority. Yes, he had something to say on that subject:

"Tell them to stop their snarling. Let them preach the gospel of hope. It isn't sneers and whining that our young men need. It's courage and self-denial and brains. Nothing can keep a man down if he'll work

and wait and deny himself. Nothing! He'll drive out the incompetent man who bosses him just as surely as freezing water splits a rock. Tell your readers that!"

"Then it's a lesson of courage and self-denial?"

"And hope."

Langston had got what he was in search of. He always did. Now he rose, took his leave, and left the library.

Haggleton turned to the large picture of his wife and their infant son over the mantelpiece and looked at it.

"This man congratulates me on recovering my son," he said sadly; "how little he knows!"

"You have recovered your son, Mr. Haggleton," Gentle answered with reassuring conviction. "Phillip answered the call of the blood, as you said he would. He loves you."

"Yes, he loves me. That's the great, precious fact —my boy loves me. But he loves this girl, too, and— she won't change. I have watched her all these weeks while she has been nursing Phillip. The doctor says that he owes his life to her devotion, but—no, she won't change, she can't forget."

"She can forgive."

"I doubt it, and I don't blame her. I like her. She has narrow ideas, but she holds to them hard! I'd rather have a person strongly wrong than weakly right."

"She will never leave Phillip now," persisted Gentle.

"Suppose she makes Phillip leave me?"

"It's inconceivable!"

"Nothing is inconceivable, Mr. Gentle, when a good woman thinks that she is fighting a bad man. A conscientious woman has no scruples."

"At any rate, she must speak out soon."

"Yes," he said, "her work is finished. Phillip is to join us at dinner to-night. My boy! At my table!"

A servant entered.

"There's a person asking to see you, sir," he announced. "He says his name is Joe Caffrey."

"Is he alone?"

"No, sir. There is another person with him, a woman."

"It's Jenny," said Gentle in an undertone. "They want to plead for Moran, I guess. His case comes up next week."

"Show them both in," ordered Haggleton. The servant bowed and withdrew.

"How was Moran when you last saw him in the Tombs?" asked the millionaire of the old diver, who answered:

"Sincerely sorry for what he did. When I told him what you have done for Jenny, he broke down."

"I'll see that he is dealt with leniently. After all, his mad act was prompted by a father's love, like mine."

The servant opened the door again and admitted Joe Caffrey, followed timidly by Jenny.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE BATTLE WON

JOE was gorgeously attired, according to his own ideas. He wore a brown suit with large and loud checks — green and yellow and red — a blue-striped shirt, a green knotted silk tie with a flashing scarf pin, and a green Tyrolean hat, which for the moment he held respectfully in his hand. His face shone and glowed with the painful effects of a severe shave; his glistening hair was "slicked down" with all the injudicious thoroughness of the Bowery barber shop.

Jenny was neatly dressed in black, and kept her eyes cast down. Haggleton was again struck by her beauty and her innate good taste of manner.

Joe felt the assurance which he had expected his attire would give him oozing out of his shining shoes as he gazed around him at the dignified magnificence of the library.

"Gee!" he exclaimed involuntarily, "this is a swell shop!"

"Good evening, Jenny," said Haggleton kindly. "How are you, Joe?"

"I'm all right, Mr. Jackson—Mr. Haggleton, I mean."

Joe had something serious to say, and determined to get it off his mind as soon as possible. He glanced at Jenny and said:

"Say, Mr. Haggleton, Jenny's got something to say to you. It's important. That's why we've come. Soon's she told me I had an intuition."

The millionaire turned to the girl.

"Well, Jenny?"

His voice was very gentle. Jenny gave him a shy glance of gratitude.

"You have been very kind to me, Mr. Haggleton," she began diffidently, "and—and—I would rather tell you alone."

Gentle got up.

"Come along, Joe," he said, carrying the young man with him.

When he was alone with the girl the millionaire repeated his question.

"Well, Jenny?"

"You know, Mr. Haggleton, I told you, after my husband was killed he left me with a little baby and no money. So I had to go out as wet nurse. I sent my child, my beautiful baby girl, to a baby farm, and she died. They always do."

"I am afraid so."

"I was all alone, and so lonely in that beautiful house, and he—Mr. Lawrence——"

"Yes, Jenny. I know it all. You told me."

Haggleton was beginning to be interested. He thought he saw the direction of Jenny's thought. She suddenly plucked up courage.

"I can prove it all," she announced triumphantly. "I have his letters here."

Haggleton had often thought of this skeleton in the family closet of the unsuspecting Margaret when she

had betrayed more plainly than usually her youthful contempt for the weaknesses and stumblings of poor human nature. But of these letters he had known nothing. So there were incriminating documents in the house of Lawrence as well as in that of Haggleton! Well, well!

Jenny held out the package of letters to him.

"Do you want them?" she said impulsively.

He saw her meaning plainly now, but refused to play this card thus unexpectedly put into his hands at the critical moment.

"Why should I take these letters?" he asked.

Jenny took the plunge in desperation.

"I know more than you think, Mr. Haggleton," she announced. "I watched that girl, Miss Lawrence. She is proud, she looks down on you, and—these letters would help."

"Help what? They would make her unhappy."

"Why shouldn't she be unhappy? She makes others unhappy!" the girl burst out bitterly. "I am unhappy."

"So am I unhappy," said the millionaire simply; "but, Jenny," he continued gravely, "you can't get happiness for yourself by taking it away from somebody else. You don't want to hurt Phil?"

"No! No! Indeed, not!"

"Then forget all this. Make a clean start. You have a chance, have you not?"

"Yes, you have given me a chance."

Again that look of gratitude, of unselfish devotion in Jenny's dark eyes. And now her better nature won, as it always did when an appeal was made to it.

"Yes, I see," she said with frank contrition. "It's wrong! Joe suggested it. I will destroy the letters. No! You destroy them!"

She laid the package on the table before him.

"All right," he said, "I will burn them."

He took her hand and led her to the door.

"Good night, Jenny, and good luck to you. You will find Joe at the end of the hall, and can go out with him."

"If you don't mind, sir," she stammered, "tell Phil that I wish him luck. Good night!"

She was gone.

Haggleton returned to the table, took up the package of letters, and looked at it passively. Here was his last trump! He knew it. He had already won all along the line, but at what cost! His victory, his gain, his happiness must be bought at the price of his son's loss of what he held most dear. Phillip had found his father, but he could only hold him by renouncing the woman who had promised to be his wife, or, to win her again, he must give up his father.

Haggleton stirred impatiently. Why could not Margaret be a little reasonable, a little more human? Why did wisdom come so late in life?

These letters might prove to her that she had no right to judge and condemn Phillip's father—they would lower her pride, teach her tolerance and understanding and charity. But then—it would make her unhappy, and, should Phillip ever know——

She had not scrupled to fight him with such a weapon. He would not stoop to her level.

But in that case Phillip would pay the price! He

must make his choice between two sacrifices—his father or his love. The vicious circle could not be broken.

Haggleton weighed the package in his hands, pondering. Gradually the cloud passed from his face, a light came into his eyes. He had found the way!

Phillip should not suffer. It was he, Haggleton, who would renounce. The road lay clear before him now.

He had learned to do his loving himself!

He approached the open fire in the huge fireplace, but before he could thrust into its glow the compromising letters, Margaret and Gentle entered. He hastily placed the package on the mantelpiece, and faced around interrogatively.

Margaret was in street costume, her hat pinned on, her veil lifted to the tip of her nose. She was nervously drawing on her gloves.

"Good evening," said Haggleton. "Are you going out, Miss Lawrence?"

"Miss Lawrence is leaving us," said Gentle. His voice was grieved and disapproving.

"You are leaving us for good?" Haggleton asked in a level, inexpressive tone.

"Yes—er—I—my work here is done."

She looked at him with more of apology than of defiance or judgment.

"Don't judge me too severely," she added; "I have fought so hard all these weeks at Phillip's bedside to hold to my duty."

Haggleton ignored this. He went straight to the point:

"You are not going to marry Phillip?"

"No! You and he are one flesh, as you said yourself. I have no right to come between you."

"But you love him still?"

"I love him more!"

The avowal was made with almost painful intensity. Haggleton looked at her a moment, wondering at the way many people have of believing self-inflicted and unnecessary pain the highest form of morality. He decided to make an appeal to the love she had just confessed:

"This will be a great shock to Phillip. It may set back his recovery."

The girl saw his intent. Her face grew cold and obstinate.

"He is quite well," she answered in her professional tone, "and—he is a man."

"Listen to me."

The simple words again had that unfailing effect of commanding attention. Gentle bent forward, but Margaret steeled herself.

"There is nothing you can say," she announced, "that I have not said to myself. It's no use. I cannot change."

Haggleton walked slowly to the mantelpiece and took up the package of letters.

"No," he said, half aloud, as if to himself, "you cannot change."

She loved Phillip, oh, yes, he reflected, but she loved her grievance more, and most of all her conception of her own superior righteousness, her fancied right to sit in judgment.

He stood there near the fire, its glow ruddying his strong, pale face. He looked tired and old, but in his eyes shone a great light.

Margaret took a step toward the door. She was determined to end this painful interview.

"I cannot live under this roof," she announced with an air of finality—"under the same roof with the man who ruined my father."

"It is bad business ruining another person, eh?" asked Haggleton in a curious tone of voice.

He looked again at the bundle in his hands, then turned and threw it into the fire, watching the flames leap up around it, as if anxious to destroy its condemning evidence.

Margaret watched him anxiously. What were those papers—why did he destroy them now?

"Well," announced the millionaire, lifting his bowed head and squaring his drooping shoulders, "I will get my son. You renounce him, you do not even offer him his choice, but, as you say, he is a man."

He went to the door, passing Margaret without looking at her. With his hand on the knob he turned and added:

"Whatever happens, I want you two to know that I have had more happiness in the last few weeks, since that shot was fired, than in all the rest of my life put together. I have had my son for six weeks!"

He went out, softly closing the door behind him.

"It's all right, is it not, Margaret?" pleaded Gentle; "you are not going away?"

"Yes, I am, I must."

"You can't be indifferent to such a sincere repentance? You can't resist such love—or such pain? Look! Have you the heart——"

The door opened again and Phillip entered, pale, weak, listless, his slow steps supported by his father.

"He knows now that your decision cannot be shaken," said Haggleton to Margaret. "It was best that his father should tell him."

"Margaret!" implored Phillip from the chair into which he had sunk, exhausted.

"Phillip!"

There was agony in her voice as she sank down on her knees beside him, clasping his hands and leaning her forehead against his arm.

"Wait!"

Haggleton spoke again in that curiously level, enigmatic, commanding tone of his. Phillip looked at him wearily. Margaret, still beside him, lifted her head. Gentle again was all attention.

"I am not going to argue or plead," announced the millionaire, "I am going to yield. I have done wrong—I have got to suffer. That's the eternal law! Well, I will suffer."

"No!" cried Phillip, Margaret forgotten for the moment.

"My son, I have only a few more years before me. You have a lifetime before you—with her. You have the best thing in the world, as I had once, the love of a good woman."

He turned toward the picture of his wife and looked at it, then continued:

"Don't lose that love, my boy, as I did. Don't let anything part you from it, not even your father!"

A tense silence fell upon the room. It lasted until it became almost unendurable. The level voice continued:

"You must go with her. It is I who must renounce. It is my wish. And—we can see each other once in a while."

With a still, trembling little smile, he asked of Margaret:

"It won't hurt him to see his father once in a while, will it?"

Margaret rose to her feet precipitately. Her pride was broken, her enmity dissipated. A realization of the grandeur and dignity of this sacrifice, so simply proffered, overwhelmed her, and filled her heart with humility and contrition and love and the impulse of atonement

"I can't do it!" she cried. "I am not going! I love you, too!"

The three were in each other's arms. Gentle turned away deeply moved.

Thus they stood for a long while, in silent realization of their happiness, found at last.

"My daughter! My son!"

Haggleton's voice trembled, but he steadied it with an effort to say:

"I will devote the rest of my life to business—don't look astonished—the business of making you happy. And we will make the poor happy, too, if that will make you happier. See here, I am going to put ten million dollars aside for you three—for my son, my

daughter, and our good friend Gentle. You shall be custodians."

He looked from one to the other, and smiled whimsically as he went on:

"I may give you a little—ahem!—advice from time to time, but, in the main, I want you to swing the thing yourselves. You have spent a good many years studying these problems of poverty, and doubtless know the very best plan to follow."

A twinkle came into his eyes as he asked:

"Now, what scheme would you propose to utilize ten million dollars in helping the poor of this city without demoralizing them? It's up to you!"

"Ten million dollars!" speculated Gentle. "We could cover this island with model tenements!"

"Cover the island!" cried Phillip. "We could build about fifty! And they would never pay. We would waste our millions!"

Haggleton was watching them, the twinkle still in his eyes. Something he had anticipated was amusing him.

"Well, then, what would you suggest?" Gentle was asking of Phillip, with just a little heat in the tone of his voice.

"I'd suggest homes for consumptives!" The answer came with unhesitating promptness. "That's what the city needs."

"I don't agree with you," Margaret now broke in firmly. "We do not want homes for consumptives, we must build homes to prevent consumption. We must think of the next generation, we must help the poor children, we must give them sunshine, green fields——"

"Impossible!" Phillip pointed out. "You can't take them away from their parents."

"Let the parents go, too!"

"No, no, the parents have to work!" and "No, no, that would pauperize them!" cried Phillip and Gentle at the same time.

"I never thought of that!" confessed the girl in bewilderment.

Haggleton was smiling now. He was enjoying himself hugely.

"Well, what is it to be?" he asked. "You three have been studying the problem for years, you now have all the money you want, and the first thing you do is to condemn each other's plans!"

And here he received the greatest tribute that had ever been paid him in his wonderful career. These three reformers, so sure of themselves, turned to him with implicit reliance upon his talent for organization, his genius for leadership, and without a doubt of his ability to solve their problem for them, asked, as if with one voice:

"What would *you* do?"

The millionaire went to the library table, unlocked one of its drawers, took from it a bundle of blue prints and typewritten papers, and spread them out before them.

"It is the easiest way in the world," he began deliberately. "There's only one sound, practical, common-sense way to help the poor of New York City without demoralizing them—and this is the way—you showed it to me," he turned to Phillip with eyes full of tenderness, "and now I'm going to show you the

application of your own wisdom—*you've got to do your loving yourself*—there's the answer."

. . . . .

They were seated at the table now, Margaret between Phillip and his father, her head leaning against the shoulder of the one, her hand holding that of the other. Gentle, at Haggleton's right, was beaming with contentment.

They were examining plans, reading memoranda, commenting, discussing, asking questions, and receiving prompt, clear replies.

Haggleton was happy.

He had taught many lessons, but had learned one far greater than all those he had given.

He had learned to do his loving himself.

The battle was won.

THE END

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